



Citadel



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*This is the fictional story, based on the legend of the Vampire and history of the Middle Ages as well as the inspiration from Bram Stoker, “Dracula” (1897)

The novel includes strong and obscene expressions that are supposed inadequate in modern society.

However, for the purpose to create fictional reality within the setting of “Citadel”, those are not expurgated.

The associated people and locations in this history-based fiction have no relation to the factual people and places.

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Mircea the Dracula I: The Voivode of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Vlad the Dracula II: The Voivode of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Tepes the Dracula III: The Voivode of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Stephan Corvas: The legal successor of the Hungarian Crown, the future King of Hungary as Mazlis Corvas.

Beresea Corvas (of the Dracula): Tepes's wife, the sister of Stephan Corvas.

Jothanasi Corvas: The High Captain of Hungary & Transylvania, the father of Stephan and Beresea Corvas.

Santiletta Hurog (of the Corvas): Jothanasi's wife, the sister of Mihalie Hurog.

Mihalie Hurog: The Hungarian General, the regent of Hungary.

Piella Danicea: The principal boyar of the Danicean Party of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Vezam: The physician of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Odira: Vezam's assistant.

Durza: The chief blacksmith of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Esau: The eunuch cupbearer of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Samo: The gravedigger of Wallachia & Transylvania.

Pope Eugene: The Venetian Pope of the Holy See.

Pope Pius: The Pope of the Holy See, after Pope Eugene.

Emperor Sigismund: The Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation.

Emperor Frederick: The Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation after Emperor Sigismund.

Sultan Mehmet: The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire.

Prince Shllahad: The son of Mehmet.

Chakir: The Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire.

Ashraf: The Grand Pasha of the Ottoman Empire.

Hakeem: The Pasha of the Ottoman Empire.

Taj: The Sublime Porte of the Ottoman Empire.

Qadesa: The Odalisque of the Ottoman Empire.

Rupias: The physician of the Ottoman Empire.

Mahlam: The mercenary archery of the Ottoman Empire.

Fiola Lozzo: The Christian painter of Constantinople.



“Ha! The Light is not summoned anymore, tonight is the End, swallow the spirit of demons, gorge yourself as night is the death of a day.”

Prelude

Mortal whispers, when the forlorn seafarers went over the murky ocean under desolate darkness, they were aware of the constellations that were emitting the benevolent ray, but none of them were further mighty than the Sun, the dully motion of vessel as though the hour elapsed on waves in equanimity notwithstanding tranquility was often equaled to death that was no strange whenever it would come onto them. There was the thrifty lambency, the paltry reflection on the water was rustled by the hull, the wistful coziness was felt, “tomorrow”, it would be, life would be here and there after some nautical miles, the fleets of wood carracks were beacons toward the mercantile harbors, such an invigorating vision during the toil, but indeed for those two centuries when the sail had been invented from the ores, it had eased them, and the finest surge of the masts as there had ever been the newcomer accompanied to the craft, he had been evinced the relic of battles as the converted erstwhile warship, the emblem of the maritime era under the feudal nobility, practical and diligent, the balanced structure had ever been applied to harmonize with the tidal breeze for both time of peace and discord, and one day, the itinerant on the deck was in his ivory skin and creased mien amidst the fluffy beard, but

his stable built induced the mariner, 'Aren't you the one who has ever served under the papal order and the resulted recluse for the sacerdotal due? Yet, not for our concern, we are equally as the heathen nomad far from the land.'

The hardened lips expressed the briny smile, the gaunt muscular palms were gripping the rope sterner than his own fasciae, correspondingly the bushy eyebrows narrowed his eyes, 'From where I have been as well as to where I will be, this Star navigates my destiny. In this time to serve for the duke whose supremacy alongside the crystal mountain where my medicament will be delivered for the forthcoming summer to overcome the sweltering ailment.'

The symbol was suspended around his neck.

'We recognize well when the silver ray over the night sky, your Star alike, we always wait for the first light to come.' The hawser beneath the knees was rested by whom wiped the sweat on his temple.

The magician whose unearthly impression allured the men, modest and diffident, the humble Good Samaritan was his sobriquet as the short companion on voyage, while the viands were the uttermost pleasure on the ocean almost sybaritic indulgence, the rods of mackerels and herrings, he distributed the alien spices and herbs which were incredibly piquant with the sizzling savor on the tongues as the manna of the day besides his uncanny pedantry was bizarre to them as the immanent arrogance that was imposed on the religious man, it would be the prerequisite sensitivity but the greed, even beyond the instinct to survive.

The tract of seagoing continued awhile, and once more there was the mortal whispers fallen onto them, the one went out to the deck, he was bespattering vinegar over the tidal waves. The jerkin of the night watch was loosened on his torso, it was the beginning of summer, sporadically the vestigial zephyr cooled down the tanned face, 'That is usually for the magnanimous bestowal from the waters so that it is far-off unexpired than we know.'

'The briny waters are kept unharmed for this reward thus flesh is not perished underneath by the wicked inhabitant in depth that we can't see.'

'We have been suffered from scurvy, the haunted disease to the nautical men, it is well-nigh the chronic scourge that disturbs us not to calibrate our compass. Your practice may relieve the wrath of the dragon at the bottom, the savage creature with the dilated eyes and horns, the fangs would slash us, when the head was shored up, our ancestral fellows witnessed it, since then, scurvy has admonished to us.'

'The dragon has no venom, it lives in Heaven. As my gratitude that you have granted me the memorable journey, I will pay for your labor by the part of my effects to belittle your disease and your malady no longer be.'

The full moon emerged from the distinctive cloud over the veiled hemisphere, it would shine until dawn.

These were told by the preserved record namely a slab of tree bark that was engraved by the seafarers, the magician had left the vessel during the latter of the next day by the side of estuary to the river, they had assisted him for his load along the pontoon to where he would join the caravansary that had been sent for him. There had been the magnificent panorama suddenly opened to them whom had reached the meadow, the snow lines had flown from the summit of the mountain far above as if it had been achievable to Heaven, the rocky valleys had received the Sun, the organic luster had enchanted the extensive massifs with the severe cirques, these terrains had spoken about life, their awe had been devoted to where they would go, but for a moment, the one of them had turned back, none had already been there as though the Good Samaritan had been vanished by the power of wand or had the dragon taken him away?

While the hawser had been released, it had been sorely the sheer obscurity that had lingered in perpetual serenity.



The Nightmare

The Sun strenuously maintained the torture over the province, though it was the tenth month of a year, the existing flesh was scorched, condemned to the abhorrent decay except the overwhelming parasites, swarming over the cadavers, crazing and craving for those perishing in the city where had ever been the stable dominion since the ancestral era, even by the abnegation from the throne to be the Holy Sovereign, but had been kept to protect the land where had been the nucleus of the Western bloom and flourishing culture, the invigorating feudal development.

The duke had been the renowned successor of the pedigree as a result of the revised law of inheritance to be the co-regency that had been influenced on his lineage, his convivial mind, slight disposition towards amicable corpulence and his eyes as an onyx, nose as an oval gem, his supremacy had excellently complied with the noble demands that had hitherto designated the balance of power.

However, on the day when night was lost, the duke was forty-two years of his age, the frame of his seat was too capacious for him whom was then as the shriveled friar just after the wondrous destitution behind the guards in the

imperial hall, while the outside of his palace experienced stinging, yet the appreciative autumn breeze that was rustling the crimson welkin, how long had it been yearned for? The land was shone by the burning fires throughout darkness in order to consign the dead and to sterilize the soil, it was the translucent hour before the emergence of the ochre ray from the surrounding sierra, subsequently the door was creaked, the herald gave his attendance.

The one kept himself aloof from the lord to avoid contaminating the potentate as his duty had inflicted him, the duke discerned not uttering a word, and the blackened countenance with dusty perspiration that was wriggled out of the one's skin silently nodded to the notched gaze above the bonny cheeks.

The gathered infantries encircled the duke on his steed, when it was the horrendous turmoil, the city was plundered by the epidemic carnage, the veto had already been issued to the region, no trade, no sail, no traverse until the pestilence would be vanquished, fatefully the seclusion was sheer inclination during the death of the city.

The nebulous current before dawn in a viscous atmosphere was pervading over the infested entity, barely concealed the existence of troops in the barbican, the portcullis was about to be howled for them whom were attired in the full hauberk beneath the hooded white mantle with the distinctive monogram as the black cross that was marked on, their robe was in fact supremely acclaimed for the divine potency, having ever shielded the legendary crusaders, the Teutonic Order for the Sacred War of the hundreds of bygoners under the Order of Virgin Mary.

Momentarily, the diffident autumn breeze over the scraggy face, whether it was only the chimerical screen of his vision, the duke realized the drifting cumuli across the stars in transient.

The harbinger of that summer, who had earlier traversed the river for his attendance to the duke, on his arrival to the sultry atrium, the magician had introduced himself, “To be summoned by the gracious lord whose prestigious governance over the strenuous era that I have been lived under the humane Almighty, and His providence bestowed me the generous fortune to learn your eminence even from the exceeding distance when you slept if I was also in a dream.”

“The Sun and the Moon are under the law of nature in foremost equilibrium.

You are seemed as the hermit whom sailed to my province for your commerce then I shall assess what you have brought.”

“As the humiliated race of our forefathers, the repetitive exiles and consequent dispersion of our seeds, the reciprocal exchange how the life would be between the detached lands has so far enchanted our survival.

This is the glorious opportune, my... Or rather our ancestral merchandise if this attracts you, so do I who shall endear myself.”

The ruthless light had been tossed through the lancet windows that had been spotting the modest visitor, promptly he had bent down in his tucked tunic, the archetypical of his origin regardless the mannered lamentation for the hackneyed shibboleth, since they had already been recognized as the skillful orator to sell, when the celestial subject of his talk had released the duke from the muggy annoyance, the purveyor had been sluiced into further progress with his intuitive adroitness, undoubtedly for the potentate, there

would be nothing except the cogent spectacle, and the five chalices had been set on the table.

“How immaculate these are! The golden fitting, the curved acanthus leaves to hearten my assay.” The magician.

The duke had been joyful for the wit, “You shall receive my communion only for the ascertainable case, no wrong at all. By your order, some cups are surely poisoned.”

The cabinet case and haversack, these had been what had ever shared the voyage with the magus, he had taken out the tin can from the latter, and after the lid, had there ever been such finest powder, far superior than bronze, but less than gold, too enough gravity to be compared with pyrite.

“Miraculous!”

The sighs had filled the air.

“Yes, indeed this miraculous powder is esteemed as the Electrum that was the token bestowed to the Sun by the Athenians.”

“In my knowledge whether amber disguises itself as the Sun, the ancient conundrum delighted my boyhood.” The duke.

“Pure gold should be merged with more than a quarter of pure silver, when the hammering on the anvil experiences the smoothest grasp, the quality is said to be the best. It depends on the quantity of silver as well as the preservation, it is occasionally reflected in red, this is what has been ingested, but never ever been displayed the process from the ore to the furnace anyhow the practitioners shall not touch the Electrum by the skin.”

The particles had been drizzled over each chalice forthwith it had been the truth to show on the surface of water, the sparkling bubbles had emerged to chirp subjugated to the inner rim, “None is for my intake.”

The duke had ordered the additional two cups, decisively the magus had tasted the final one.

“Brilliant! However, my genuine honor shall be adequate to whom is blessed with the one’s own logic, explain to me the logic of your magic by your integrity, by the pledged vows, that is to say, I shall not kill you as I would be appraised as the gracious potentate to a degree that you tried the poison.”

“This is the honor to entrust the prehistoric medicine that has eventually achieved the heuristic success to protect us, no need to have an emetic anymore by the discovery of herbal study.

The point is... My lord, we can’t interact with the powder by the agent of dermis as it would contain the restricted amount of matter pertaining to fat. The spectrum as the rainbow is the ejected sebaceous foam as a result of cleanse by the metal salt especially of the silver, the sodium would trap the offensive substance and would convert it to be the reflection that we are observing on the six chalices, presumably the carbonating repulsion is involved to emit the alerting soprano.”

The suffocating season had tediously prolonged out of the ordinary, it had been as though the Sun had renounced the slumber.

There had been the plain house behind the corner of the town square where had been dwelled by the Good Samaritan whom had been endowed the trusted provision to be the physician of the duke, "Initially you shall heal our invalids for ninety days aside from the palace."

The magician had spent the listless hours from dawn to dusk, but his practice hadn't taken for long to be esteemed by the people with his skillful concoctions in accordance with the adroit diagnosis of a symptom, the use of foreign herbs and the advised dietary, for the time being, the vigorous spur had encouraged the one whom had flung himself into the hectic life, until one day when he had opened the door, a score of females who had celebrated festa a day before had made complaint on what they had been mortified.

All of their necks had been covered with identical wens, these would be caused by the necklaces for the yester-pomp, the pustules, having initially spread over their breasts, later for a night while they had been suffered from an irritation, they had scratched those, it had been developed into sore concomitantly the feverish torment, some of them had reported sick.

It had been the odd fact for him in those days, minor urticaria had ever been observed among his regular patients, their visits for diarrhea and the lack of appetite, albeit he had fully examined the ornaments, these had been no malice at all, and he had washed them with hartshorn typically for erysipelas.

However, the catastrophe had persisted on, the people hadn't recalled the previous rain while the omen of death had begun to hover around everywhere, seizing the able men, farmers, soldiers, and the fecund females whom had ever been suave in the frilled costume on that anniversary, all of them had been imposed the entry to Hades by the pandemic putrefaction of flesh, sweltering anguish hence the jactitation through the night until they had been transformed into the anonymous existences with the noxious corruptions. Death had scurried vehemently, a fatal malady that had swept over the city, inflicting whom had ever cared them, whom had ever buried them, the menace of apocalypse, encroaching doom and gloom, but the physician hadn't been forgiven to recoil at the horrendous tribulation whether the potential cure would be only by the immediate cauterization before the dispersion of abscess by the infected, by themselves. As if the urged mission had stuck to his throat, which would be sooner or later ruptured in madness, his dithering forlorn attempt, the candles had been relentlessly glimmered by the time when the tiny hope had shone to him, it had been the foggy evening, he had foisted his way to the palace with the wrapped cylinder under his tunic, no passersby at all, queer silence had prevailed over the street except the voice, begging him, "Tincture, pass me your medicine."

"No, this is not the tincture."

The tone had been diminished into feeble misery, "We say that we have been wretched since you came to our land."

His pulse had been increased if the ghostly adjudicator would betide him, the obsessive terror that had beleaguered

him thereafter a thud behind, it had been the expiry of the one whom had spoken to him, he had moaned for the demise in sorrow... Abruptly, a stone had been lobbed at him, it had firstly hit his torso and next to next...

The nocturnal creature shrieked in the forests along the descending route to the city, it was before the advent of the day, but the blazing inferno was undiminished, a whiff of fetor that would be soaked up by the infinite Above equivalently by hell where the duke and his squadron set to reach.

It was nearly the tenement block, the dead were the awkward contours, the reminiscence of life was merely the dehydrated declivities on the skulls, the foible of decay was possessed by the uniformity, and the abandoned corpses were waiting to be ashes, some of them were as if having already been buried under the tumuli in distant nevertheless in truth, these were the mounds of flies and maggots, smearing over the yellowish secretion from the abiding scars hence the duke was realized why the campaniles had lost the dints in those days among his subjects whose façade of frigidity to subdue retch and impulsive lunacy not to jerk from them as well as his troops, they dispatched whom hadn't yet completed the final breaths, incessantly piercing the cardiac centers of the lying bodies whenever the extended skeletal arms sought to be done, and whenever death was bestowed to them, the crusaders' motifs were glowed to show the path towards Heaven.

The somber plumbeous distress perpetuated, their mission was the boundary to achieve the goal where was the public square, the colonnade drew the center that opened to the dismounted duke whom approached to the point under the fragile reflection of the opaque Sun over the scaffold, the perishing matter was bound on it, the unsheltered martyr, but he verified the Star, it was survived around the desiccated

neck with the key, distinctively the tiny cylinder was spliced together, his sword was pitched to release the feet from restraint, his unequivocal gesture, his men followed to rest the misery.

It was the foggy obsequies, the withered flesh, the skeletal frame was extruded in part, but the cozy coffin was the final cradle as the everlasting mortal cessation was carried in procession to the destined place for a death, and they were as the shadows whom none to be known, none tried to know, there were the Stars on the humble tunics, when the sky began to weep, they were bespattering the portions of vinegar, it would eradicate every sin on the earth, discordantly, but harmoniously, their wooden sandals and the boots of the troops...

At the top of the congregation, the steed on which the duke rode, dallied with the morning, of course he was not annoyed by the drizzling grace onto him, rather he assured solace, it was the redolent of his days that would be commenced.



Dawn

The harsh wind swept in gust, the causality of dreary darkness indeed the hell of it!

They, who had lived in perdition were given leniency to creep up the ravine in tabula rasa, the chronicle of the fortification, the humid musty protector against the tortuous flogging in Hell where they would be consigned to again and again.

Their husks exposed the crimson in shreds, since they were clinging to the juts of the sickles, rocks and stones that composed the Preserver whilst the grace was the clear finale of brooding hours, the bluish purple moonlight blinded constellations, but it would navigate them... The exodus from Hades!

The cave existed on the stomach of the craggy facade, it was when the flock of bats was on return over the hollow basin, the establishment of the chained massifs, the instant vexation for the throngs of silver poplars along the slope, e pluribus Unum!

‘Verily stalwart, aren’t they?’

Hear you! The sound of the chinks, the swishing escarpments. Cry for them! They were crying for woes. Woe to the one whom had ever achieved the pinnacle of the megalith as he was to be known, to be acknowledged the Truth

by the kindled torches of the gatemmen to reveal!

They didn't sleep, nor the river since the birth of Creation, her swathe of flow, the maternal infinity, she would extend to the scope with the benevolent waters that would be interspersed to the borderless ocean, so called Heaven that was also there nonetheless it was always the Light, sloughed off the slumber by His embrace ergo the embraced creature was ceded to the Above.

Hear you! The squeaky order, lingering echo over the summit, it was black as the gigantic eagle and was gold as the Sun, law and order, the dominion, throne, the Falconer would send the promise to the land by the two headed avian, never be awoken except His signal, then the terrain kept the vestige of what had veiled her even after Helios completely immersed the earth, the effulgent Danube theretofore the ascending shadow was no longer the shadow.

There was no explicit twilight, owing to the paradoxical chaos between the corporeal reality and the mystic world that annunciated to a doze besides the puzzle for the horizon, it was neatly glistened at dawn, had there ever been someone measured to draw such a meticulous level? Durza opened his heavy eyelids in cumbersome composition, the cuirass had fettered his haunches throughout the night, his chubby fat and breastplate, these were also the nasty strata, his dry mouth was twitched to jig a little, 'The downpour was eventually vouchsafed to his land, and we, the blacksmiths have been in due for...?'

The humid air trapped his nostrils, emphasized the vapors in the sunny spell on the day, he had been shed from the precipitation until the morning within the recessed entrance of the storage tower where he had sat since a day before, the rigid stony construction was still damp that reduced the temperature of his bulky armor for his misanthropic allegiance to defend the provision, but the primary perpetrator, his shackle was his own creations, the tens of iron keys, the formidable weight attached to his paunch was as a result of his virtuous craftsmanship, the mutation of crude metal, his art had been cast on the anvil, the maze of the grooves had been configured by the repetitive hammering under the heat, his contoured mien was partly tacked no matter as it was the uttermost esteem of the guild, black as a burnt ex-voto, his pebbly palms were verified by the jaundiced whites of his eyes.

It had been during the previous afternoon, the predominant mannerism of his sedentary labor, a few miles from the battlefield, realistically the comparable calm had

been prevailed except the gasp of smoke, after the dull reverberation of the blast, still and all, no herald so far thus if the fatal progress of lineup.

However anxious he had been, the handsome gentians in front of him had been the seductive allure, the charming cyan trumpets regardless of the insipid climate, the soil on the limy bedrock, invariably then it was there, the dregs of rainwater rustled the tender curve of its petal, the tinge of resolution was behaved under the evident sky, the smith whined as if the bronze that he was given was not exactly the bronze.

‘Bizarre and horrendous!

Has my recurrent nightmare been a decoy that would trap my destiny?

At the whim of Helios whose invincible decree intercepted my endeavor to divulge the ghostly manifestation, the martyr’s death, the putrefied body had in fact kept my substantial dream to triumph over the unbeatable dexterity of our predecessor.

Therefore I may be the cynic inquisitor whom will heap scorn on the untimely hinge, I grudge that it has always been trundled out under Him, why not running the whole gamut of oracle?

No relinquish at all for my zeal, the time has been ripe enough to croon my eulogy, I shall urge to the Omnipotence.

It was the momentous era when the crusade was declared under the papal edict through Hungary to the Balkans, the promised warriors were gathered for Jerusalem and Rome, the Sacred War was launched against the Saracens.

How glorious they were! Our ancestors, the members of the guild of my lineage accompanied the expeditions.

What would be prerequisite for the craftsmen to undertake such a sacrosanct duty?

Certainly not only the immaculate production and maintenance of the weapons, but also, how they could do within the limited resource and tools under the scarce circumstances.

Blessed be our Slavic brethren! In the earlier time, they traversed Temes to Pannonia, subsequently they were settled under the favor of the Lotharingian dynasty, and there came the apogee! Capacious patronage, enough resource, enough reward, they learnt from the local smiths until the disastrous catastrophe obliterated the land.

Before my harangue henceforth, I groan, I whisper the ostensible tract of lore, the murder of workmen, the architects and blacksmiths in order to hide the labyrinths of imperial constructions. For instance, my dumb grandfather when I asked how he had made himself so far.

“Because I can’t speak, the thing has been completely hushed within our hereditary. We have survived ourselves because we are unable to speak, but you have a mouth.”

Nobody knows to what extent I was scared, even so my cowardice was saved by the ferocious nightmare.

Pestilence! It had been the pestilence that had snatched the lives of people, of our fellows, and of the one whom had kept the key with the engraved sign of our guild, the crow had spread the wings well-nigh flying to reach the Star around the drooping neck.

Later on, it was my deaf father whose verbose was incorrigible when I asked about the profligate collections of

keys for the spree of our men, said he, “We acclaim the prestige of the raven not to be afraid the horrible demise, more than a hundred of yore, our forebears took the glorious role to produce the legend, it was admittedly the masterpiece, the foremost delicacy and intricacy, they brought it to our land. They continued to shield the enigma until the chief’s death that was buried with the creation.

We suppose, now is the time to reproduce the second myth by our own hands.”

Yes, the time is actually ripe notwithstanding the rein over my wit, the emancipation from the burden that has incapacitated my progress will be close, the pivotal moment can be granted to us, the smiths who are to conceal, who are to reveal.’

The orator was sorely commended by the whisper of meadow, the extensive landscape pacified him to restore his position, none could intrude the territory even though he alone would be left in the locus of warfare that was the border between Serbia and Wallachia as the Hungarian force had descended the Danube to preclude the invasion towards the upper province, Belgrade where was the nodal aim by the Ottoman whose ultimate intent would be the conquest of the Eastern Capital, why the onset of presentiment, encroaching to the smith, by way of the notorious Sultan, shrewd and frugal, his tactics was outrageously more or less omniscience, all would have made consent to rather his direct short path over Byzantium that would have been further prosperous from the Black Sea regardless their expedition was across the land, as a rule, the shallow expectation had ever been crushed by the Turks.

However, the wobbling inspection was sheer taboo as there

would be only the bifurcated terminus to be killed or to live hence when the bellwether provoked the fallacy, he gripped the dagger, as it happened, exultant cheers and jubilant discordancy to abolish his fitful courage, the cavalrymen with the auxiliaries whom were carting the leftover blades, hugging their shoulders each other.

‘Forgive me to demand you an instant slog to take up your gammons as those will be no need awhile. As though the protean fortune flattered us, we got their retreat, it was before daybreak, the Pasha accepted our offer to withdraw.’

‘Unlikely.’

‘Yes, likely, it was during the yester-morning, the high captain, Jothanasi Corvas whose resonant renown under Emperor Sigismund, his interminable victories over the Saracens and the recusants, his supremacy over Hungary and Transylvania, then the Magnate spoke to our celestial Father outside of his camp, “Lord, glory onto me, glory of thine own-self, it was before your dominion of this world.”¹

The Creator spotted Jothanasi over the shimmering Carpathians as if the divine covenant was bestowed to him. In this campaign, I was allocated to the third echelon of the left wing that was organized under Vlad the Dracula II whose inherited banner from the House of Basarab, the raven’s beak and the Holy Cross, his mantle over the full hauberk was reversed to show the red satin in scarlet as the captain’s cloak at the center.

The Hungarian squadron was formed when the emblem of the crow and ring was tendered by the airy alert, more than thousands in total, meanwhile we were to discern the satanic

beats, these were the quaking thumps that informed us the emergence of the ferocious fiends, you may know, they are exempt from death, for them, death would be only a moment of jest, sniggering pause, they would resurrect, being killed and killed nonetheless the identical physiognomies, the akincis next to next, following the demise as if the one has never ever recognized the falling fellow underfoot thus the ceaseless drums...

The surging Ottoman halted, the equal scale was secured to them thereafter the ensued horse rampart by Jothanasi, the yelp of his stallion heightened up our soul, and the opposite center assured our intention to confront them, blowing up the Crescent Moon, "A-l-l-a-h!"

They roared from the depths of throats, it was to show the grater power of God on their side, the axes and scimitars, bigger and heavier than our weapons, but merely the flimsy leather of their light suits, they gushed to us amidst the sound of bugle to tell the emergence of archers, the torrents of flaring arrows, pelting down onto our dragoons that parried them under the lustrous shields, irrespective of the flaming terra firma, we advanced forward in order to retaliate with the teeming spears and javelins, throwing fires on the barbs, all of us rendered the optimistic assumption by the time when we were aware of the increasing number of streaks behind bushes... We were digging up the anthill, the countless shafts. Obviously we were at peril, though the identities of our two banner bearers were undetermined, the agreed command was made to foray into the adversaries, the dismounted battalions prepared for the dual fight to cross the blades, we slashed, we were slashed, how long would it be endured?

We were losing the substantial energy, smothered by the bespattered muddy blood, sporadically the emerged Ottoman cavalries attacked us by the stretched scimitars nevertheless the luck didn't betray us, there was the morass on the riverbank, it was enough soaked before the rain, usually the loathsome existence to quash our feet, but the captain suggested our plunge, after all the boggy ground staved off opposite hooves to intervene, the wrestling combatants were imposed to forsake the weapons and squeezed the necks of whom were battered to the swamp, nothing could terminate the dreadful purgatory, we deemed.

All of a sudden, the bursting quake, we presumed the dismissal of our fate as the infernal abyss would yawn to swallow us, simultaneously someone, "Dragon!"

We recovered ourselves to realize Jothanasi whom remained unscathed on his ride, "Behold the wrecked hulk! A squib of demagogue in disguise of the dragon, it howled a stone as the end of the world whereas the vain bounce off the earthen cliff and tumbled down beneath.

Why not codifying the nobility of war for this soil that will be ours or yours? Why do you forsake the Babylonian eminence, the Tigris and the Euphrates, the weltering flows?

Is it possible for the unwieldy viper to marshal the trajectory, why not your bravura, the art of projection, the regulated randomness not by chance, but by intent? Nothing can be destroyed by the dragon that has trapped its head by its own tail."

His veteran eager agitated the opponent, but their reduced number, which gave us the advantage as they were required to restore the cannon for cleaning and tamping, shortly after

dusk and rain, the day was finished.

Fortunately I was saved only to have this tourniquet under the care of our surgeon, Vezam, there was only few immobile servicemen on the straw mats, his assistant was boiling the mint, it induced my doze.'

The one showed the bandaged forearm to the smith.

'My predecessor shared the antiquity with whom of the physician at one time in the central province.'

'That is the thing to be known. Anyway, I beseech you to unlatch the depository for us.'



The Hometown

The wooden timber creaked as Stephan strode in the observatory, his ballooned cotton sleeves clung to his muscular arms with the hardened vest, the candles intensified his streamlined nose under the impactful eyes of his profile that the faintly waved hairs were gently strewn on his jaw, any fatigue didn't constrain him despite of the unceasing vigil for a few days from the orderly aligned embrasures, the dewy air and ricocheting rain on the river presaged the autumn at night, by the side of bulwark of the Carpathian ranges, the town, Sighisoara was located in high altitude of the south eastern Transylvania, it would be the crest of struggle against the Ottoman seizure over the distant western boarder by the defense of homeland corps, nonexistent darkness, specifically for the exceeding rosy brown was lit by the unquestionable heralds, the specks of indicative luminosity, the signal was organized in each borough over the principalities thoroughly for the precautionary measure against the ramification of warfare.

It was at dawn, the prolonged obscurity was strenuous so far, darkness of the twilight was steadily diminished with the turbid effulgence hence the hilarious merriment was abrupt, Stephan saw the sutlers ascending the narrow lane to reach

the gateway, the palpable gladness, the empty carts on their return, clattering after the retinue.

The escutcheon and rapier from the consistent hooks sooner than Stephan wore them, he was passing the dim corridor amidst a line of the plate armors with the inhuman basinetts, the halberdiers that were targeting the oblivious high vault where there was the path underneath, even though the accustomed display, every instinct would be cowered for the glares of the protectors to obtain the warriors' soul, as he was sporadically saluted by the plated guards whose inner volition for the masked commitment, and mostly by the one whom attempted the mischievous essay, the challenging duel was offered to him before the morning dazzle, the sharp end to fulfill unbearable joy for rapport.

‘Victory! The triumph of our crown.’

Stephan promptly crossed the edge to quash the lunge, saying, ‘Hark, the ode of our people to celebrate our supremacy, the elated eulogy that incites my spur to be snuggled by the divine grin!’

‘That is the unceasing song equally to entrust the infallible regency, Mazlis Corvas for your worth.’

‘I was brought up in the custody of the Dracula, lived with Tepes, our brotherly associate to attain fruition, and now, I, Stephan Corvas is jostling with my old fellow as our tilting yard of a bygone, you once vanquished me, didn't you? Your visage has been remained since then.’

‘Yes, my lord! I, who have ever composed the fringe of the notable dragoon led by Jothanasi Corvas the Magnate whom

assuredly owns your birth, our prosperity is the offspring of his acumen.

I was seduced my sport because the cat found the lion in haste with his claw.'

The whoring hafts were accelerated but any delay for a hint of the draw, the one managed to defend Stephan's thrust in front of his face and was convinced by the grandee, 'Jothanasi is the man of forest as the qualified aficionado, the huntsman adorns his abode with the trophies that are the symbol of his triumph against the yoke of nature, "The beasts fight beyond survival as if they give the verdict whether we are genuine to preside over the crest of animal kingdom."'

The one's sword was fallen from his grip, and the winner, 'Esquire, address me who you are.'

'I was sent to this land in my infancy, the shared carriage with you, the swaddled newborn for our allegiance, for our fidelity, and for the future throne of Hungary that will be of you.

Nothing is signified by my title far inferior rank from the gentlemen to be acknowledged, yet my equivalents call me, Kresimir.'

'Your league was the grate fun, Kresimir.'

The church bell proclaimed the hour when Stephan swung on his horse and set off at a brisk pace along the narrow cobbled street, it was accessed to the open venue where the ensemble of populace was casting the cacophonous beginning, they were resolved within the modest delicacy, the washerwomen at the fore of troughs, the soapy fragrance from the twinkling gully as a stream of enrapture across the mercantile street, the seasonal harvests were assorted, the festoon for the land.

He left his ride after the stone arch beside the dominant ashlar that enclosed the province, but the vernacular carpentry for the roofs were wattle and daub, cozy and affectionate in addition to the defensive role, the delineation of houses was utterly the entangled complex, accordingly there was the contoured roundabout for him to see Tepes the Dracula III whose dwelling was within the distinguished sphere among the European aristocracies, humble and constrictive whereas his untrammelled liberty to intimate with the external world that was organized by, so called the commoners, was affirmed more than the plausible rudiment, whenever Stephan reached the bushy hedge before the gate with the resplendent carving work of arboreal mastery on the cleaved plane, he was entailed in his recollection about the past milieu as he had been with Tepes in this place prior to his independent life in the secured quarters of the ecclesiastical estate at the height of town.

The guard informed him where the superior would be in the private chapel by way of the inner yard, he went across the capacious terrace that the eclectic ambience was the progressive consequence of Greco-Roman integration, while

the impluvium was at the center of patio, the petals of briar were designed on it as the receptor of the heavenly aroma in spite of the alarming watch by the anthropomorphic statues in the peristyle, the gargoyles with the ferocious horns, these were extended from the heads almost attainable to the lower jaws over the gorges of mandibles, it was horrible enough nonetheless curious to mention as the entry to the course of emancipation, being proceeded by the Gothic veneration. He approached to the circumscribed shed, the conical roof within the paradoxical assertiveness because there was only the tapering junction to descend on the routine, when the unwieldy entrance was hissed, Stephan was dazzled by the fugitive luminescence, anyhow the intruder was initially cast aside to be manifested the contiguity between the divine revelation and death where he stepped in, the ephemeral veil was broken.

As soon as his hobnailed boots cracked the reticent floor, the neglected echo except the spasmodic sharp onslaughts that were intermingled with the swooshing air, the rapid surge to abduct the trespasser, the tenebrous uproars were to accomplish the surreal emergence with the hellish glisters, the bladed wings, the exposed fangs would penetrate into flesh of whomever would disrupt the propitiation to the Omnipotence during the first light. Those demonic shadows were survived by Him as well as dispirited by the One nonetheless for continuity, with the remnants of a biped, the scrawny ten fingers and extended forearms, which the manlike oblong muscles were the integument besides the aggressors were indisputably recognized by the locals, being told that the statues in the yard would be unseen on an

assault.

Immediately Stephan raised his shield as the mirror to reflect a stream of ray from the clerestories, then perceivable shrieks or vague snickers of the subterranean creature that was trapped in his defense, abruptly vanished, and it was only the austere nature, intrinsic to perpetuate the pious devote, yet to where he advanced, the apostles' holy was the gate of Heaven on the supernal polyptych, the leaves were spread with the golden illumination, said he, 'Forgive me to intervene the glorified hour for your appeal to Him.'

As the ritual observances for the vows when there was the matter to be secured, the one whose sable cloak was upholstering the profile of his own spine to mitigate the chilly floor for the prostration, since the reminiscence of previous season had already passed, he resiliently reacted for the veer of his conscious, turned his face, the wisps of curled hairs were sprawling over his sturdy shoulders, the well-defined thick mane that was the impeccable coordinates with his tussocky mien, the eyebrows and mustache were as though intentionally untrimmed, but his hooked nose consisted the column among the dark absorbing pupils, as it were, the vague idea would be imposed on his age until his voice was pronounced to the intimate, 'Here is the harbinger of my ebullience! I shall not impede your vigor that would suffice the restrictive cavern of Him.'

For the sentient deed, Tepes didn't unwind himself in the altar, as he stood as the wind blew, the heedless sublimation was traced in his composure as the prospective future Voivode, the inherited coda of life as the Dragon Bearer from his grandfather Mircea the Dracula I over the principalities of

Wallachia and Transylvania that had ever been held under the diversified struggle for the Revelation.

After the egalitarian influence by the Byzantine ecclesiastics, Tepes had been guided the Christian belief by his mother whom was out of his memory nevertheless he actually lived with a spirit of the Moldavian princess in her intangible divinity, nobody would interact with her beyond him, for her son, the mortal corporeality was merely the anticipation for his faith to be shone once more by the radiance of Virgin Mary with Her Embrace.

‘At the whim of luck.’

‘It is the triumph!’

For a month, the succulent fervidity intensified the Carpathians while the victorious arrival of the contributors after the Serbian boarder was saluted by the blissful torrent, they were headed by the master physician Vezam and his assistant Odira, the royal troops with the contingents notably paraded through the town, the breastplates and girdles, the frolic resonance was harmonized with the robust high sprit of the people till dusk when their exaltation was peaked that wouldn't be infinite thus by the time of the assigned end, the men and women capered and gamboled to celebrate the mortal lives that were the sheer reality, subsequently they were penetrated into the banquet hall where was on this day, no demarcation with the potentates, such as the boyars who surrounded Tepes and Stephan over the greasing smorgasbord on the filigree table, admittedly the sybaritic hubbubs were not discordant to the hectic cupbearers whom were decanting and watering the abundant wine next to next, the amphorae on the floor.

‘Thyrsus! The time is for the thyrsus to be held by Him, don't be ravenous, but not the bough of this shindig that is the fool of the Eden!’

The overseer of the superfluous libation, his elasticity as a reptile, the eunuch, Esau was hailing the call for the feast, his gliding steps with a bouncing grin that was beamed from the aesthetic attainment, sufficient on his visage, such a scoundrel, a bugle in his hand, he was puffing the mellifluous blow, revealingly the imitation of the opponent archer, it was followed after all, as soon as he fetched the jug, he sidled to Tepes, jerked himself to his owner, he was coddled behind the

cascade that was trickled down from the lip, Tepes fixed the fibula of his slave's jacket over the calf-length pantaloons.

'For me, not to be the frenzied dishabille.' Esau did tweet though his owner beckoned to the physician ergo the boy retired in caricatured envy, 'The gems adorn Vezam today, so to speak, his onyxes were aroused from the ditch of tournament, his wrinkled face with the tender eyes and beaky mien as the bird to carry the well-being, his white beard as the remedial feathers, at the limit of his concealed genealogy, descending from the past century, it has been the trust since the former Emperor.

By my vulnerable calculation of his age, the physician has already lived the half of his centenary, is the one for medicine timeless by cancelling out every summon of a death by himself? Anyway, who will be the quack after him, reasonably Odira or... I?'

'It is you for my goblet as well as for him, if we deplore death, a tint of ruby would be the ray of relief.'

The replenished flask was brought, Tepes remained on his prattle, 'A glass of red can tinge the shadow, but it depends on how I slant it like this.'

'Has your eloquence been tossed me, my lord?'

'To be the merriment riddle between you and me.' Tepes laughed.

"'Bushes are burnt but burnt.²" To be revealed, that is to say, with the radiance as the tint of red over the shadow.' The physician.

'The ray of hope to be the roseate scarlet?'

‘The garland is red and white roses, my lord, the thorn pricks the finger, obviously blood flows, the rill from flesh is of course as the effect of tingling pain that the Mercy of the Creator undergoes, and His Mercy is in fact what you possess in order to hold the goblet, the machinery of nature, the scarlet rill for your toast, our five fingers, ten in total, this embodies the restriction of our lives.’

‘When the authenticity of color is evaluated, the degree of blackness will be gauged, I mean, the purity of tone without the omen of existent darkness that is chaos, the origin of the world by the Creator, and our blood is finally clotted in black, our blood from the essence of maternal tabula rasa, I shall render the truth in terms of the depth of hue.’ Tepes.

‘This is the interesting idea, I am intrigued. However, there has been the veiled controversy if our fluid has the crystal constituent because of the radiance of the Sun.’ The physician.

‘The darkness is witnessed by the light of our eyes, the Light firstly shone onto darkness, in other words, there came the light thus there appeared darkness, consequently our virtue is admitted as virtue as there is vice.’

Odira intervened in the next to Piella whom was the leading boyar of the Danicean party, subordinate to the succession, but the insistent antipathy against the Dracula perpetuated over the stable dominion, and his vulpine visage accelerated the high pitch, the refilled tumbler culminated in the rolled balloon sleeves on his forearms, saying, ‘Oh, I will breed the affair, red allures the abyss, is it right?’

No sugar in the vessels, the shallow libation is not my taste.

It was during the obsolete era when the quacks spiked the nostrum with the cane, anyway the death knell was faded out for a night and they were famed for one night, tempting the patients as the sweetener to the ants.'

'The ripe harvest carries the aroma of the yield thus red increases the depth.'

Esau contended for his simpering owner whom was satirically quizzical, as it was proved no efficacy at all, the endearing ditty was pronounced by Stephan, 'How can she be the red that you may be seduced? Even I, of the shared consanguinity with the maiden, whether Venus loves light or shadow.'

'My shadow is shone by her and my sin is absolved, Venus loves her own light and shadow, I accept all her favor.' Tepes.

The participants were enlivened in cheer, verified the betrothal of the future sovereign, instead the temporal dismissal of Piella whom inveigled himself into attenuation, 'White is not stained under the shield of blackness, such as by your shadow that keeps you on the earth with your fiancé, Beresea Corvas, for you as a deity.'

'Yes, a glass of white is shining in gold under the candelabra, my shadow is now reduced, as the Light shows the Truth, I was born thus she was born, she is there thus I am here.'

Sooner than Tepes was resolved, it was unfathomable obstinacy that occupied the banquet as though there was the unsolicited core among the burghers, they were withdrawn from the notice, utterly recherché, if they were blamed for the furtive reaction on the conjugal matter by the time when Odira pecked at the sacerdotal axiom, 'We shall not consume

human flesh that contains blood, but the Son declared during the Supper, bread as his flesh and the grail as his blood. Human can't live without any sacrifice, can we?'

'We are able to rejoice the harvest rather than to quaff the blood of the sacrificed.' Vezam.

'Have a glass of white every time if you wish such a fancy, the abnegation from the self-esteem over the sacrificed, even though the Son often obscured the Truth. This can be sorely the way out.' Piella.

'I wish such a fancy, my shadow is reduced by the obscurity of the Son, I wish such a fancy, red is changed to be white. Is it possible to transmute red to be white by means of shadow, and my shadow is consumed?'

'The end of decay by the Sun is either in black or white, my lord, the progress of tint is made by the light.' The physician.

'His shadow was reversed a decade of the full angle and he was saved on the verge of Hades that the mouth agape. It was the ancient era, the dominion of the Second Kings of the Scripture'

'Hark! The twirling litany, my eunuch!'

'The reward of his extended life... Carry the treasure to Babylon!
Invigorate me with the sparkling shower or the radiant snow that has never been thawed nor in cold.

Glory under Heaven! My life will be prolonged.

Which are you going to savor, cinnamon or nutmeg etcetera, etcetera? These miscellanies are each chamber with

the silver tracery, I will pick the spoon, it is the tiny baton. My lord, this is the magic rod for your victual as the stars over the welkin.'

The chef appeared from the cookery after the spectacular flambé that the conflagrant imps had been summoned to him for the spill of the stringent local black beer, the remarkable double fermentation, what a silky texture of the bubbles, the frenzy reaction by the beef hunks!

However, Esau, 'Green is a delicious tint of your impeccable art as the monotonous vertebrae can't have this color within our layer, for a lag of time, we have been nipping at these tidbits with a bit of condiment and I am a bit eager for your dish.'

'Being called the Doyen whom is me, our mastery of cuisine that is guaranteed, my lord, when your instruments come into the ambrosia, there is such piquancy even before your tongue.'

The knife was slid into a rind between the bone and fatty nourishment of the fillet.

'Bravo!'

Subsequently the eunuch washed his lips to speak, 'His warier brandished the axe with his left, but his right swashed the sword, it was one day during the crusade.'

'You will be vanquished by the shadow of this dessert over your stimulated silhouette. See that, he has become inebriated!'

The florid penumbra was overlapped to his gloom by the Danicean boyars, Esau responded with his exaggerated

prance to indulge in the decoy, the falling chalice from his grip, his palm was plucked by the chip.

‘Hosanna be my ode!

My soul vibrates to convoke the Ark of the Lord.

Hosanna be the House of David and Solomon!’

The dazzling flare, the megalithic vessel was descending along the shimmering golden bridge towards Tepes whom was about to embark on it hence the physician promptly threw the blade from his table, the point was fixed before the toes, the hulk disappeared.

Groaning Esau in a trance, albeit he saw the spike that was transformed to be the mottled asp on its encroach, it was squeezed the neck then evaporated, accordingly the eunuch was cowered back to the gravity, pivoted, lost his conscious. Tepes hugged him on his lap, for the instant retrieval, the boy, ‘I am the miserable blasphemer, the gibbering wreck, shall I caulk myself with emerald or sardonyx?’

‘Tonight is the night, the one for our cups was gulped by them.’

His owner assuaged the evening, everybody laughed in woozy.



Constantinople & Vlad The Dracula ??

The matured autumn panorama pledged the sustained prosperity over the prime estate of the Corvas in south western Transylvania where was revamped to strew the fawn coat as the tender climate had been immutable since the advent of previous expedition that had been commenced in the province, the steady autonomy had ever been endowed to Jothanasi by Emperor Sigismund, scintillating radiance and affluence as the trade town to Hungary, after the bucolic drapery, the autochthonous limy usher towards the formidable splendor of the Castle Corvas, the lofty towers and the folded curtain walls with the impenetrable bevels, the tactical advantage had ever been materialized for the deterministic construction under Jothanasi, being kept the patronage of St. John whom had been the gifted apostle, his irresistible ballads, reverie, the heavenly vision to be treasured by interacting with his attestation, and it had been done so as if the Omnipotent guidance had counseled Jothanasi, a Word by a Word.

The extensive footbridge that was drawn to the gate was the memorabilia about the wars, unscathed even amidst the tremulous squall, the innumerable men had ever passed to engrave the sagas of their epochs, congruously the undulating

black hem worn by the Dracula II behind the owner, he was going to spend furlough for short due to the insinuating resurgence against the Eastern Capital by the Ottoman, but it could be the filial cordiality that would be facilitated by Jothanasi's wife, Santiletta with her brother, the Hungarian Generalissimo, Mihalie Hurog, as it was known for the marriage when the Corvas had become the Magnate thus the course of providence would be also bounded for the nuptial commitment to his son with their daughter, which was his foremost aspiration, whether there would be the attendance of the maiden from then on.

Vlad was about to dismount in where was the buttressed inner yard nevertheless there was only the two from Buda if his dismay was glimpsed by Santiletta whom flickered the noticeable umbrage at him as though sorely at her own whim, none would fluster the dame anymore, the diminutive relic of her earlier age, the Arcadian sculpturesque, her sissy charm of innate philhellene nature besides the fatigued bonny reality emphasized her vibrato to her husband, and the noble whose downward eyebrows within the rigid formality to be broken by his capable bearing, his smile as the Sun was surely inherited to his nephew, Stephan, the reverence for the victory would be granted by him.

‘The confluence between the Olt and the Danube can be the mighty reward of torrents, our men go downstream to the junction, head the way along the littoral of the Black Sea, the impediment during the shivering spell will be overcome as it has been rendered for us to hibernate in the midway billet, there will be a glut of provision by the Bulgar and Wallachian auxiliaries, more than half of the Saracens will be unable to

reach the Eastern Capital, owing to the inviolable husk of our squadrons at the point to collide, Varna.'

'It will be the progression of this year, you won't visit Buda, our valediction to falling leaves and flowers for the winter to come, the ballooned tunics and flowery embroideries are our hope to be worn for the next harvest, it will be a dream of seeds under the frozen earth.'

The banquet in the castle was elliptical tranquility why it was limited to the kin associates except Jothanasi as the epicure norm was imposed on him, he was vitalized by the tureens, and the response of his brother-in-law was evinced by the copious samovars on the parquet floor, the polychrome motifs were enough for the convincing bloom, by the same token, the two flagons were served on time, further allured Mihalie's baritone to be the didactic precept, 'The depicted Sun and the Moon on the ceramics, these are the collaborated art with the Mohammedans during the Byzantine apotheosis, the jaunty grins of the cosmological existences are resembled to the dimples of our people for the autumn fiesta, capering in circle, the fact is that the Sun rises and returns to the horizon equally the Moon, we have been born, we have been dead, war is of course the other side of peace, it is the destine by the rays, but why the destine, why the progress, because of God, because of war, we repent, we rejoice as He has survived us, in this regard, God is... For war...'

The guttural humdrum truncated him to continue, absolved himself, 'Too sacrosanct to quote me, but sheer truism...'

The billow of the wicked pause if none was in turn, yet Santiletta was apparently obliged by the haunted

despondency, said she, 'The creation of the Holy Empire has been dreamt by our primordial seeds in unceasing sleep for the next generation to come, the creation of mortal Heaven, the Western Rome or the Byzantium, and you abide by so-called the destiny of Rome as our crown indeed belongs to our Apostolic Kings under the Holy See, the dazzling diadem for the eponymous augmentation of Constantine the Great, everybody has been vehement within the foreboding ennui as if they have been tricked by the paradoxical specter, and your spouse, I as your wife has been unsettled as well, overwhelmed by the apprehensive presentiment that has impelled me to discern, your flare of esprit de corps is august, your blessed desideratum to be sufficed for the Eastern Capital, am I correct?'

'Sincerely my soul to swear.'

'Your intemperate parlance that is predisposed to the profligate sensitivity dispirits the eager of our men, I am desperate as your brother, our emancipation from the domestic animosity has already been attained since the patronage of the former Emperor whom none blemishes his illustrious legacy, we shall pledge our total devotion to obtain the genuine unity for our era.'

'The dawn of our era, on this account, my torment would be of bygones, we have progressed, so have they been. In spite of the scurrilous gossip, some of the Eurasian domains under the Sultan have said that he has given them liberty, not the freedom, but liberty, inconsistently with the terrified despotism. I have been scared for the mature status of our foe.' Santiletta.

At this occasion, Vlad was compelled to mitigate the strife even he would be teased for the contingent gallantry, his voluminous mouth usually unnoticeable, but presumably by the glims, he perfunctory intervened in his husky high tone, 'In fact, our autonomy has never been disturbed under the Writs of Appointment, I mean, we will pay the annual tribute to the Sultan while we, the Balkan force would be battling with him, none disagree.'

'Heedful of my advise! Call for Piella in order to avoid the fatal scenario because of His, his Hegira to the Eastern Rome! There will be no detriment as Piella was the proficient Exarch in his youth, at that time, he bargained to protect our prerequisite continuity, unquestionably you may agreed with me.' Mihalie.

'He will join us from the boundary.' Jothanasi accepted.

The table wares, these forlorn attempts to resonate awhile, Mihalie was nudged to alleviate the strain, 'As for Piella, it is difficult for me to desist from his amicable manner for his ironic thought, it was the clear afternoon when the resplendent forest was for our hunt, we chased together. As soon as you thudded in bushes, the antler within the reachable distance escaped towards the passage curiously to where would be our return way, along with our regular track, and what you did mutter, "Let the critter go, I am indignant at shooting the prey that is to be sacrificed."

"Oh, my lord, I shall be killed and the trophy of my skull shall adorn your wall for you to be kept from any treachery." This is Piella.'

‘The loggia was the place for me and Mazlis in his boyhood, every afternoon when you were in the forest, since he was a timid and diffident child not to take the lives of animals until his little sister, Beresea was born.

On her birth, the adorable rosy cosmetics was carried to me as a gift to celebrate with my daughter, we were there, she was swaddled in my breast, pleased to see the engraved cherubim on the lid, the Sun reflected to us, in order to apply the tint to my skin, I asked him for the infant, following this, the container slipped from my hand, rolling through the balustrade down into pieces.

Spontaneously I held her, Mazlis was about to settle the fragments, I told him not to do so, I told him not to touch them for his safety.

Phenomenal sorrow! The culmination of meticulous inquiry revealed the noxious material deeply melded in the clay, under the Sun that had reflected to us on that day, if I had used it everyday under the ray, the virulent harm would have gradually penetrated to interfere with my life.

The gift was said to have traversed the multiple ports, some persisted the Asian origin, but the others testified as the domestic seas.’

None had a word, again said Santiletta, ‘Today is the benevolent day as I have been forgiven about my son as Mazlis not Stephan.’

The translucent turquoise blue sustained the brilliant rapture under the moonlit, it was the ensemble of cadence for the fealty motion of waves in the ample waters and stable flow, the gulf was as a jewel in dignity, the crucial passage was opened to Europe from Asia for the Black Sea that is Our Ocean and the Sea of Marmara, along with the coast of the Ottoman territory, the lanterns were lit by the guards for the impenetrable façade, the imminent winter plumage would surround the Anatolian landscape, the Bosphorus would be intensified the bulky rusts as the savage claws delineated the seabed, the corroded chains if these were scantily staggered by a dint of the clement breeze, the Creation was fettered by whom was the Created, equally the abutted promontory on the other side, the Eastern Capital of Rome, Constantinople nigh on the omniscient fringe to shun the foreign intervention for thousand years of the chronicle in order to protect the enlightened grandeur, the celebration for the mortal advancement, but the one would whisper, 'To conceal the decay since the golden age.'

There was conspicuously the everlasting prosperity, the glimmering leaves were the foremost exuberance of the ochre palms that embellished his caftan, the sanguine vermillion of his brocade in the private enclosure, his sumptuous aquiline was fairly shed with his gouty under the white turban, Sultan Mehmet was encircled by the fourteen candles, the presage of milestones since the primordial era was allotted, the wicks wouldn't be expired but his order, for his unequivocal affirmation, his missive would be purportedly dispatched to the Greek Emperor of Byzantium nonetheless intended to be held by the papal Rome, owing to the dissembled recognition

about the Palaiologos whom apparently resided in the Eastern Capital where was the favored location as the Roman imperial villa, but none of the Turkic hostages having ever returned from there had confessed the identity of the incumbent Grecian authority.

The parchment scroll was unraveled from his clasp, the nib was strolling on it to form the Kufic avowal that had learnt from the old Arabic in the early Quran, alongside the motion of his grip, the ebony serpents were conjured up to rest as letters, the dangled phase was extended to the floor where his description was altered to be the Latin form by the crouched spine with the spare quill.

“... There is no somnolent circumspection, I say, not to be mendacious to profess my dedicated soul to the mighty proposition, regarding the endowment from Rome, the skeptical burden has been imposed on me, the distrust for the potential recurrence of perfidy that my naïve cupidity was flattered in the previous opportunity of subvention for my prosperity, when the benevolence was seized on the way of Rome or Greece?

Allah has ever thrown His Ray thus the River flows, how can the treaty earn on the land where the corruption has been prevailed within the hindsight of pennies-lit? Or rather should I appreciate for the merciful patrimony that would be reduced for the recently issued Crusade by Pope Eugene, the eager Venetian Leo against our dynasty whether it has been for the reason of erstwhile esteem, yes indeed, I failed to procure the soil of the Serbs, and it can be my eventual assurance of the permanent value, being increased by whom marshals as well as with the superior contrivance, ipso facto, the genesis of our

sanguine economy, I shall reveal as my gratitude for your conciliative proposal that would be usually indulged in. If the wrecked vessel by our bombardment has been in your memory, since the incident happened not long ago, it was the month of humiliation for Islam, we were obliged the suppressed nutrition for Ramadan before sunset, but there came the Venetian fleet heaved into our sight. How ignorant they were, no payment of the tribute to pass our territory! Our burst against the hailing lion despite that we didn't set ourselves as the ordinary engagement, but the famed naval fortune was crumbled to be the briny nutrient by our renovated artillery, nearly a thousand men are required to handle it, and in transit, the oxen can be used with them whom have already been hired from allover the Europe, including the Roman provinces, in addition to our burgeoning foundries, the improved power and heavier weight of balls for what these contain are beyond the presumption.

No bitterness shall be given to a bevy of the privateers, the nautical attainments of Genoa and Venice, they frequently battled each other, taking the side of whichever for her own profitable sake, as for Venice, the defeat inflicted to them against the Western coalition barely by the wrath of nature. I prefer their tactful goal by means of the objective battles moreover they have never been abstinent from the trade with Our Ocean, then has it been my loss?

Not at all, it has been the chance to show that I am not the obsequious feudal emir under the surreptitious buttress of the Western nobles to be hallucinated for the utopia that will be brought after war.

Manifestly I am the lord who bestrides over the pinnacle of the

Seljuk consanguinity by Allah's appointment, and bestow me your ridicule for my preposterous delirium once in my slumber, if the Eastern Capital was located in exactly the middle between the East and the West, there would be the apex of the Sun.

It was one day, with the spin of our astrolabe that was the inheritance from the Abbasid Caliph of three centuries of yore to discuss with my subalterns on our primitive ethos nevertheless my thought was implicitly renounced. The men shall follow the evolving civilization, the evolution is advanced by the men, in this case, the end is equaled to be the relict, in fact the Creation is halved by the hemisphere, a hundred and eighty degrees, each extended to the East and the West, the potential of continuity for both lands and oceans are interminable, in other words, we have been impossible to know the center of our place furthermore we have been unable to recognize simultaneously the status of the other side, but there was the one whom noticed me that they had had to wait for the retained Sun to appear during the expedition over the West whereas for their watch in the Bosphorus, it had never been happened. In our habit for the first watch, sunrise is the strict diurnal disciplinary when we are arisen.

The light comes at the same time within our lands where God determines, it will signify the boarder of sphere by the Light. The orbital reflection is as the depiction of the sundial, this is measured by a sextant scope, consequently each vertex of the two cones is reciprocally joined in the lateral plane, the cone represents the field that is shone by the light, the joint is the midpoint where the Adam's fruit is halved as well as the

orbital core.

Which judgment shall we follow, the Caesars or the Creator for the sacred Capital, Constantinople?

It will be the day when our peonies exhibit the maximum beauty in my hands, these will thrive, flourish the Capital where should have already been kept in my bosom.

Was not our triumph during the last era?

The battle in Baphaeum against the Byzantine army, the divine force surely championed the Osmanli for the successive providence, the conquest over Macedonia, Kosovo, Nicopolis... By his progenies, the apostles of the Asian desert, the scorching dunes under the Light.

How many times did we battle for Rome as the protector against the antagonists whom betrayed the hegemony?

Some of them have already been defeated to be my domains, and eventually I shall suffice the aspiring crown of our ancestors, the affectionate petals will be bestrewn over the Eastern oasis during the next year, these are not withered amid the dismal catatonia, the vagaries of crayfish in a quandary, being churned out of the incestuous cauldron, the derelict diplomacy can't be the potent protocol anymore, as it has been since the old era, specifically when the Golden Horde was spoiled by Byzantium for the purpose to trigger the facile inner paradoxes that were related to the avaricious power struggle, their scions were habitually exchanged between the East and the West, the culmination was the corruption of pedigree, it was too late that our forefather Bayezid settled with his native consort, his shelter was no longer the indigenous fealty for the decadent delusion as the noble liberty and growth by means of the pretentious unity that was

dejected then.

What is the promise of connubial diplomacy by the trivial vows for a meager century? Utterly the mortal miser.

Everything has reached an impasse to be resolved by the fortuitous panache, which is to wage war, it is envisaged that I, Sultan Mehmet will thoroughly implement the systematized order for the unceasing maintenance of national interests, for the unceasing betterment of the realm, albeit my sagacious volition is continued to muster the full service at the center of organization, each regiment utilizes themselves with the liberty to be upgraded, and my enterprise will be completed after the proliferation that is to be distributed for the privatization, by this way, the elites can be much preserved under the Justice of the Laws.

You say, "God is the One." We say, "God is the One."

Consequently God is the One.

However, indeed it should not be only for the belief in semantically the vulnerable term, but the Faith shall be established by whom leads them, though the one who achieves the truth is tended to be repelled."

To seal the epistle, a shrub of tamarisk grazed his finger, the veritable rupture was spilled for his signature, the pulse of stratum in one string, betokened his genealogy, rank... The awful entanglement to show the one being, the aroused crimson fluid was juxtaposed to the undulating shadows, the hunchback closed the ink pod, the Sultan wiped the contusion, the fourteen candles were brought to an end by themselves.

During the hour, neither the Sun nor the Moon shone onto where the attenuate darkness induced the agnostic proneness that was tended to be prevailed over such twilight as the habitual minutiae from the pantry flue had already confided to lunar residue and daylight on the brink of horizon, Jothanasi beneath the high altar before his departure if the Sin was spoken nevertheless it was rather the evanescent catharsis coming onto him, the diaphanous scintilla over the unpigmented marble walls of the chapel as though the lukewarm snow that manifested the mediation to the approaching wintry vista, meanwhile he raised himself, his scarlet mantle was situated, swirling a little, the morning ray was heightened to the apse, the staunch ruche was cast over the rim of lancet arch.

The creek was as the sostenuto of the upper Mures, the soothing notes spread on the endless staves with the phalanx whose magnificent inception composed the confederate spectacle for the day, the tepid drift of air to tell the sparseness of time. There was nothing to be imparted anymore between husband and wife, Santiletta was behind the gate and his glance encrusted Mihalie.

‘The autumn leaves surge along our strong folds and never be downstream, the exquisite suavity of tendrils, the covenant is guaranteed with the Creator, invulnerable safety, proliferation of this land that I will leave.’
His signal for hooves, Vlad and the men followed.

There was the phenological equilibrium awhile for the time that had been elapsed since the departure, descending the route to the East, yet the entourage led by Jothanasi experienced the phantasmagoric spectrum, was it the mockery by the animistic reel that was going on? The alteration of topographic swathe was the steady array along with the trek, the shivering impediment was the portend of nature, when they rested themselves in the Wallachian boundary to the Black Sea, the immediate perimeter to the objective was anyhow secured then, the overnight lanterns, the benumbed hours and the frosty procrastination until next dawn, it was such evening, Piella's arrival to join them, for his flamboyancy, the men distinguished him from their aggregated fatigue, but with the paltry hope for the fluke of the herald, he alleviated the bitter drudgery as the abrupt meteor over the night sky, the wizardly admonition or the token of new genesis, consequently it provoked no dismay, nothing to be exulted, they were to be known that the final proposal of appeasement had been completely rejected by the Sultan, his conquest under the Law and his tenet, "God is the One" would be accomplished by the revamped bombardment, 'The dispatch has been so fast to be disseminated over Europe for the sake of queer serendipity exactly a decade ago during the wintry spell as these days, the monks of the Metropolitanate procured the imprint of letters, and here comes snow that is imploring me to unwind in the tent.'

If Vlad had had no vital conflict, the eager attitude of the Danicea would have been the negligible embarrassment for him, but the frivolous irascibility to spare the length of

ineptitude and darkness increased quietude, this quietude forbade the Dracula to be gratified for the night.

The obscured full moon behind the dooming clouds that would be sooner or later vanished as the sky had already been in limpid cyan, no matter for his inappreciative sluggishness, he retrieved his vigor after he refused the guard, following this, the corridor of tavern was creaked on his strides whilst under the candle lit, the Hungarian was inflicted in bizarre indecency, as he raised himself on the hilt, the reflection intensified his glare, 'Alas, the fifth man is the Voivode to denigrate himself for his paroxysmal hearsay but the dignity of his banner! You shall not be the one of the rogues whom have been bewitched by the Islam curse, the blundering mojo, the groveling serpents.'

'No, my lord, none inhibits my avowal as none can overcome the admonition, for His forbearance onto me to bespeak, it is surely that Heaven's scale has inclined to our Wallachian salt³ rather than being perished under the obliterated earth thus there is no yield...'

A thrust held the suspended fit, the edge of sword restrained the throat, 'You are the pinioned vulture, your lame temerity to declare the fate of your land that is going to be the abandoned heathen ground because of your hallucinating ego for the verdurous fecundity to be boundlessly on your beak, but there is no yield to be maintained by whom would pervert the predestined progression by the Creator hence we go.'

'My delirium is emanated from the primeval establishment of our blessed soil, the prehistoric Carpathian terrain since the ancient Dacia, not by the war, for the war nevertheless we

have been destined to be survived by our perspiring toil, the preservation is now and then continued by the surrender to cowardice, if it is called so.'

'Brilliant eclogue to warble the *modus vivendi*, I shall congratulate for your petition as though being made to the pristine nymph that is too jejune to be interrogated. To whom your land is attributed?'

'We are kept alive by God.'

'On this account, God decides the mortal throne and dominion for our era, when the war is provoked, it is considered as His Tribunal, our God is of Rome thus we battle for Rome while your harangue has been said to be of your volition that has been bestowed by Him, this can be equally of my will to proffer under my oath that is ventriloquized by the Creator, your inner-self is to be fulfilled for your son, Tepes whose matrimonial covenant with my daughter, Beresea, it shall be certified that the castle of Bran is entrusted for their abode and my reference is sent to the Empire to commend him for the succession, these are assumedly the attractive potluck to be taken, by your nod to show the affirmation, the claw of my scepter is subsided from the priggish recess of your layer. Piella... Yes, he shall be summoned as a guarantor. By your vows, by your fealty otherwise your wanton perfidy, by your twitch to escape, being slashed under my cinch, let me hear your choice, your choice to be sustained.'

'Solemn grace! It is the annunciated leniency, my lord, you are for the Son, you are by the Spirit thereby my vows under Heaven is made to swear, as long as I am on this earth, my life is carried by your gloves.'

The ritual in the next afternoon when the vestibule was designated, the three quills and parchments on the alter table were set behind the escutcheons, the testimony by the men whose calligraphies were tossed as the trinity in accord that was adhered by the winged nibs of whom were under each of their rood as it was the dogma for long, subsequently Piella held one of the deeds in his garter, kneeling down next to the Dracula for the suzerain whom professed, 'The anathema of this winter has been since the proclamation by the Saracen whose dammed chant, the veritable reality is that the Sultan learnt from the previous failure, albeit it was the game for him, the loss of his stake catalyzed the increment of his next stake to be the pillar that has firmly buttressed his aim, it will be vigorous enough to provoke his rapacity to take the direct route to the Eastern Capital, foreseeably the Sultan will gather his main force to confine the place for the siege from the two gates as the stone walls are impenetrable in addition to the ceaseless sorties from the crammed battlements.

The contingency shall be taken that our entire army is divided into two units, the one is for Varna where has been the febrile hornet's nest and their primary reservoirs are located, their provision via the Black Sea has been transported to be stored there, including artillery as it is the bulky shipload and helpless for the briny flow.

Wrest control of their essential requisites! Vanquish all of them, preclude their reach to Constantinople!

Albeit the reduced strain as the auxiliaries are presumed to be the chief resource within the periphery, I will allocate seven thousand of our men for Varna, being consisted of four thousand Wallachia-Transylvanian force and three

thousand Hungarians, the royal regiments are formed by three and half a thousand men under Vlad and Piella, the centers can be encompassed by two thousand heavy cavalries, finally we will merge the force in the Capital if the Saracens haven' yet been fallen back by our enterprise with the Germans and the Albanians, it is estimated more than ten thousand of the coalition army.

On this cringeworthy guidance to bestride over the whole extent of our foe, which is promulgated by whom is I, Jothanasi Corvas of Hungary and Transylvania, to be succinctly assured, to be implemented with your foremost allegiance for our victory, for our Rome to be blessed by our God of Glory, live His lands!'

The reflection of the celestial orb performed the intimate geniality, the winter was on the margin of finale, the retrieved pasture was prevailed the wagons and carriages to draw the furrows from Bulgaria and Wallachia, the haulers were in and out, the wheels were clattering that were trundled in and out, hundreds kilograms of oil vats would be produced by the order of Vlad, and the Turks would be annihilated at once under the brutal catalysis as the conflagration would gulp the arsenal depot.

Practically it was the staunch sequel well ahead of their time to stir the stump, this was the inherence of the Balkans, thrashing to hull the seeds, hissing reverberation from the mills, pecking amid the flurry knolls of chaff, after the first stage, it reached the climax to fulfill the exigent demand by the renovated contrivance, the rowdy jitters of the tread mortars that actuated the parallel mallets in turn coming down overhead as well for the immense querns ultimately to crush the seeds to be roasted, the mode of machinery could be lampooned by the marvelous alacrity, the lure of idolatry, it was handled by the deeply entrenched homogenous profundity, austere enough to shut out malaise and mannerism until the viscous supply was extracted for the ravishing fire to triumph over the Sacred battle.

The Voivode surveyed the attainment and was thoroughly satiated, finally the sooty wool mottled his pelisse that was remained in the camp on his departure.

The porous constitution was the prototype of granite mineral, it was paled while the troops were convinced for the dried limy footway, the coastal territory of the Black Sea could be reached over the ridge yonder, the hobnailed boots were capriciously responsive, the Dracula tethered his ride as it gained a momentum on the craggy slope downward, his men were led by him, the dusty pebbles, the smoldered vista, they constantly advanced to put out feeler on the plane for a night before the megalithic cliff that they would get over, the vats were portioned out to the barrels as the intolerant upsweep would impose the reduced number of horsemen, relentlessly the embers kept the work as though the delirious aim to be subdued if the luck would prosper for the bulls eye whether the spilled Hungarian strategy trapped the Sultan to persist within the region.

The day was ventured, but the entrenched bluff of nature's fort to prevaricate, it was the immediate trace of adversary before the pinnacle, the ultimate encounter with the randomly scattered Ottoman sentinels whose burrow was obviously in where they were to proceed, being flustered by lurking in the bushy recess for the silent penetrations to the light armored Saracens whom had expected the assault on the other side beneath, as soon as the foes were ensnared by the tied quadrupeds, thuds and neighs, they were benefited on stealth for a while, but the anomalous groan, the man of Piella was hit behind the shrubs, the bolting ride, too late to pursue, sorely the quivering boughs were the prelude of the forthcoming surge whereupon the summit, a hint of void ... Spasmodically the extrusive prompt into action at one fell swoop, the howl of the earth, the swarming reprisal was

creeping up the ravine, so were the blizzard of spears and lances of the Slavs, the cosmological law of the Creator advocated them, it was often that the blades were pelted aslant, sliding down the cover to be absorbed by the next flesh on the ledge, the dusts were the veil to hide every throe, eventually a fire, fatal for whom were blazed, when the ring ropes were immersed into the unctuous solution, the hell was drawn, it was executed by whom being called the Dracula II, the fires were pitched to the oppressors, some of them evaded by chance nevertheless the spikes and handles pricked the hoops, a moment of panic, the wind blew, the banner of the Basarab cackled for the viable intent, the Slavs propelled themselves to be on the level where was the end of blockade. The friable sands whooshed the arid patches that were besieged by the heavily armored Saracens in order to slay all of whom would reinforce forward, the endless infantries more than twice of the European squadron, the escaped messenger to the depository had warned them to prepare for what they had been trounced in distress, the center that was encompassed by the quincunx was the Assyrian march-lord to promote the clash whereas the Dracula and the Danicea retraced their rows astern inch by inch for defense, concurrently the first line pushed forward under the umbrellas, the crawling gain was the merged five regiments up to the termination of the morphological order, the blizzard of volleys was stricken pell-mell that reduced the Slavs whom called for the following rows.

Was it not for a momentous act as it was spewed, the vehement jerk was hurled over the sky, the blazing stream was the superfluous mesh of immense rope, the greasy dregs

from the barrels glimmered, each end was held by the gauntlets of the Carpathian warriors whom howled whenever the flame was swung onto the Ottoman, hopping once, jumping twice if it was the romp to survive, the cataracts of perspiration gushed inside the scorching basinet, the culmination of collapse was under the smothering heat to be squeezed over the ground.

Then the shadows ran, the booming entrants segued into the discordant apocalypse, Mahlam was leading the archers, he even had a lull to wipe what he had blown just before, the compact guy with his lithely Arabian visage, but the blemished sketch of his pliant motion due to the muddy tan and bloody wash so far that had brought this youth under his slogan, war for survival, peace for survival, he aimed at the heavens beside his men whom perched on the earth alongside each other, they were parallel to the turbulent frisk, subsequently the shafts were tossed from the horizon, the projectiles curved through the Sun and these exactly subjugated the raving thread, a tang of squelch as a rodent, sparse cinders to shrink.

While the ghostly fumes engulfed the torpid bystanders whom witnessed the bizarre transformation that was duped in miracle, the monstrous corporeality as the abysmal eyeballs were flapped, when it wagged the lurid scales, the air was impaled over the shuddering ground, it was glowed by the spewed fire but the heat, the pallid conflagration was mingled into the sky-blue, 'Dragon!'

The Above invited the visitant wherefore the Ottoman ebbed to the shelter and the Slavs gained ahead.

The hinterland to the coastal trail where the troops were lingered notwithstanding the diminished volume in exhaustion, the ascertained validity of the endeavor, the recreational aporia even existed for the crispy saline piquancy, and the principal twain were the sulky disposition within each of their own, fostered themselves to accomplish, and it could be the innate avarice, Vlad was mesmerized into the delirious accolade once more by the mythical creature that had insinuated if the Sultan was within the shore whilst the tarnished wagon was scrapped on the way, Piella signaled to halt, albeit the one of them was sent for reconnaissance, he didn't return till the dusky hour when the lilac ambience contended with the Dracula whose intuition and zealotry disallowed him to be stymied no more that was to enforce, the chilly zephyr as a buoy, their red cloaks were undulating under the febrile Sun, these would beget a figment about splashing wave, the ocean henceforward, such belief...

Had it been the gateway to immeasurable darkness, it would have been the roll of extensive sprawl, heaving into sight, but the earth wouldn't be continued that was swarmed by the myriad of adversaries, the Crescent Moon as the core, the burly solemnity, the gaudy armor proffered to retreat, the banner was horizontally stretched.

'For our victory, for our Rome to be blessed by our God of Glory, Live His lands!' Vlad as Jothanasi.

The remaining oil barrels were released from the cartload, it was as Hell swept over by the Balkan corps, bolstered the spearheading Dracula II with his rage, the splenetic madness, the swirl of damnation was shredded as the crimson petals to

eliminate whom would make hamper on his way, none followed him, accordingly Piella was at the helm, was he bet on another man's wry chutzpah, he inhibited the aides theretofore the opposite cynosure, 'Mercy of Allah, His Grace onto you.'

It was to revoke the ideal, the ringlets of the march-lord were glimpsed from the slanted iron visor on the irrevocable pouncing by Vlad whose ride was skidded and teetered before the impostor, by the oblique intervention of reasonable causality, the wrecked body, his exposed throat that the rapier penetrated, and the culmination was evinced by the reversing ablution, the lukewarm mucous fluid was spewed from the gnarled lips until a quietus, it was the given verdict at the end of quivering wheeze, simultaneously the men's grievance for the killed, the mishmash rancor in high dudgeon, girding up to maintain what would be just anymore, or rather would the absconder be emphasized?

Flagrantly, but with his corker propriety, Piella subordinated himself, not showing his back, it was only when the serenity at eventide cajoled him, he whistled the pithy adagio, 'Under hooves on the path, there was once a serpent, Dan was the serpent, you would be forevermore.'⁴

His honor was kept as he disposed of the shield with the celestial bodies that were engraved on, it had been the snatched memento from the foe, which had devotedly concealed him during the ordeal, the flat surface was forsaken, reflecting the heavenly display, it was the pristine canvas equivalently shown on where was towards the West.

On the seashore of Varna, the first hour was spent for the submissive appeal that was granted to Islam, and it was verified as there had been no wrong by the killed, in fact the Sultan realized his deed, the propagation to be the climax of his commencement for the new epoch over Byzantium with his unharmed combatants due to the disturbance a day before, primarily the legal matter was prescribed, it was instilled for the conquest, "The prohibition of extraneous vandalism, the properties of Pax-Romana shall be preserved, preferably the confrontation is to be done outside of the wall, while the cannons are set, the competitors should be aroused within the possible proximities, and the unarmed citizens shall be met in affinity to be known how peace is given, how suffering is eradicated."

As the presence of the march-lord was requested, his palanquin was pulled up by the side of his tent.

'Our Lord, though your discomfiture is supposed.'

'What does exist under the sheath?'

It was unfurled that the bilious stench flapped the air, the foul effluvium slapped the face, the expiration of physicality, it was to masquerade, desisting from the emollient motion, having ever inhabited, the solidified stuff was partly torn, the odor derived from the declivity.

'The body was left by the fugitives, the sordid details shall be constrained to inform you, the one who led the campaign was presumed to have crammed his gut with the cloves of garlic prior to the battle nevertheless the conspicuous profile of lineage if a curse harassed on it.'

The Pasha, 'It is the reason why you could carry it here without worms as the bulbs are the acknowledged medicament for the warriors.'

'As we were scorched with the oil, those for the seed cellars had been eaten many a time, the corpse would be Vlad the Dracula II, the incumbent Voivode of Wallachia and Transylvania.'

'My eyes are too weak to endure the fetid sore.'

'Are you sobbed for the deranged renegade, Our Lord? The afflicted beings are predestined to crisp the stimulating nibbles as evil mistakes the unique of the one, recounted Pharaoh's magi.'

'Do not tergiversate as the Sun rises earlier in the East than the other side.'

'The ferocious dragon awoke under the Dracula and vanished into the Above as we witnessed that was materialized in a mirage.'

The Capital, Constantinople stood in exalted magnificence, the invulnerable ashlar were bolstered of the maintenance for thousands of dignity, it had ever been the divine sanctuary and had promised the paradisiacal sojourns for the Caesars since the induction of refinement, lived with Rome, so that the native inhabitants had already been attested by the ancestral hereditary, were they recognized the plight of this era, realistically on those days, none seldom went outside of the rampart, the jarring heavy armors were alone reverberating, their torment was because of the dour endurance, but the abrupt spark under the mild climate was the alarming shrieks of church bells, the toddlers wailed, immediately the hysteric reaction of men whom were scuttling to barricade the enclosure for the contrapuntal initiation of dichotomy over the long lasting spells.

The surrounding shores demonstrated the spectacular exposition that was laid by the Ottoman, the impeccable frigates, and the artilleries were handled by nearly a thousand of the military engineers whose serfdom devoted to a dozen of canons, these were halved to be deployed to each access, a hundred of quadrupeds were tugged for the conveyance, mostly the dexterous maneuver rendered the orderly calculation to solve the dilatory ignition of bombardment, the concomitant speedy forays would be possible by the increased number of machinery, a sigh of contentment in the reticent interim on his vehicle as the Reformer whilst the laudable sacred edifice, the Holy Wisdom was peeked, Mehmet was impossible to repudiate the sapient acuity, in truth thousands men of the Western allies were diminished to be the one-third whether the miracle of ordained conquest would effect in such

an exceptional awareness, it would be a sure-fire...

The bearers rested the box on arrival, the uncontaminated tidal breeze inspired the Sultan whom sensed the spotless fringe rather than the tract of journey that had been teemed with the slaughtered remains.

The horrendous zingy cracked the Eastern blue yonder, the paralysis seized the spectators as it was entirely beyond the ken of antediluvians whom were unrevealed for the supernal cataclysm, Mehmet even mumbled in jittery, ‘... How insuperable, the Ramman is!’

The cannon ball had the iron husk, hatched to burst the gunpowder, the unerring radius around the Golden Gate was momentarily ruined, mashing up all of whom behind the crenels, the consumed flesh was burnt by the explosion, buried under debris and scraps, but the futile defenders were barely persevered to evade the disintegration besides the rumble from the south west where there was the St. Roman Gate was within earshot, the unabated quakes infuriated the survivors.

The barracks over the expanse away from the atrocious nucleus was obsessed with the gnashing groans of the mutilated, the straw mats preoccupied the gravel floor, the loathsome texture exacerbated the abrasions with suppurating wens, the saws for the amputation cried for a scarcity, the imminent denouement was fatal necrosis or the outrageous fever by the infected distension, in almost all cases, there was nothing to be done until the convulsions were faded out and the lesion lost the pulse, the exposed papilla. Arrant nonsense for the debilitating hours when death was justified as irresistible!

However, Vezam saved his tiny hope if Jothanasi was in the narrow camp as he had allegedly complained of minor dyspepsia, at a later date, the surgeon had caught up the regiments, met them in the tent, but no familiar face for him, while a cup of laudanum was interspersed into the lips by his hands, being coughed, thrown up, the tremor opened the eyes of whom was retrieved by him, 'The Hungarian?'

Albeit a nod was given, the response for whereabouts was shunned, needless to say, no Balkan protégés including Stephan and Tepes for the vital precaution that had been determined by the boyars, they couldn't be identified by the Ottomans for the future diplomacy as the appointed domain thus none to tell him the unforeseen path, then the second tremble, '... St. Rome has been fallen... If the captain has achieved the gate...'

The enfeebled undertone, consequently the carriage was organized by the surgeon for the patients whose capable mobility or necessity of his mandatory care as there would be no more subversion, the compassionate coach was riveted to prevent the wobbling sensation, they wouldn't be hurt but further ado, they were in transit downslope amidst the knolls of wreckage to the south west.

The sanctum of the East would be reborn, after the shattered entrance, the gaiety obscured the disfigurement as there was the boisterous parade by the sashaying Ottomans whom were enticed into the voluptuous acropolis, the eclectic opulence erased the barbaric strain, for this triumph, the epic of the Seljuks, the vignette of old era, it had ever been envisioned by the predecessor, Ghazi Osman, the Anatolian nomad under the Crescent Moon of his misanthrope, so did they, even Vezam hardly kept despondency in the face of sacerdotal supremacy, but his obduracy as the medical practitioner, his refuge would be certainly secured, he divested his cap and cloth mask before the sentries to demand the shelter until the next morning, which was accepted by whom were the disciplined social grace, the surgeon realized them as the Janissaries, the prospering elite troopers directly under the Sultan, their supervision over the infantries, their scholarly profundity and craftsmanship had historically cultivated the Asian Minor to be the worldwide renown. The vehicle was passed inside, the rubbles were piled up, no cruelty was felt, the destruction inflicted only the surrounding walls, and there was the absolving solace as if the hymn for recovery, the vernal ripe would be brought back by the one at the center of the crowd, the females and children, the Byzantine natives were susceptible to the melancholy, some of them were shuddered in trauma after the capitulation, it was the compensatory remedy, the Ottoman physician, Rupias whose visage was afar though, his fairly subtle complexion was observable, it was him for the mystified prestige, indeed his mellifluous oracle, heavenly euphoria resounded, he continued with his gesture and told his votaries

for the Turkish tapestries to be laid over, right away the gratifying rapture as these were sprawled, the divine hospitality, a paradise would invite them for the reason that they were stored their lives, presumably the Faith had been initially vowed like this occasion when the mankind had ever found the tenacious handsome flowers, pretty adorable.

‘Chaos has been attested as nonexistent since life was given to us, the Order is shown on these reticulated motifs to depict growth and fruition, the everlasting progression is commended by His Light that is shone to our belief. His Revelation was established in Anatolia and eventually to this land to be known that the Garden of Allah is infinite, exponentially extends towards the variant orientation as His testimony, “The righteous deeds of your conduct, your sanctuary is of His Garden, which the Rivers flow.”⁵ Have you ever seen the One? Have you met with the Omnipotent Creator that disperses the benevolent souls to us as though the flurry pollens? We are here now, we will live together, we will be preserved in this land, and the reality is the evidence of His avowal, misery and distress are no longer delivered to you, if these are called chaos...’

In the latter of afternoon, the proximate square of the Holy Wisdom allowed the Greeks and the injured to huddle up, their apathetic languor, but the void of their mind was under the realm of Light as the final hour was the greatest abundance. In the meantime, the preparatory refinement for the Sultan was progressed, the ballooned white turbans in colorful silk attires were spotted, explicitly the ingression was going to be

from the Golden Gate, the reverential appellation of the stony arch on its stern duty since the period of Constantine, it was substantiated when Helios grinned on the horizon, the bizarre consonance haloed the magnificent symphony between the endured construction and rubbles, it would be the portrayal of resurrection.

‘Our Lord, Sultan Mehmet!’

The extravagant meander was drawn by the profuse scale of attendances from the gate to the Holy Wisdom, the infantries bent themselves onto the ground, it was the sporadic caprice when his palanquin was uncovered before the portal, the palpable bafflement was susurrated en masse, no matter soon it was revamped to be the hilarious exuberance for the one whom approved the ceremony, looking up the lofty arch with his puerile smile resiliently under his cuirass, the awful gravitas was entrenched in this man, but his realm was undeniably comprised of the discrete domain that was the barbaric ferocity and holy magnificence, it had ever been too loaded onto him, too lumbered onto him, the Eastern Rome more than thousands of the chronicle was then inscribed by his first stride.

And there was the pause, the fragment of icon pecked his hem, he crouched, caressed the slab, ‘Mother is weeping for her infant, where has it been?’

The squeaking cry from the Ottoman sentinel whose expired body was brought by the former fellow and the piece was offered, ‘Our Lord, here on where her child is slept for your generation that will begin.’

‘Certainly you are the merciful son. As well as you, the Greeks whose treasure of your soul neither in decay nor deprived, blessed be Heaven of this world.⁶

...For our rapport...’

The one of the clergies was given the broken icon and hugged by the Sultan, the door of the Megalo Ecclesia was opened to him whom was to be anointed that would reside in the Imperial Palace as his seraglio while the land was hued by the miraculous spectrum, the crimson sky was imbued with the violet accretion.

‘Behold the augury of Heaven!

On this day, my dominion is envisaged by a stream of His rivulet, blood alike, the blood of the innumerable deaths and of our lives for our pieties to be intoned by Allah thereby the tiny fish are called in pathos when the Moon saturates us.

Behold, this is our Light and this is our Land!

It rains after the clear days for the cultivation of our soil, the cultivation of our lives, these will be multiplied, but it won’t be the falling blood, no need anymore to stain the House of Allah!’



Jothanasi Corwas Before Constantinople

Indeed the Sun and the Moon, even though each man's goal would be either to fulfill his fate whether the teleological creed was bothered to be mentioned, Jothanasi was enough sentient, he anticipated for the predestined decree that his pertinacity refuted in his proclivity for the recumbence within the billet where the River Maritsa made the final margin to the Sea of the Saracens, after the sleety downpour, the jocund season was carried to the prospective purlieus, but he was turning the handle of mint lathe, woe to malaise that had been initially the neglectful collywobbles, the obstinate restraint of his abdominal cavity, the macerated morsel was stagnated in his canal as if the regurgitation of cattle, the muddy sludge was hurled into the water, the constant torture nevertheless he was temporally released from the throbbing struggle with the herb, and was roused as the flogged apostle on his appeal to his troops, how despicable it was, how intolerable if the absence of expedition was further imposed rather he could be perished with the dastard in addition to his incantatory allegory, when the poisoned meal had ever been served to Jothanahi the Master of Hungary, the plate had been slipped down, on the second attempt, the conspiracy had been thwarted once more thus his son would be also under the

consecrated aegis.

The gaunt smile was scarcely leaked from him to rebuff the insurmountable fallacy, 'We will go along the water in the early hour, following this, the adjustment will render the shortest reach, none shall be troubled during the traverse just to advance as God alone is the umpire of my life, never be the dammed vermin that has bitten me.'

The chilly breeze from the tiny slit released Jothanasi from the sultry hinge in the bedroom to cool down his scorching gut, when the herbal grind managed to bring him a rest at midnight, realistically his spine was jerking and wallowing, the edge of linen was scrunched, it was not Hell, but hell of his nightmare, the heinous calamity, he was on the pile of dead that was about to be dismissed, the torch was lit, his wail for rescue, the cross monogram amidst the gloomy fog was irradiated, the crusader turned back in distance...

Although the smeared log ceiling was heedlessly terse, he was not unfettered from the demonic ruse as his respiration was jammed for excruciating pain, it would be expiated only by gouging out the organ, he strived beyond endurance, his sword was succumbed to be a crutch to hobble across the muggy strand where dew of daybreak was reflecting the Sun, graceful glow... He thought... It encouraged him to the shore, but the eruption of his stomach, even this stout guy was quailed as the visceral fascia was shredded in his trunk forthwith the gelatinous chunk, coagulated blood was forced out, his heart thumped a bit, a lukewarm dribble on his jaw, he saw the fertile sward in front of his eyes, on his attempt to raise, instead the vista of water was given, 'The Danube?'

It was never the desultory trudge for the Hungarian troops to proceed the order that was relegated to them, by the pledged allegiance, by the credential faith, the modest hope was inspired by the shimmering luminosity during the morning hour, Jothanasi would readily attain the Capital for the banner to be blown whereas fate was sheer callous, the ironic scoundrel than the man-made commitment, when they passed whom was missing, they didn't recognize at all furthermore the razed pasture out of their view where the Turkish mercenaries were flinging themselves into the supping task, incumbently for them, the battle was always resulted in neither victory nor defeat, but they were unconditionally pardoned amidst the scattered mortal remains over the sod expanse, under these circumstances, the meticulous evaluation was prerequisite to find the unstained unused arrows, and the elder was the fastest to finish the slog, said he, 'I have been survived for the Osmanli to take up the Eastern Rome, the legend shall be told through my scions, I won't need them anymore.'

Mahlam paid a copper for the shafts, 'Can you see the vulture, roaming over the sky?

Will we resolve ourselves spent for the Capital?'

The dart from the youth accurately hit the predator, and it plunged near the tributary, a paltry thud of the smitten creature that had been hooped along the fluffy intermediary against its ostensible volition, but the instinctive aspiration was not unduly for the fabulous serendipity as it was evinced by the juxtaposed form of Jothanasi whose life was tolerated and the trace of his yearning on the edge, the piety was manifest for the entangled time being, it was actually the time,

the time alone witnessed the prejudiced avian spirit if there was the hermetic integration for the physical decomposition as though the embryonic chick was conjured up in the air, the gory bald skin was exposed, the priggish pores were discharging the fetid pus, the tumultuous scream on its approach to the unconscious body, and the beak found the scroll that was snagged away, the inscribed affidavit was permeated into the river totally irretrievable as peat, it was seized under the flow, the apparition was faded when the sucking gnats began to agglomerate over the fallen prey. Meanwhile the Turks came into cul de sac, the youth relinquished his gain, but there was more than the quest of the avid hounds, tempting for the flickering chapes and scabbard in the stark fenland, trenchant was the elder, the lordly decorum nullified his indeterminacy, 'Whom has been forsaken is the viable Hungarian dignitary, his laudable profundity to muster the squadron as I have ever served the auxiliary for him. Solicitous providence! We shall free him from the lame execution that shall be handed over to our physician.'

Concurrently the Ottoman cavalcade was traveling along the median landscape, mild and lenient for the plain attribute where was anterior to the south eastern coast, the ocean in blue would be savored on their arrival and they would be gratified before the gate of the capital heavens whereas there was the coach, ascending back to the opposite littoral chain, Vezam on the postilion was suspended his doze as he was told, 'That is the return of the Saracens, the extended file of infantries... Our path will be subdued.'



The Principalities

The land of the Slavs, the mediaeval Romania had the vein of nature that was the River Olt, crossing across the border between Wallachia and Transylvania, the unruffled composure, but the whimsical temper of the Carpathian massifs influenced every passage for the peregrinator, the bouldery steep of the eastern side gradually alleviated to the west with hillocks and coppice that would obtrude none at all, till then, Piella was the veiled wayfarer, when he cleansed his face as an urchin on the maternal river and cowed himself to achieve the town of Fagaras, desisting from his hunger, he would be relieved in where there were always the provincial affairs and commerce, the foreign ambassadors were innumerable especially from Moldavia and Asia, he had ever initiated himself from the place, he irresistibly encountered unusual passion in nostalgia, the superfluous indulgence was arisen in the sight of the fortress that had ever been the vulnerable wood rampart by the time only a few decades before, it had been burnt down as it had been ergo the stone construction had been implemented under the Hungarian Magnates including the Hurog, Piella was provoked the pertinacity thus enlivened he was to plow along the thoroughfare as there was his abode on the outskirts at the foot

of the mountain.

The Danician barons stayed in the pallor as Piella had sent the man on his way, 'I was let off the hook of death, but the sickle was blown to the other, Vlad the Dracula II whose hindered dishonor, bereft of the worth of warranty for the succession of his son, which shall be void.'

The sinful spook would snicker whether it was merely a whistle because of the silence of night as though the devious spirit alighted on them whom were about to submit themselves to the grand office within the next day, "The exigent herald by Piella Danicea is primarily for the pessimistic augury of our fate, the diverted brigade under Vlad the Dracula II was vanquished due to the demented effrontery sorely attempted by the Voivode whom Piella and his aides pacified.

The boyar assembly shall be held to discuss the agenda for the matter of succession, the lesser aspect of hereditary, the failure of predecessor is not allowed to be preserved, the legacy of the Basarab will be expired by the Dracula whom is obsessed by the Order of the Dragon, the chivalric insignia that has been entrusted to them.

Albeit the Order in fact conciliates with the first protocol of the Golden Bull as the mandatory succession of the eldest son, the exemption would be... In the case that he would be within the inferior ignorance."

The door was tapped by the hilt, the arrival of physician was informed to Piella, he affirmed remedies to be given, 'I shall be swaddled under the procrastinated relief, forward him to my chamber.

Anyway, you are the one whom has stood sentinel for this

atypical occasion, show me your visage, your redolent gaze advocates the oath to be our comrade.'

The boyars intervened that the guard was the Hungarian of the Moldavian descent, his son was deployed for the heirs, such a funny would be because of his pedigree as the illegitimate cousin of Vlad's wife, actually his mask would convince all.

The candlelit was shaken a little, Odira whose phlegmatic poise, his sagacity and acuity were pervaded on his attendance, the physician was the quaint elite, he had been raised in Fagaras as Piella, it had been that the disparities among them had been obvious in the town where had been famed for the Humanism, the scholastic import from Italy and Poland, it had been flourished during the reign of Kaiser Sigismund.

'The banes of life on whom has been favored to be survived by Him are commonly dizziness and scurvy.' Said the physician.

'Nay. The bane would betide me for what is inscribed on the parchment, this shall be ashes in the gorging hearth while your censor is the balm of my sorrow that has been obliged to salve my conscience. God, save our people before the affliction by the cursed lineage Dracula!'

'It should be secured under the immunity of medicine, the autonomy has the power to quash the oaths, the matter is to assert the destitute of justice, as our master, Vezam has been entitled to identify the principal criteria of dreary baseness, why was the constant paranoia worsen whether it had been

since of the womb? No reason thus no truth nonetheless the onus of proof often defeats the irresolute testimonies.'

'When Vlad held out for his refuge, the benefit was proposed by Jothanasi ergo the renegade was loaded with his ambition, crazed, bemused to go berserk. The fact is that the honorable chivalry was once attempted to be forsaken by the demented...'

It was scantily pronounced by whom fell into sleep, Odira kept the paper in his calfskin and left to the adjacent room, shortly impeded himself as the cubbyhole confided to him the accord between the boyars and the guard whom was no longer with his armors, being told, 'Renunciation, conformity... So to speak, your allegiance to our offer.

Cloak yourself as a head-case at the peak of spells!'

The rills of silvers were flown into sacks, Odira went after him, the wick jiggled again, but the physician was taken no account when he passed to the exit.

There was no contention over the proposition from the Danician boyars regarding the tribulation of the Eastern Capital, the senior office anticipated that they would be necessitated to ingest the kernel of discord among the parties within precautions for the detrimental risk if the commoners were involved, in reality the wars with Asia had ever exposed the internecine issues that had been deeply entrenched in the locals, the restraining order was conditioned for the council to be taken place, it was enjoined as the corollary to the possible outcome, the election for the succession, in order to keep anonymity, the princely heirs were prohibited to participate in the assembly, specifically Stephan, Tepes, Piella, but they were to be informed of the procedure during their presence in Fagaras, and Piella's return from the East would not be announced to the public as possible.

The council hall was located inside the Fagaras Fort surrounded by the ditch, the quadrilateral threefold enclosure including the bastion at each corner, the central building was convinced as the premise for the gathering, the compact capacity was held regardless the statutory hierarchy granted the supremacy, it had ever been for the intercontinental scale of judiciary that had been adopted, the dignified emissaries had been convoked for the classified adjudication, and on the day, the libertine tradition in the lobby was maintained by the Danician barons whose cheeks by jowls since the earlier morning as the vociferous efficacy was under tacit consent on the site where the chamberlain of the Dracula and the deputy of the Danicea were revising the forthcoming exercise aloof.

‘Three thousand piasters for the annual tribute were in fact not the bulky amount to be distressed, but at that time, due to the defeat of Mircea the Dracula I, the disputation among Christians was neither for the pecuniary burden nor the enslaved faith, the status was much hyped as the internationalization by the Voivode, I say, within his own inimitable way to the Kaiser, none understood how the value would be accompanied, it would be only the result of loss to increase loss, and eventually the inner faction, the revolt was delineated as the opposition against the truce with Sultan Bayezid nevertheless the agglomerated antagonists were from allover the Balkans whether they were the rallied force under the Hungarian hegemony, some of them even suspected the insurrection against Byzantium, realistically there was the tortuous entanglement for the Europeans, the matrimonial relation between the female consanguinity of Emperor Manuel and the Ottoman.’

‘The prosperity of the Seljuk had hugely relied on the kinship with the Greek imperials since their origin, but you may know the curious rumor if Sultan Mehmet inherits the Tuscan lineage of the Caesars, how did they obtain the eclectic enterprise? This is the intriguing point because they were the ones whom crawled up the steep ladder, the first was a war, the second was a victory, consequently the beneficial dual pedigree was completed to have the viable shepherd.’

‘The viable shepherd of Romania, the crow on the helmet, he departs onto the upswept surge, flying over the principalities until here comes the next whom he will rest. Has death precisely the preeminent referendum that is

dominated by the Omniscience?

The Basarab overcame Charles of Hungary whom had been enthroned after the sequel of a death and death.

Please be courteous to scorn my exile to the resolution that is emanated from my solipsistic ego, the Golden Bull is the patrimony bestowed from the Father to our mortal faculty to serve under the mortal authority.'

'Amour Propre! Mortality is the token of infirmity, I will giggle at my own jest, it would be assurance to the contrary, such as Mircea's eldest son was dead for less than two years of his succession to be the actuality that Vlad the Dracula II acceded to the Voivode.

Will the Immortal vote for the mad?

Will the One advocate the son of the mad?

In terms of populism, Piella's career as the Hungarian Exarch will be the foremost as long as his genealogical complexity is resolved.'

'The maze of affair, the vacillating ad infinitum, it can be the figurative euphemism as gems, Buda is the purple, the rosy Bavarian, but some of them have the mingled bands, how the stones are pigmented, depending on the magnitude of light, equivalently how the constituent essence is fused, but it is the unobjectionable truism that gold is insuperable as the exclusive craft regardless silver is the meritocratic arbiter, it is squeezed out from the noxious lead within the prescriptive resort.'

'The Golden Bull is the pithy articulation about the scintilla of autocracy either the imperial tint or the feudal republic. The renovated law by the son of Wenceslaus was dissented by

Rudolf whom was the phenom of the Viennese nobles, manifestly the restored power of Lotharingia.'

'Privilegium Majus!

Go to the polls for the gems as the stones are not petrified.'

The discussion was ceased in due course, the somber entry of the robed magistrates, the protonotaries and notaries, six in total both from Wallachia and Transylvania, the signal of convocation was followed by the chamberlain of the Dracula and the Danicean deputy, the judicial autonomy was delegated from Hungary to be the independent tribunal, the fifty Chapters filled the seats, the participants faced to the prime bench, but the two party dignitaries confronted each other, the ceremony for jurisprudence, the disciplined order was to be dictated in no more than the sustained ambit as well as the protectors, they were purely as the defenders of the dazzling sconces, the agenda was read by the Danicia, 'The promulgation has been made that we insist on the election to be held for the matter as it can adduce the auspicious progression over the social milieu, the founder of our party, Dannes of the Danicea was the elder brother of Mircea the Dracula I, they shared the veritable blood that was descended from the Basarab.

Although Piella Danicea, Piella of the Danicea has been frivolously talked about his spurious relationship with the Hurog, there has been nothing so far the evident avowal of his lineage, it would be the unreasonable enmity against the prodigy, the Exarch for the substantial diplomacy under the eager patronage of the Hurog and the Corvas, we shall surmise the cogent expectancy to be said, the eminence of the

soil and root is verified by the brilliance of petals as we see them.

On these days, the favored status quo is depended on the distinguished tact, how and what we earn from the allies as well as from the foes, the Saracens have been no longer our archenemy, in this entanglement as now is when they have been our opponent, if the Capital is ceded to the Sultan, the increased tributes and military provisions are inevitable nevertheless our reform will secure enough profit by the trade with Asia.

Flexibility is prerequisite as the unassailable fortress of the Kaiser, it doesn't allow the geometrical formula, but contrives the pragmatic buttress, the power is the shrewd randomness, inquisitively why is the formula that will be someday detected by the competitors?

Even so, shall we persist in the antiquity, the meager idolatry of determinism, the insular tendency without the incisive strategy and ordinance?

Tepes the Dracula III may precipitate the extinction of the House but recluse, his unhealthy pallor, supposedly the hereditary from the Dracula II.'

'The Order of the Dragon is the symbol of power represented by the power of determinism that has already been advanced by the power of will, namely the tactics and enactment by Mircea the Dracula I, for his triumph against Sultan Bayezid in the Dobrudja, so to speak, his acme of defense by use of the regional terrain, God-made fortress was the effect. Later, his appeasement with the Ottoman was due to the Christian defeat, the Turks devastated the confederacy of the Franks, the tribute payment has been since then, it was

the beginning of pact with the Black Sea.

Mircea was endowed the Order from Kaiser Sigismund whose innovation that was the integration between the military engineering and deployment, this embodies the immaculate maneuver, which means our predecessor, our genealogy has been guaranteed the proportional value that the Kaiser has ever assured...'

The chamberlain was discontinued for the adamant interlude, the interloper was the protonotary of his side, the matured octogenarian prattled on his tongue, 'The Emperor had the glittering eyes of the wrinkled rims, awesome enough that was afraid as though he could probe through the intentions of whom were summoned to him, but his perspicacity was lost when his teeth were declined in his old age, alternatively it was his ardor for commerce and law again formidable enough as though he had already realized how the things would go.' The notaries coughed discordantly and the chamberlain retrieved his turn, '... I shall denounce the matter, the reprimand of the maintenance of the Order is analogous to the insubordinate act against the Sovereign.'

'Oh, we should also denounce the act if possible for Emperor Sigismund, his apparition shall be raised to ascertain whether he would bestow the Order to Tepes in spite of the sordid details that have been testified by Piella. You have merely interpreted how the honor was given to the House without the praxis for our era.'

'The flocks would be enfeebled if they are yanked on the plain and they would be slaughtered in the ravine. Dannes was the minion of Mircea as his throne had been

overthrown by the Dracula I, we shall rather concern why Dannes's pasture had been shriveled.'

'By the Turks.'

'Not exactly, but for the Turks to be engaged.'

'However, Mircea was defeated, the culmination was the subjugation and tributes.'

'He dealt with the quandary for our maintenance.'

'Yes, he did thus he kept the Order, in other words, his ability surpassed Dannes in keeping with the rank nevertheless our debate shall be focused on the impending future.'

'The diplomatic talent of Piella has been excessively advocated for the benefit of obtained trust of Hungary, he was in fact brought up by the Hurog, being told that the fostered child would lie in the branch of their genealogy whereas the implicit initial statement for this court involves their purposeful connotation for his birth if he is the descendant of Dannes, presumably in order to comply with the absolute criterion of the Order that should be the hereditary title given to the first son of the Bearer, this reconciles with the Golden Bull as well. Contradictory in this case, Piella has to admit that his relation with the Hurog is illegitimate as there has been no existing record of the shared consanguinity between the Hurog and the Dannes.

What we can see on "the petals" would be the ambassadorial brilliance, but how can we see the imperial radiance on them?'

'The proof to show about Piella will be submitted, it will be publicized in accordance with the undeniable authorization to

be issued as we have already intimated to the point that it was during the time of Andrew's reign, the Hurog was in Transylvania as the entitled Szekelys.

Conclusively the election for the succession shall be taken place within a month even without the attendance of Vlad the Voivode, since he left notice to the control before his departure.

It must be conceded that the Golden Bull upholds the demand of adherence to the anonymous votes, if the primogeniture is within the unreasonable sphere of his aptness.'

The referendum was taken by the hands of seats, the prime bench was not called to join, but the scribed deeds were exchanged, consonantly with the closure to be decreed, 'The election shall be held in this month while the submission of appendant evidence wouldn't be still unqualified, the constituents for the plebiscite are the five thousand boyars, including non-dignitaries.'

In the latter of the day, the privy congress ensued after the council, the secretaries of legislative bodies presided to the personages whom examined the finding on the matter, it was the sacrosanct enigma prevailed in the reclusive chamber, even prosaic, away from the partisan tendency of the previous procedure, the principal gathering was trammelled under strain, when Stephan finished his perusal but the reverse of page for his study in unperturbed situ, he was aware of Tepes whom loaded on the air, 'Would I be culpable for this eccentric diversion while the Eastern Capital has been tortured whether the end of Byzantium is befallen, if I had been released from the tenacious safeguard, I would have here and now gained on the warfare in order to find out what I should have witnessed,

yet I have been wrecked for guilt that I regret, if I hadn't been in this place, would the election have been held without his son, why has the matter been in haste?'

Piella whiffed his sangfroid response, 'It would be my dismay to the trust that I shall be discerned against such bias, of course I know, the spurious born is tended to be defamed due to the unsteady influence within the probable destiny, yes, you are correct, but realistically your rueful agony, and our proposal has been favored in this time, because the dire straits required me the plainer signal to be carried.'

'By whom you were sent?' Tepes.

However, after the interrogator, the goblets were served anon, the cups and jug were met at the crest of the table where Stephan sat, the fruity aroma soothed the participants, and Odira guided the careful apportionment to be evaluated with the Electrum, the powder was sprinkled over, he assayed that all would be safe, holding each cup to inspect the brimful aqua, as a rule, the Hungarian scion at first then the physician retired before the toast.

'The grail is held by our strenuous soul despite of faction, doubt and strife, we shall be unified by our federation, this is for our Rome!'

'For our Rome!'

Salute to Rome, it was the gesticulated rise, confectionaries were followed on time when Stephan beckoned to the server for his glass that had the rift on the stem, needless to say it was withdrawn, but his man was discontinued on his pace, flabbergasted, standing in aghast that startled his colleagues

thereafter for his shuddering, the cup lost the balance to be fallen on the floor, the sizzling spatter, the chromatic iridescence was evaporated.

‘Malediction!’

Piella was amidst the guards that obscured him whose stony pretension though, his rage was overinflated not to stay in place anymore.

The foreboding jeopardy was the brooding malaise, it was not for the shade of evening, rather the deprived routine mortified the appreciation those days, peculiar irascibility preoccupied the people whom were prone to the facile skirmish within the commonplace, they were scantily acknowledged the incident, equivalently inside the Fagaras Fort, the dignitaries were confined in the deepest inner yard, stagnated as none was advised on scrutiny for the attempted poisoning by the time when it was notified nevertheless the lugubrious tinge cursed the denouement.

The incarceration had troubled the servant and Odira whom had been trembled for their innocence against the indisputable logic that had been coexisted with the allegation whether the cracked stem had ever enabled them to single out the contaminated goblet moreover there had been no evidence to rescind the impending sentence for treason, they had begged for mercy if they had been unfettered from the atrocious menace thereby they had been salvaged on that day by the menial of the scullery as the one had ever experienced the unusual occasion when the sentinel had stood in front of the recess for the sink, he had mentioned his name as Kresimir, in order to prevent dubious inconvenience, he had clarified his aide for the Hungarian progeny as well as for his quaff after the nightshift, his affable manner contrastingly with his stolid metal plate, so to speak, it had been kept to the marshals whom had visited him during the early hour.

“To whomever, it shall not be taken place.”

He had been still clothed in the gown, never been presumed in his decorum, but all of a sudden, the blade had been exposed

from the scabbard that had been so far fixed on the wall, without any groan, his blood had been streaked by himself as the edge had spiked his delicate throat, following this, the intruder had been his male parent whose halberd and flail as the frenzy bull, he had slammed to the lying body, his culminations had been equally a quietus.

In the next morning, there was no diurnal ostentation as the blurred Sun over the fortress, the copious moat maintained the unlimited scope, the hazy air was infused into the steady gush of undershot water of the neighboring rivulet with the wheels, it was the sonorous rendition on such a day, when the belfry told the mid-hour, the Danicean deputy was palsied for the denounced fate, he was inevitably allotted to the outcome as he had been invited by Piella whom had left to his private abode during the yester-night, he was led to the chamber where life was forsaken.

The panoply enshrouded the body, the climax was adored by the reconcilable armorial that was the bequeathed iron helmet of Dannes, the crest had the delicate plaque as a plume, the modest of it that was betokened from the Basarab's crow, partly tawny, but the velvety carving was the unspoiled quality, no use for hostilities so ever if it was the eventual allegiance to be the veil for the countenance because death often bespoke remorse with the eyes, it was sorely found in the desiccated gaze, the corrosion pervaded over the undersurface, the shriveled lips were as though the fallen leaves, the deputy was alerted by the granular luster on the side table right away he vamoosed to call the functionaries.

The dismal omen intensified the leaden billow, the probers were cajoled into ennui as rain began to drizzle, the succinct alacrity was urged on, the remarkable metamorphosis of the mercurial substance, the mutative trickery by the phenological act, the porous particles had already been humectant to expose the vitreous quality, albeit the feasible methods were taken to verify the unparalleled riddle, there was no idea for such belligerent matter against the layer... In the case that the bane had been once in a day to assail the worthy... Whereas the votaries of the lifeless were freed from the accusation as it was revealed with the sufficient amount in the satchel likewise the variance among the poisons within the absolute attestation to reject the misdeed, presumably Piella on the way of herald, he had obtained it if the derelict in a cowl had been vouchsafed the absolution from the blasphemy.

They were anyhow mitigated as they could evade any embarrassment in spite of the following struggle for the outstanding iron helmet, it was impossible to be divested, but the article would be sooner or later accompanied to the coffin, by the dependent law of nature, the ossification would erase the nasty trace of decay thus when the heavens abandoned obscurity over the sky, so did they, until Tepes arrived with his men, the neap tide was whiffed as he stood over the body of erstwhile contender, he was stuck to the expiry, poised in his redundant nerve perforce to enunciate, 'Nay, hasn't it been the false of avenger against his sentence?

What did forbid him?

As I know, the course of Hades is where the action is no longer required or has the seraphic militant installed him for

Heaven?

If he is relieved for my communion.'

'The absent mind of a death, he doesn't respond to you, but this is not ridicule as the body was gauged, exactly of him, these chilly fists that are the lament of our fellow Piella, no torment shall be inflicted to the husk of identity, it would be nugatory to uncover a whole, verily adhesive it is, you may try it by yourself.'

Tepes didn't refuse his petulancy to blunder into the nagging harassment, he was encumbered for his attempt, wriggled and squirmed the head of no avail, he relinquished his endeavor, and this was not because of Stephan whom intervened with the returned men from the East to inform them the fall of Constantinople.



Tepes The Dracula 999 (1)

The Castle Bran in the greatest part of Brasov county where the burgeoning mercantile prosperity with the diplomatic significance had been a bonanza since the former Emperor, primarily the garrisons were allocated to the stronghold along the abrupt precipice of the Carpathians as the watch over the intercontinental climate, despite of the craggy deck, unswerving steady disposition was retained with the stone towers that were hardened by bricks as a result of recurrent restorations under the Hungarian initiative, the matured defense coordination in south Transylvania, it would be firstly perceived by onlookers underneath, exclusively grand, immense alacrity for readiness to confront possible exigencies, it would entice the marauders, they would be engrossed by the exquisite sensitivity not to reveal all, in fact some secretaries had served in the castle for the Voivodes whose fixed private abode had been hardly detected.

The harbinger of new epoch under the mighty reign of Frederick, the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, as the duke of Lotharingia had been passed the crown, the guidance had been made by the Venetian Holy See to whom had been of the Vienna episcopate, they had conformably raised themselves as the hub of the Western

growth, the neutrality with Rome had been promised then, even after the loss of the Eastern Capital, his ample capability and rigorous optimism were not enfeebled, the holistic rehabilitation over the Byzantine provinces was at this time orderly reached the Balkans, which was augmented by his token, it was the Sovereign promulgation that enunciated the Holy Trust accorded to Tepes the Dracula III to be the Voivode by the redounded will, it had ever been testified under the oath of vavasour, corollary to the endowment of Castle Bran where the Voivode would reside with Beresea as the nuptial union was also covenanted, "...The blessed virtue has been ordained for our recovery to be once again the halcyon days that shall be bedecked with seraphic exuberance, in the face of sorrow, yet of our Sin, do not obtrude yourself for the deserved providence, the rite shall be held peremptory to hearten our people, the patriarchal beacon shall be shone onto them."

The impact of the revered honor, the panacea was supervened, the dreary storm was eliminated as the Sun broke through the malign predicament, the Light and Glory swaddled the people whom were given the sanguine vista over the path henceforward, following this, the safe return of physician Vezam, rejoiced he was, and assumed in correspondence, it would be counseled by Jothanasi whom had irrevocably left to Hungary nonetheless within the tacit consent that Rome would not be enquired for what was not in the ordainment, predominantly such context was acquiesced as the furtive recluse in Buda.

On the day, the entourage for Tepes and Stephan was the notable train for the legacy of the Dracula I whose mastery

control over the regions, the boyars attended, and the two hundred nominations from the local guilds led by Durza, they were also as the experienced county army as Mircea's precept, "The creators are many a time the superb wizards, when they are with what they have produced."

The binding commitment that the inauguration would be taken place before long, it was convinced for gaieties and high spirits over the municipality where was flocked with the overwhelming vehicles amidst the populous market precincts, a throng of multitude for the festive bazaar, tittle-tattles were prattled on.

‘Ten days will be spent for the inception, in truth seven days are ample enough as Tepes is the cognoscenti.’

‘He hasn’t yet been permitted to come onto us, but my niece glimpsed Stephan on the day for their entry, the onlookers flooded, eventually none could see them, it would be recrudesced for the princess.’

‘The white storks visit the pond of the castle garden, now is the harvest, justly ripe, leafy, lime, lilac, the parterre for endearment, the newlywed will stroll the arbor during the summer.’

Indeed it had been the end of the Creation that had been accomplished on the seventh day, realistically Tepes’s enthroning was underpinned for a few days, the faculty of whom was motivated within the short span, the patricians from the Central Europe filled the main hall, overrunning for the instructions that were to be given regardless he was not baffled as though the blessed tie was dangled to him by the Superior, directed him to ascendancy, it was conducted beyond the norm as the gifted orchestration.

When the Moon further mystified the fort, because of diminished darkness in cerulean, a cloud was breached, passing through the gleaming ray, the draft of air was intense, the autonomy was observable, Tepes was eased after he spent

the evening in the library where the bookshelves enclosed the space, the eclectic collections were classified that the treaties for the Voivode had been amassed on the desk since the office of the Dracula II, resolutely all guidance had to be crammed into his son in competence.

The corridor and hallway were beamed stringently even after midnight, as soon as Tepes retired to his chamber, his zestful vitality was faltered to indulge in the dimmed coziness, there was the final lit for the next morning that would deliver the consequential beginning, but whoosh, if a gadfly obtruded for the night before the spiritual submission to the unassailable rite, but his contemplation was quickly taken away in peace, thus the abysmal void was contradictory to the yoke of Hades as it trapped him whom witnessed the abandoned coastal front, a rainstorm battered the one on his ride at the limit of the cape, he was rapturous, his shrill howl... Corvas?

No, not as he had been, his inner-self had already been abolished, utterly despicable, the scads of imps were perceivable, the eyes were bulged out from the wobbly countenance, the ears as a gourd, the midget anthropoids were sucking over the one's shield.

‘Jothanasi!’

Tepes rumbled, but a gush of outflow quaffed everything in a muddle of the sea, he was plunged into the obscure light, smothered, straggling for a spared cry, managed to inhale the air, at last, the candlelit on the bedside wall was recovered to flicker, tranquility was perpetuating over the chamber.

It would be the sentinel who had sensed some needs, the steps creaked the main stairs, Tepes paid heed for those that were

simultaneously paused, repetitively the bizarre concordance to his nerve, he secured his saber by the time when it reached the interior without the effect of the latched door, the mantled silhouette, the elongated specter was daubed on the enclosure, lurching across where was as though its own abode.

‘To whom has been shunned from your world that is no longer on this earth, you are the beggar but the manner of dichotomy, why are you the absconder from His Light?’ Tepes.

It escaped to the adjacent storage, the pellucid form stood in front of the coffer, ‘You...?’

Evocative it was, the stature of its conduct whether the anima of Vlad was disembodied, but there was no exchange among them, albeit the maw with a gory tinge strived to utter several words, the emergence of the Sun arbitrated, the wraith was disintegrated, scattered to be the dust, fading into the muggy air.

The phantasmal augur was not considered on the next day as the Sun surpassed for the momentous act, Tepes's exceptional verve and determined aim, these were the dictatorial order that raised the Dracula III whom would obey the inception to be the Voivode whether it was the predestined observances by the Omnipotence as the patent of Heaven, his crimson brocade, the golden rills were flown, the head wore the pearls, when the Light was grafted upon him, he was adorned with the reflection, heading for the chapel of Mircea across the inner yard, since the Metropolitan church was not occurred to his title, why the absence of Vlad, why the precaution for the paradoxical convention that was appended to the Dracula as it was so often that the devil would tease them.

The filed sentinels along the parapet-walk perceived the immaculate permanence on where the son was ushered, as the immortal dictum was never befouled, plainly the ceremony was the median of the tract, the course of approach to the infinite covenant was carried by the sacerdotal patriarchs whom were preserved the notable influence, and the concise build of the premises was ascribed to the ecumenical credo, the aisle prolonged the interminable magnitude towards the high altar, the lancet windows were the source of ray, the ciborium on the table was the beacon for the oath, 'Here where I am blessed to be certified by God, the Son and Holy Spirit, there is nothing above, this is the inviolable union under the absolute power, God and the Holy Roman Empire, my foremost faith is sworn, my justice and means to fulfill my fidelity to lead the given land thus I beseech Him the Edict that is shown onto me.'⁷

Tepes held the scepter and orb with the inscriptions of the serpents, these were placed by the side of the sacrament, subsequently he kneeled down on the floor to receive the tarnished bronze casket, the ancient chronicle was hidden under the lustrous cloth, the native of Jerusalem, having been brought by the Teutonic Order during the first Crusade almost three centuries of yore, the Voivode cuddled the article as it was known for the one whom attained to interact with it in consequence of his life so far, his accession was entrusted by the divine affidavit.

There was the tangible clasp, the sparkling gold had already hinted that the dragon would lie inside whilst nobody perceived the disenthralled puny spooks from a chink of box, scampering around the altar, assimilated into the pigments of the ray. Tepes was bedazzled by the seal of the Basarab, and the Teutonic emblem exercised the monstrous being on the obverse side of insignia, unmistakably it would certify the Dracula II in Buda, since he had always carried it on his hilt, when the vestige of apprehension was purged, the Dragon Bearer, Tepes acquired himself, the portal was thrown wide, the bells were extolled, the acclamation took up the vicinity. The multitude of congregations abided by the superfluous joie de vivre everywhere all through the gateway that was resplendent in festivity, the percussions rattled, fifes and lutes for the sublime coda, stunning they were, their address to the Dracula, subserviently kneeling down on the ground, the hands were crossed on their hearts that the palms as the unfurled pinions, the Voivode assigned himself to respond, his mantle was lifted, swished to render the equivalent symbol.



Beresea Corvas

For the mortal beings, if there was once again the chance of redemption to live in an Elysium, they wouldn't betray Him, even though it was the futile aspiration on the memorable day in the antediluvian field, every man and woman, they were as though the dawn of Genesis, how benevolent it was, the bliss was aroused of beauty, it was the radiant grace, in truth the Carpathians of this summer were appreciatively mild in a succulent temperament to wait for the most beloved one, so was the Voivode for his growth, the man confessed the nucleus of his energy that he obtained, it was the vital credence, his consort whose life with him would be sufficed in the land, the land of prosperity, the land of the gratified cohesion.

Beresea Corvas, seventeen years of her age, when her barge reached the Danube shore to be facilitated the cabriolet to Bran by her brother, Stephan whom owed the groomsman for the union, he was imbued with her thriving elegance and charm, her downy cheeks were impressed to have slightly increased as a result the expression of her corpulent eyes, the acute suppleness began to possess caring finesse, her first step on the soil, she would be also the mother of the province as the river that had carried her, the gifted creation she was regardless her image had never been depicted, but the

bunches of flowers had been occasionally brought from Hungary to Tepes, and her brother having ever once, "As these are the transformed nymphs of verdure, sweet aroma, unparalleled loveliness.

Which one is the most likeliness of your maiden?"

"My temptation is emanated from Heaven.

Who can create such enticement but the One, tenaciously pure, utterly delightful pretties?

She is as a lily whose veiled passion is celebrated, she may allure even the supreme being, she contemplates me with her devoted mien when I am mischievous, and she speaks about our shining hope, this is the ray of life."

In spite of his obsession and decadence of soul that had already been accumulated for his fiancé, the attainable longing had been proved to be real, progressively the arrangement of the conjugal life had been ascertained, for instance, her private boudoir had been set with the trousseaus, the Hungarian maidservants had been hustling in the castle, the palpable extenuation to be arrant naïve, the innocent routine, the virtue given by a female, which Tepes had never learnt by then, why was such a delicate darling existence able to vouchsafe the secured stability?

The embodiment of permanence as matrimony.

On the day, how ardent and vigorous he was! For the objective goal with his ambition, it was about to be fulfilled thus stately rich in a manner amidst the mellifluous courtesy, the dulcet harmony was twinkled, the euphoric adagio on the piccolos and guitars that would be cherished by the bride, Tepes disposed himself in the banquet hall as he was aware of

her vehicle, briefly being advised when the castle maids assorted themselves in line, opened to the path for the betrothal, it was as the idyllic sanctum with the paradisiacal paeon, the pliant ladies bent themselves in frilled attires, the ballooned folk ensembles were furbelowed, the sylphs faced to their partners on the other side whom were in comparable genuflection, for a moment when the virgin appeared to the entrance, she was convinced of the devoted resplendence of ceremony, her pure gratification and amusement were whiffed, immature, yet ineffable loveliness, right away her solemnity was retrieved earlier than the bridegroom whom suppressed well-nigh his overwhelming passion, and she approached to him, albeit she was at first looked slender in her silky robe for the white tulle over her shoulders, conspicuously her puny lips smiled at once, Tepes managed to proffer his hand as it was for the espousal, 'How can the man be experienced the perfection of his realm? You will live with me until the end if it is the Final Day even by the divine caprice, be together with me, milady, for your pathetic integrity, the pantheon convokes the saintly spirits, and the portend will be bestowed for our eternal oath, the cherubs are giving the sign over the holy sphere, they annunciate the unification of our soul.'

As though a little bird perched on his palm, Tepes gently entwined his fingers with hers, all participants were upright to be noticed the fulfillment of the vows, simultaneously the jovial appraisal for her blessed splendor, the decorum was released then, the troubadours were increased, the lively tempo was segued as the frolic hora, the flowery pas de deux was joined in harmony that encircled the hall with the

prances and hops and skips, round and round as the pasture in the lingered evening when the Sun was dallied, the time was ripe, the harvest was over the tables for the couple and associates, the viands were relished in cheese and yogurt for the hottest season, the piquant savor was accoutered with the rowan liquors, the pitchers were served in alacrity by the cupbearers, the boys in tailored suits, the captain was Esau, exclusively the golden passementerie was buttoned on his jacket besides the thickset cummerbund had the compartment, what would be emerged from there?

He pranced to the bride, it was a balmy marigold that was conjured up, ‘Milady, this is the ethos of our autochthonous crust, the kingcup will be saturated as you are the instigator of his proclivity for the hypnotic ballad, he will be seduced for the earworm, sweet and honeyed of its taste, so will you, and what is going to be happened?’

As though the miraculous change of tidal stream, the confluent violins diffused the soothing flow of the captivating core, the twosomes brimmed the space, and the mezzanines where the masons and smiths began to etch in the sonorous rhythm with the tankards while the Voivode ushered the bride to the center, their chic and lithely motions were enough to elucidate, even the twirling little instant was longed to fulfill the mutual sight, as the crescendo was slowly faltered, Tepes kissed her hand.

‘Ecstasy!’

Esau unrolled the mantle hem of the bridegroom whom whispered to him, ‘....’

‘For Heaven’s sake, his turbulent fervor is beyond Heaven, what would be there? Did he say it, didn’t he? Whoosh! Extravaganza!’

The eunuch made swift pivot whose index finger as a tendril was pointing to Vezam, ‘The Son of the Dragon is pestering you for their eternal life, the preservation of loving soul, the pinnacle of the pinnacle, is there anything else above it?

Nobody knows, but will you be known?

Yes, my lord, this is now and this will happen tonight.’

The guests were ravished by his rhapsody, fanatic cheers and howls, a bottle of grog was passed to Esau whom guzzled it up, the triple somersaults were performed as a spinning hawk, the music was for his cavort as a shooting star, the fleet of cupbearers were frisking around the ball.

Beresea, ‘I have already lived in Heaven because you are with me, my lord, after Heaven, there will be once more our Heaven, am I correct?’

However, the jamboree doused her whisper, Tepes took her to his heart, her sequined headdress blinked, it was glad to see for the physician because of whom he had nursed so far achieved the providential fruition, presumably his answer for the riddle would have been revealed, if he hadn’t been constrained after the Eastern Capital.

The nuptial rite under the sacerdotal assent was led in the chapel, as one night had elapsed, the newlywed proved the mutual reliance, whether it was by the spiritual conduct to attest for the surety, in every part of the day, the visitants were interminable to commend the matrimony, her empyreal beauty was amazed, in her tender age, her disciplined propriety was maintained by the side of her husband, her pleasing grins for the boyars' wits and jests, she was intensely favored by the attendances, the auspicious perspective was promised in consent.

When the palatines left them in the earlier evening, the contrasting tranquility existed, the twilight over the Carpathians tinted the inner yard, as it was the first time for the wife to be noticed the wishing well there, she picked a marigold from the bouquet and tossed it into the gape, 'This is thoroughly in depth that we can no longer see the petal, but it will be the torch of our wish.'

'What is your wish?'

'Don't you realize it?'

Beresea's amicable dimples were given to him, the wife took ahead on the way to the private dining room as she responded, 'To have a repast with you in where you were always before our marriage.'

For Tepes, there had never been an opportunity to sit with a female in just the two of them, to the capacious extent, the servants were airy, in this case, his paltry memory in his infancy, evanescent though, the maternal custody was the basis of his discernment, yet he was somewhat coy when his

wife once retired to her bower for the conjugal chamber where she would be invited, it was prepared that the garlands were arranged, the bedposts were burnished and the intarsia embellished the oak with the abundant wreathing root motifs of the baldachin, the crimson covers were the dazzling seduction behind the coral screen, as the ritual to wait for his consort, Tepes laid himself and was half raised on the headboard, the sweltering time of a year whereas the high ceiling and pristine sheets refreshed him, her taps on the door were soft as a mumble, Beresea came into his view with the modest chalices on the golden tray that was held by her, the emerald ring shaped as a serpent graced her finger, it was glimmered, the husband recited, 'The potions you bear are the materialized emblem of gold disguised as bronze, it is shone for whom I love and love and I bless even after my death then her eternal rest, the holy scent, the baptismal libation from the temple of the Almighty where we are now, I feel you inside of me forever and ever.'

'It is the echo of your soul, the Holy Ghost has advised me to bring the offering to my spouse.'

This exchange meant reciprocally affirmative for the night that would stay together, the wife sluiced herself into the bed, each of them grasped the cup and sipped the elixir while the lambency was trembled a little as though the wicks were squelched by some awkward nature, Tepes fumbled for a spare that was lit to emit the sympathetic luminosity, but the bleak foredoom was encroaching to them, a snicker hissed, and Tepes, 'Who is the derelict of the late hour, the wretched spook?'

‘Who? You haven’t been recognized dotage and death, I am the one to be learnt them, how is the oath made without the truth? Ah... They are whom I sought after, it was the prolonged journey, the drudgery was imposed on the deceased, the envisaged toil, but I had ever been once as your consort, sewing and weaving for my man and newborns until death befell onto me. By the lugubrious manifestation, my spindle was worked for this garb as a spider that makes the gossamer.’

The hideous crone with a flask was as a shadow, her protruded wanly face and craggy nose were shawled in black, the aggrieved tunic covered her lanky shape as a skeleton.

‘Guard! Put it away, no need for the morbid trickery.’

‘No, your voice has been possessed by me thus no one can heard.

Rather quench your thirst with this tincture, why are you so blatant? Your ranks are not for the fermented prune that the commoners slurp.

Take my liquor for your happiness and dominion, you can be infinite, my lord.’

‘This amicable piquancy and mild echo of fruity fragrance entertain the botryoidal deities competently with the blessed vino. However, my wife has been forbidden to kiss me.

Hark! For your malice, her thumping pulse, she is shuddering in terror, the ripe has been forgotten.’

The vixen sniveled, ‘The infidel against Heaven is the infidel of Hell as well, being condemned by demiurge, my tenderness has been altered to be despondency... I lament but odium, nemesis is manmade, it was only after my forlorn demise, I

could satiate my thirst. You are young, you are vigorous, you are superior, why not?’

‘Our soul refutes your potion, and you shall cease for our pillow as your repose exists in your coffin.’

‘Where is my coffin?’

‘In where is the burial ground.’

Her skin became furry, the fierce claws were emerged from her hands, the eyes were glittered that the decline of her mentality was obvious, she yelped, ‘Oh, mercy, mercy...God gives me, gives... giv...’

Being once transformed to be the bones, and it dwindled away, Tepes hugged his wife, saying, ‘The Dracula domesticates the rascal spirits thus the superstitious dispute is often arisen. Are you scared? Please to overcome, it was the envy that afflicted us.’

When midnight was passed, the intransigent torches encircled the castle, albeit footsteps of the sentinels were solitary incentive for the deed, there was also an essay that was diverted from equanimity, the distinctive trefoil, and the impenetrable translucency was motionlessly reflected on the rose window, the misanthrope in the northern edge of the garden, it was enough attentive as the palimpsest of the Franciscan inheritance of prominent quality, the procurement for medicine, the physician, Vezam remained in his pharmacy where the medicaments were stored, the stern temperature was unvarying during the sultry season that the diaphanous stimuli had been usually embellished, but the absence of it was there. The lid of albarello was ponderous to be clicked, echoing to the expanse, needless to say he was the recent settler in this enclave, he turned back to search for the preserved plants in the glass jars, lurid, bumpy, dehydrated levity of the serious matter, but some of the spongy roots were enough macerated because of the absorbed solution, these would purify bile, above all the rationale was inferred to avoid the fetal flaw by the dependency of the organic plexus, assuredly the magnitude was imposed much for the fragments of reptile why the elements that had ever lived within the craze for survival as if it was convinced of the oblong structure, macabre...

The physician prepared for the furnace, he was to concoct the infusion, he would be the clumsy gentile, gift it to the princess, it was the conventional practice that would attest the mutual trust in addition for her ceaseless ripe and salubrity, at the juncture of his thought, the embers from the stove foisted him thus the turtle shells were singled out as the valued aliment to

promote the metabolism furthermore it strengthen the pelvic brace so that the wife wouldn't suffer the iliac failure, later on, rose water and lavender would dispel the cloying resentment. The coals were consumed, the solvent in the cask was bubbling, the distillation wouldn't be for long, he was not obliged by a doze, irresistibly the tireless night as it was destined to continue the task, his shrewd insight was awoken, he could be sustained until the receptor would accept the dregs, running down the funnel.

For the sweltering process with the heat, as it were, a minor headache was the chronic reaction, he was intrigued to the innocent breeze outside, after the detached scone cleared the pebbly porch, his restoration under the Moon, the indigo was never darkness for the oblivious hemisphere that was attenuated as crickets were thrumming around the pond with the silhouettes of the sprawling lindens whereas his caution was trapped in untamed pant and hiss, since the beasts were grown appetite for the hour, it coughed a little... Definitely the anguish was felt if she would be the Hungarian maid or so, he stepped forward, 'How can you be during the menacing gloom?'

It was crawling along the margin of water, the scraggy bony contour, the head was wrapped under the scarf, when the odious groan was squeezed out of the throat, Vezam was distressed in alarm whether the maundered soul was wronged to have the physical form, but he feigned to neglect the vicious mojo as it was too late for him to return his way.

'My grief... My remedy is scantily left in this flask, I am begging for it to be refilled.'

‘Certainly it will be diluted that you shall be eased, I will try.’

Was he shuddered on his glance at the gouges of claws, it awkwardly unfettered the grasp, the tiny hope of his faith was predetermined only by the mask over his mouth, he could be delivered as his trepidation was hidden, anyhow he simmered the glass into the pond, the moss was floating over the void, the strands as the quirky lure, it rustled his fingers, when fear slashed him, the flask was slipped concomitantly the heinous outrage, the epileptic convulsions with the diabolic spasm, the habitant of purgatory went after what had already been irretrievable, and there was nothing at an end of satanic hallucination.



The Voivode

Life would surely progress, but the capricious nature as the radiant scintillation of the Carpathians, it was the mise en scene when the succulent reward over the prairies of the massifs was plenteous to be cropped, the vine tress would habituate over the summit in every term of every year, these had lived for centuries, indeed the advancement of human being as well, the proliferation and continuity, albeit the betrayal of happiness would be unavoidably involved, there was the fundamental benefit amidst the simplest ordinary, it would never be frittered away, and Tepes obtained it during those days that elapsed somewhat differently for his wife, his ardor was lit by her existence whenever they met each other on the regulated norm of hectic schedule as the Voivode, the time was brief, why was it flown in such a swift manner?

Especially the reciprocal intimacy was communicated on the landau, descending to the municipality as the merchandise wares were ample for his wife, he was gratified for her joy nonetheless she was occasionally just in view of him, the immanent detachment, no matter he regained himself, Beresea as his consort whom should have much revealed to him, predominant strain, tempting allure, which he was bound to resolve.

‘For the prolonged hour to wait for you, my lord.’

As Tepes had ever been advised from her maids about her solitary leisure in the library, his tantalizing curiosity was prone to the intelligent aspect of his wife, it was the best opportunity in the earlier evening when they were unwound in the living room before the shared chamber, the chaises longues were fit to mollify their sinews, the carmine furniture was accentuated with the delicate turquoise, the Saxon artistry that was made of solicitously reared alluvium.

‘The treatise is what Vlad gave me of your age, custom and history over the principalities, you may be familiarized with our people.’

‘I shall learn as your wife and for Hungary.’

‘There is no burden on you, this is why you have to be sometimes alone.

Anyway for today, what are you keeping on your tiny palms that are my dearest?’

Her diminutive fidget, Beresea was perturbed to find the response, but her timidity delighted the husband whose rascally amusement incited him to her nape, entangling his forearms around her neck, pecked the booklet, it was no sooner revealed than his kiss her as the journal for the feminine wellbeing.

The regular assemblage for the preliminary chores to prepare for the bathing of Beresea would notify her husband whom slacked himself in the terrace where the inner yard was observable, she would return through the corridor after her hot tub in the lower floor that was directly accessed to her private room via the stairs, and the equal congregation would be established by the time of her arrangement hence he would be also led to his chamber.

However, in the autumn evening, he was tingled by the bitterness of essence on the patio, constellations over the heavens were nearly formed to display nevertheless the errands were back and forth, not faded away, what would be transpired if there was the enmity invoked as the genuine rapport had been exchanged during the previous occasion? Unforeseen presentiments dispensed him from the indignation, no more to forbear, his gait was in a huff, the hem of his gown was annoyance from the vestibule to the door, yet, ‘....!’

The line-capped servants whose eyebrows were frown, the sentinels were upright, the scullery employees all came out that enclosed the physician, a hint of unguent, the wanly male in a smock was laid on the rug, it was testified, ‘This invalid is the neophyte, who has been arrived this county, and the one attempted to spot the princess in the tub.’

‘No, my lord, never for the princess as I thought that the bathing was for the courtesan of some superior, because for your wife, the guard is always situated as long as I know. On this calamity, the lenient verdict shall be given to the inherent tendency, a boor am I, so it was caused by a chunk of citron, the steamy fragrance was the spell that falsified my

phlegm, the fog blinded my conscience.'

The wrongdoer stammered for pain, his bleary eyes doggedly triggered clemency, the neatly shaved head wouldn't have been rumpled, if he hadn't teetered on the stairs, being said that he had been carrying boiled water to the duct as the shared mode of prudence by the whole assignment, it would have been poured into the conduit for the acceptable hot bath.

'However, my lord, we were deceived by this crook, what he pretended at first, he said that he had been aware of a hog that had been grilled on the trivet, and when he had been for water, he had been alarmed by the hog that had been resurrected, he had chased it for a supper, for his appetite, and eventually stumbled down.'

'I pardoned for my life by way of telling a lie as your men were about to slash me.'

'No, you ridiculed us, "The boor was me, the steam was as a fog, not a hog."'

'My broken leg is the torture, it is throbbing that palsied my brain to be the dead that would be better, to be the hog that would yarn for the chance to be reborn.'

Vezam soaked the lips of the invalid, 'My lord, how will you respond to this miraculous funny? For the man in servitude, for the night that would be arranged, whether or not, the bathings of nobles are generally acknowledged to be stood by at least one attendant, and for your wife, her maid is immediately before the door.

The birch of the Almighty will fall onto him, but for every

man's desire for resurrection, the sky has begun to send mercy to him.'

'Let him be under the condition that he shall be scrutinized for a month, in the case of recurrence henceforth shall be for all, being punished, dispatched to Hell.

Rain... I am supposing it as His grace regardless of those somber clouds. Go under the roof!'

It was the benign paradigm, nonexistent of the celestial phase, the blinded equanimity was dissembled, what would be in the abyss?

As if the capricious ebb and flow detracted Tepes, his apathy and lethargy awhile, the chamber was under the flimsy squib that was going to expire as soon as dawn, but there was the unparalleled strain flustered him, his sentience came to see nothing, there should have been the affectionate peace next to him in bed, it was scarce that robbed his indulgence, 'Beresea?'

As if the minatory omen befell to his discomfiture, the plain iridescence was leaked from the hall if she was beguiled by the illusoriness, fraudulent... It might be the spook, having ever been disguised as Vlad.

The guard was shed behind the main stairs and the juxtaposed room was unoccupied except the coffer, 'Beresea?' There was the evident admonition, the underworld would penetrate whom discovered the gouged entrance on the wall forthwith the candle was held, albeit the organic gravels were predominantly exposed, the artificial contrivance was of a bygone, hermetically damp, utterly obsolete, obsolete mayhem, the musty droplets were streaked in part, blotted, reverberating on his approach until it was terminated in the dilapidated attic 'Beresea?'

The Virgin had wept before the crucified Son, his wife was overwhelmed on the bleak floor, 'Beresea, Beresea! Who was the marauder? Oh, my dearest!

Abominable, loathsome enough! How can Hell be such reprehensible?'

The severed yoke, her retrieval was attested by a bout of horror, her scream, he grasped her.

‘All-Powerful is for the realm, but expelled me, I was frightened if it was the summon by death, I called you, “My lord, my lord...”

Although you were not awoken, my father, Jothanasi was flitting over the sphere where I was beckoned, there was no change of him, the red mantle, the shield of the Corvas and his sword except the declivities of his eyes and emaciated cheeks, sallow and haggard, he ushered me to follow him, there was no longer gruesome distress, we reached here, I implored him not to abandon his daughter, he was appeared to contemplate a little nevertheless he released my hand and prohibited me to attend him, I wailed and wailed, the Light gleamed too strong to be gazed at...’

‘It was to show how the defeat had triggered his anguish, but his grief was alleviated then because of you. As the hour is for the rest, Buda has yet been before the Sun, he would be in his slumber.’

‘His slumber? His stiff eyelids that wouldn’t be unfolded to commend my happiness forever. It was his inconsolable apparition, the relic of his ego... Hideous ennui of whom has already lived outside of His Holy.’

‘My wife, my treasured wife, you shall not renounce what we equally believe while you have been exasperated for the orgy, you will be forgiven.’

‘What is the precise way to manifest an allegiance to my consort?’

Has it been only my inane tantrum that I would be unfeigned beyond everything?’

Beresea split herself from him, sniveled, the inch of her husband was dithered for her delicate confession.

...There had ever been everything foisted towards her future in the royal town, Visegrad, Hungary where the damsel had acquired the instruction for her marriage, her seclusion had been for protection equally for her filial pledge with Santiletta and her nursemaids, occasionally it had been the unsteady spell for her as though the paradigmatic condition for the young female before her matrimony, having ever been taught about men and wars whereas the noticeable cressets over the province, the glisters had well-nigh insinuated the ominous precaution, but the refuge of dignitaries had usually been concealed in shade.

Beresea, “Why not? Jothanasi should see his daughter whose maturity can be enough to relieve his despondency.”

“Even I, his spouse whose life always welcomes death if it is his cause, I have been prohibited to discern him. I shall be informed when you are accomplished with Tepes whose inauguration has been the recent ordinance. Hopefully, as Jothanasi is such a thoughtful man, you may find him amidst our people in Buda on your arrival.”

It had been indeed not the disgrace, she had been aware of the social milieu, the humble sail to the Hungarian capital, she had received a bunch of lilies from her maid as the flower had been apparently favored by the Voivode since he had ever been inspired about her, to what extent she had been enchanted. The little birds as well, the pretty encouragement

over the heavy flow of the Danube regardless the deep forest had enclosed the watercourse, if the incubus had leered at her whom would have been abducted, but in Buda, the festooned barque had been anchored before the masses of her subjects, lutes and flutes, the epithalamium by the gypsies, mild and tender to celebrate her departure.

“He veiled her face.

He held her in his bosom.

He marveled her when the veil was opened, it was a sprig in his hand, the bloom was so close.

He kissed the sprig, she kissed the sprig, the bloom was blossomed.

God shows them a paradise.

Our caravan was in the middle path.

We saw their paradise from there.

We saw their joy from there.

On our return, we tell the tales, we tell the tales of their happiness.”

“We tell the tales, we tell the tales of their happiness...”

The elfin children danced around the virtuosos, I gave them the lilies and looked for Jothanasi whom was nowhere.

Mighty Lord, our Majesty of Rome may accord to our entreaty. My lord, please for me, for our lands, for our people, for whom brought us into this world. Where has Jothanasi been? Where has Vlad been?’

‘For the wandering soul that sorely returned to the native land, to be honest, I have also concerned the uncanny hiatus of their refugee, the inquiry shall be dispatched to the East, you shall not be suffered anymore.’

Echoes of splashing rain diminished, the pale blue luster was permeating through the crevices on the indigenous wall during the transitory hour.



The Ottoman Empire (1)

If there had been once again foregone Rome, owing to the idiosyncratic whim of the ephemeral throne, the serendipitous juncture would have been entangled with them to be envisioned beyond a thousand of the orbital path, the wisdom would be carried to the Eastern Capital from Asia where the scorching sands, the dusty climate, the severe Sun would dehydrate all being, but to live, none would be defiant and rather for the virtue of nature, shimmered darkness under the moonlit, the sword had ever been vouchsafed to them, the ray on the blade in the finite despondency of night, the wisdom for the battle, life to grow, for the life to be sustained under the Immortal, it was always the mortal dominion that was intoned the dicta by the Omniscience.

On the dawn of new supremacy, the recovery and restoration of Constantinople were proceeded by Islam, the extensive marshaling of labor, the sweaty toil without foes and ammunition, it was directly supervised by the Sultan at close range of his seraglio, his pedantic mien that was introduced the antiquities of the Byzantine apogee, specifically the worship for deaths, the sarcophagi were innumerably excavated, these made of native porphyry, the rigid hard

stone, the prismatic reflection was the exclusive allure of the superimposed mineral constituents, would he be dissolved, why was Heaven amply engraved on the plaques, would the unknown field be such a dream than the corporeal world? However pertinacious it would be, the final huff would be enough fulfilled by a thought for Allah whilst the Above from where the knowledge was bestowed to the entire domain as the minarets, sprawling towards the heavens, the completion and the accomplishment for the pious contrariety were imminent.

Although the draft of air insinuated the inhibitory season, the parterre was gifted the fecund largesse, the peacocks swayed the graceful tails, on his return to the court, Mehmet was encouraged to sit in the gazebo, punctiliously the page served the Sultan for the scroll on the tray, his decision for the recent issue was written on it to be delegated to the Pashas.

In the latter of the month, the grievance from the Balkans had been addressed to the Ottoman Empire, the call for the war, the aggression had been invoked by the Voivode, Tepes nevertheless it had been further distinguished by the deterministic holograph, no smudge at all that had been manifested within the upright square, "... If the one's approach is to be resolved by the abrogation of our truce as the domain, how the one shall be inquisitorial no more for the land in peace when the pillars would be lost, our defiled soul will battle for the regeneration and our soul will be saved in resurrection, the one shall declare for our Sovereign, Rome that is not involved in this submission."

No malignant vile had been spewed in the tumultuous

petulance whether the habitual lameness for the unhatched capability to be the stately dictator, the farce of insurrection, utter buffoonery, nobody could be such a vulgar against the ostentatious thirst for the norm, the common courtesy that would follow the spiritual enactment, the mourn for death, yes, in fact there had been the conclusion to be acquiesced, since they had ever settled the body of the Dracula II, the scent of frankincense as a beacon, it had been assimilated into the pigment of that noon, due to the cursed torment, having inflicted to the demise, the rite had been conducted on the pyre for whom had ever devoted his life to the stronghold, for whom had achieved to the capital gate to Heaven, his ashes had been preserved in the urn.

A wind from the ocean, the briny whisper, the Sultan was as though being rustled on the port tack under the hexagon roof, the absence of Rome... To what extent would they yet persist in the Grecian soil? For the tournament of justice, it would reveal the justified sustenance, and for the continuity, the emerged faction had ever experienced the rupture initially as the justification for the power.

“... Death shall be the gain, our sorrow for death shall be also the gain, the gain rejoices mortals, providing that it is not blemished by the earthly contravention nonetheless it has been tolerated by the One...”

The ordain from the Sultan was retained under the sleeve of the Grand Pasha, Ashraf, the gathered envoy to Wallachia, a hundred of paltry assemblage, more than half was predominant with the mercenaries whose borderless camaraderie would be in this context gratified, as it was the favored opportunity among them, Mahlam was appointed to be the chief guard for the personage, the lavish assignment for him, the rank of whom was the fourth from the Sultan, his amicable integrity, his paternal munificence and sagacity were reverent, bloodshed and expiries far afield, though the protean current of the Empire was obvious, the fundamental tactics of Mehmet, the central column of the renowned conqueror was sternly upheld, it was realized mostly by the one whose maintenance as the prime Pasha, his task was generally acknowledged as the ministerial representation for the overall functioning of nation besides the laws that were revised and published by the Viziers.

If the foreign affairs entangled the extremity to a degree, especially the esoteric aspect of this episode, the option would involve the significant prospective that the Sultan was aroused to venture in order to scope out the Balkans hopefully scope out Rome as well, unquestionably the exchange between life and acquisition would be the epitome of hostilities, and the torture of casualties wouldn't be avoidable whereas what would be the emblem that would be established for life and death in tacit equanimity?

By Mehmet, "...The safe return of our emissaries asserts the veritable intention that is no more susceptible, the sincere appeal will be averred by the land of the Slavs, it is the promise for the secure destiny of whole mandate, being vouchsafed by the Law." And for the penultimate highlight to overcome or for the climax of his initiative, the demanding clarification was to arbitrate as there was the custody under medicine for whom would be the Hungarian Magnate, "... The plenipotentiary of Europe shall present himself to the Ottoman Empire to be given the urn, to be recognized the truth of misery, and in this case, the Substance of Treaty is exempted that will grant the admission to our territory even to the subject whom is benefited by the external nobles in accordance with the scale of patronage that governs the states."

The preface of winter-tide, the chilly gust was implicit after sunset, it was the beginning of November when the Ottoman intermediaries arrived the Wallachian front, as the garrisons' lanterns were inflamed feverishly, there was nothing to disturb the sight of the caravan likewise the asterism of the bottomless scope manifested the immaculate evening hence the blistered spears and lances were sonorously lingered, Ashraf ordered to halt the vehicle, he subdued all of his aides to advance, subsequently the Grand Pasha whose moderate built required only Mahlam at the head of auxiliaries to be with him but his bows and arrows, he kept the sword on his girth, nothing to hesitate, he was proud in highfalutin as it was the honor that was easily substituted for life, yet the ballooned turban, the glossy Astrakhan fur was typical for the ranked Seljuk, under the uncanny circumstances, the sentinels were abated, none would baulk at them, the Wallachian Sergeant was waiting for their reach.

Ashraf, his adroit deliverance for obsequies that were told in decency, the scroll from the Sultan was unraveled not to provoke the humiliation while the lachrymose squall that would have been unleashed, it was mastered by the clement protocol not to be suffered, immediately the herald spurted to the Castle Bran as the exigent ambassadorial presence was significant to entrust the commission.

The Sergeant, 'You take rest until the response is carried to us, we shall accommodate you in hourly distance where there is the adequate hospitality to reduce fatigue.'

'Graceful orientation that is appreciated whilst the cozy previous season is recalled in nostalgia.'

So to speak, the mercenaries are accustomed to the integration, by staying in the camp together with your soldiers, especially this man who leads our service is the one whom saved the fatal torture with his elder, if the bedridden is the Hungarian luminary.' Said the Grand Pasha.

However, the inevitable gall, the soul of allies, the one of sentinels cried to divulge his distress, 'It was the whim of infidels during their victorious rapine, loitering, stamping around the Eastern Capital, it would be the ignominy of whom was flattered by the prowlers.

You don't know about life, fidelity and honor.'

Mahlam, 'Life is only realized by the fact that I have been lived thus I have arrived to tell the tale.

Our allegiance is devoted to Allah for what He commands onto us, when He moves on your side, we are hired to fight for you, our will is by His will, it is how we obtain the power.

For whom was saved by the foes at that time, but his restored life will be for the next wining battle, isn't this not the honor? Furthermore if the previous adversary hasn't already been his opponent.

I am an infidel as you say, the mercenary is the heathen, but you have been bothered to be troubled that your worthy was rescued by merely the scum. Why not lancing me rather than the ostentatious bellicosity?'

The Sergeant mitigated them, 'The brawler was our auxiliary for the Eastern Capital and was promoted on his return from where he had lost many intimates, he has been about to absolve his grief, but fitfully aggregated by the reality to comply.

The truth has been suggested by you, and we shall learn henceforth how the supple centaur forms such a capable body and wits.'

Their free motions on the horses, the tamed elasticity, the mind would yoke the equestrian as the spectacular demigod over the welkin, rapid and swift as "a dart", it had ever been the ancient Babylon where the part of their fatherland, Assyria had consisted, they had named their river "Tigris" which exactly meant aforementioned, consequently the hereditary finesse, the superb profundity had been established that the twice or fourth speed of archeries than the Romans, in the light armors, the attacks had been deflected from them whom had been advocated under gravity and magnitude of nature, indeed it was the contemplative issue if the battle had been the origin of primeval basis in the earliest rise of civilization, anyway for the men in this occasion, there was no more contention that would be provoked, and Mahlam, 'The imaginary configuration that is horizontal to the vertical grasp on the bow is traced anon when we throw the shaft, the power of the right and left hands should be equally balanced by our trained soul, our disciplined mental habit since our ancestor's period over Caucasus, they were a hybrid of the Arabs and the Persians.

They distributed the obtained estate, how the value would be rendered, how it would be increased, how it would be shared by the designated borders, it could be infinite as the orbital rotation of the Sun and the Moon, we always select the optimistic destiny as we do on our ride.'

The pinnacle of interstellar exposition soothed them and the Grand Pasha, 'Our optimism is the redolent of pennycress, at

the beginning of fecund season, it was during the expedition, the experienced servicemen over Caucasus were pacified the tribulation that was endured, the arid traverse over the long distance out of nowhere, but the elegant milky blossoms... It can be acquired in such a tiny opportune, and such indulgence is meant that is brought by the Omniscient deed, it can be also applied to the mortal deal among us.'

Silence besieged the Castle Bran except the squeaks of blackbirds as these had been increased over the rampart since a day before, unerringly the first light was coincided to the arrival of herald to report a death, the tolling knell in the morning, the demand was required on whirling exigencies, though Tepes still held a tinge of his delirium not to separate from his pathetic belief for the safety of the Dracula II, the reality was imposed on him to be revealed that the Order of the Dragon hadn't been with Vlad on his demise, he had left it that had been discovered by the Hungarian prelate, had there ever been the misfortune away from the Preserver and his implacable ego had been abided in the corporeal stratum for the memento, as it had ever been forewarned by the dispersed trace of him accordingly the eastern sierra of the Carpathians began to diminish the nebulous turbidity in a vague atmosphere, the convocation would be called for no sooner than the arrangement was organized.

His dejection was ameliorated when Tepes met with his consort whom was staid in her chamber, in spite of his care for her consternation, her sterner disposition was verified, the mourner's robe was worn over her exhausted mien, saying, 'I shall be with you, my lord, so that you will be restored for the preliminary conduct, of course I am enough to be told about Jothanasi.'

'The assigned man is burdened with the mortal end, bequeathed to surpass the one's distress, it is often that the lamentation is concealed and the resumption is intoned to proceed until it is certified. Your pallid complexion has been

advised that you shall be nourished on the table under daylight.'

'I should desist by the time of sunset.'

'Why not?'

Tepes kissed her forehead and rustled her hair wherefore he realized the spots on her neck, 'Who tortured your crystal layer? Was there any admonishment to my beloved?'

'Notwithstanding a puerile nightmare that would have been out of my memory without you whom shall not exacerbate your agony, it was the silly occurrence during last darkness, the infernal brute failed to abduct me, it would be the derision of the pit.

I shall understand it as the intrusion to tell me about Jothanasi, he has been lived, but the ebb of his breath, since the failure was shown as a result of haste and vulnerable conspiracy among the damned existences as he would have appeared to free me from the desiccated evil hands.'

'Alas! I should have been with Vlad, I should have been with you, fate is the molester, I am strained to leave you, send the nurses here, right now!

I shall resolve the enigma of incubus as your husband whom will attend the hall.'

Meanwhile the muddled perplexity was subsided, it was to notice the assembly that was commenced as well as for the delayed presence of the Voivode, the decency for the bereft son, solemn and meditative, some of the elder notaries and boyars, who had associated with Vlad since his boyhood bewailed, Tepes plunged into the princely seat, the scroll from

the Sultan was given, and the chamberlain, 'The Light of Byzantium has attained the abundant progress in where the Dracula II sacrificed himself. This is certainly plausible. The purposeful arbitration and reassurance for the actualities between the East and the West, in the case of Jothanasi the Magnate, there will be no suitable correspondence as a hostage.'

Tepes, '...'

He was still perusing the parchment thus the chamberlain stipulated, 'In accurate terms, our Sovereign is not involved, being considered as no attendance of Rome as the autonomy is often given to the province because of the mighty order that Our Majesty will subsist until the whole concession is notified.'

Resolutely the entangled perpetuity was overcome by Stephan Corvas at the center, 'As long as our order is fulfilled, we shall counterpoise to what would be the intent of Sultan, or am I the one to be dismissed as the Margrave of the Eastern Europe? Indeed the matter is devolved from Rome to Hungary, if there had been the Command of the Omnipotence to jettison my sword and shield for the invalid and urn, I would have followed Him.'

For his faithful pronouncement, no objection, equally no approval for whom had been raised in the land, his future accession to the Hungarian throne was de jure promised under the influential appellation that had ever been initiated by the first Apostolic King as the ancestral glory and spiritual immunity were the favorable connotation of the European Imperials, for the ambassadorial prospects as well besides the

succession as Mazlis Corvas would reduce obstruction and peril in peace and war when he would wear the Holy Crown.

‘The Sun is greater than my obstinacy.’

Stephan left the forenoon ray that would be heaved after the man’s headway.



Stephan Corvas

Heaven's worth was above Constantinople, the delicate lilac billows over the residue of the Sun that was on the verge of the horizon when Stephan passed through the gate of the Palace, as a rule, the limited entry was remained only for him, the domestic visitors were prohibited after sunset, and the Islam followers were called to pray at the close of a day, bending themselves onto the ground towards Kaaba around the mosques that were under construction thus the Hungarian heir was outside of their view, albeit it was the general precaution for the foreign ambassadors, what would be the risk anymore? The divine solace, the sacred injunction for whom had ever been feared as the Asian warrior, Stephan managed to shook off the hypnotic inducement, even skeptical he was for the primeval saga of the mutual ancestors, the fate for the imposed hate, would he feel any resentment for his own unfathomable apathy since his departure, volatile and inane? It was gradually subsided, and he saw the ancient Hellenic dream that had been aspired by the Romans. For those days, the Sultan's slogan, what the conqueror had written to the Sovereign, "God is the One" was esteemed as the unity of Heaven, whether there had ever been the opportunity

for Jothanasi to be in the Eastern Capital, when he had been progressed under the previous Kaiser to the Western Rome.

‘Here, Stephan Corvas of Hungary! The son of Jothanasi Corvas, the successor of the Holy Crown should be enough to comply with the mindful proposition.’

The scroll was submitted to the one in front of the second gate, and Ashraf, ‘Evocative visage, evocative voice of whom I have never ever reached, how can we fulfill such a valuable guest in addition to show my gratification for the previous felicity despite of the troubled circumstances? We may not be enough to compassionate for Vlad as well as Jothanasi, and we are sorely assured if your sojourn in the Eastern paradise unfetters you from languor and anxiety, Paradise is where the Dracula II is as well as your strength will heal your father.’ With the Grand Pasha, there were a thousand of the Ottomans whom were considered as the fifth of a total for the Palace, while the evening devotion of Islam ended, the Greeks appeared in distance to view the Hungarian, tenderhearted, presumably they were sobbing a little.

The third court of the Palace where was the sumptuous prerogative, the residence of the Sultan was located in somewhere on the perimeter, the coruscating torches, though the pavilions were extinguished for the lengthy night, the Pleasure Lodge that was facilitated for the dignitaries distinctively stood in the façade of portico, the meticulous curving on the columns was the Venetian inheritance, the slender profile emphasized the dexterous finesse, the quality would be the mind of man whom would stay there, the composure of two stories, the capacious inward extent beyond assumptions, if it was the blissful delicacy bestowed to them for the day, the lukewarm evening of chilly season was forborne, the ritual for joy, it could be confided as even sensual, sentient thus sensual, consequently the essence was not disordered as impunity, it had ever been assimilated into the Asian four centuries of yore when they had been converted to Islam, joy for leisure, joy for recreation, joy for health, joy would recover intimacy by showing how the nation would be.

On the way to the banquet, the golden sparkles from the pediments were intermingled with the prismatic radiance of gems, the art of Byzantium was further mystified by the levity of frescos and marble works, the pliant softness was as the mass of cloud above utopia on the sunny spells, and Ashraf, 'The Festival Hall where the Sultan mostly invested for our Eurasian clients has been the recent completion.' Although the segregation between ocean and sky was relatively tabooed, was it conformed by the Eastern Eden, the polychromatic representation pervaded the ceiling and wall, the embellished theology was the steady geometry, the oblique

entanglement of the vine friezes, said Stephan, 'Exquisite consonance no more, no less to be aligned with the Roman mastery that is the prominence of Justinian.'

'How satisfactory we are! As the Damascus muralists and masons were the uttermost favor of the Grecian.

Your insightful eyes that can be the power of supremacy, you have already been equal to the suzerain of the Byzantine apogee.'

The usher made an implicit response for what Stephan inadvertently evaded as the flock of female acolytes maintained the soporific *sostenuto* on lutes and dulcimers, the effervescent decoy for death because it was altogether the requiem that would be the triumph and joy for the triumph was the delightful paean, being performed by whom were merely of their youth, if there was the aesthetic formula, unity and celibacy would be the eminence. Stephan didn't concern for his exposed prematurity, but the Ottoman seemed to be dithered about the prevailed gossip of the Western propensity further improvident than the Hungarian before him, and Ashraf, 'Those strings may inspire the soul of lamentation as well as gladness of the bequeathed whose consort was killed in the battle, supposing that the deceased lives in Paradise, exceptional jubilation and eternity nevertheless why are we not jealous for the dead? This preamble suffices us until meals are served.'

Undoubtedly the invincible conundrum for the affair while the Kadis whose sights were exchanged with Stephan, humbly nodded, the slanted turbans hid their faces, returned to undertones each other.

The lavish serving dishes began to garnish the main table with the assorted meats, vegetables and fruits, the smorgasbord was portioned out by the innumerable servants to the seats, albeit the veil was kept over the expanse for the potentate, the epicure display enticed appetite and unfettered enjoyment, the Grand Pasha advocated the nourishment, 'These are the finest efficacy for the mutual affinity before the presence of Prince Shllahad whom is the prestigious scion of our Empire, his imperative significance for the auspicious sovereign is equally considerable to the Hungarian succession.

As he has been ordered the restricted participation for the gala, we shall excuse his paltry contact, anyhow his companion is the promised future consort, Qadesa is directly after the maternal consanguinities that belong to the Sultan.'

The marvelous ensemble was savored, rich in fat and sugar for continuance of stamina, the intrinsic juice of harvest and animal, which was mild and delicate on palates, by the adapted stratagem, the Asian agronomy in a moistureless climate had achieved the sinuous motion with muscles, energy and revitalization, following this, it was the dish no sooner than the finale of the feast, the sizzling dessert, kanafah, the strands of cheese and milk inside the al dente succulent cake, oily and spicy, habitually to be astonished by the foreign guests.

'It is the signal to show the entry of our Prince.'

After the Kadis restored themselves, the line-up was drawn towards the primary recess to where the Hungarian faced to the forefront, the enigmatic congruity of Shllahad whose bonhomie and impassive wickedness were oddly appeared as

his delicate core despite of the trained built, when his sharp jaw pointed at the elderly female, her composure was flawlessly august with her Caucasus lineaments as though the maternal dictates to the Prince hence his wry flippancy that would be pursued in some meager opportunities.

Uttered the Prince, 'The benevolence is the facilitation by Allah, the fertility of soil is the best agent for our accord, the Son of the Holy Crown has met with the Son of the Crescent Moon beyond the perpetual enmity between Christian and Islam, for the hour under the Moon, optimistically our hospitality will be accepted and alleviate every contention of "yesterday" as well as I shall show my condolences for your "tomorrow."' "

'There has been no "yesterday" nor "tomorrow", hopefully my gratitude will be compromised with the reward of Constantinople and the resplendent courtesy of Islam. The Sun rises tomorrow, it adduces the future of our era that is malleable whereas the past is the adamant nature.'

'Have you ever been on the dry sands? Those are mollified by the mists of night, and rain bestows us the crops with the Sun nonetheless the stringent bedrock secures the erect leap towards the heavens.'

While Qadessa arranged the curio for the recreation with the continental guest, the Prince was thrilled for a timely favor to elucidate, 'The Yataghan is the ceremonial sword and of its kind that affirms the tactful intimacy to be the witness of truth, in other words, for the malleable future, ironically our idiosyncratic humor is stimulated as if it envisages the terminus of armistice.'

Stephan, 'Certainly the blade is the materialized form of man's soul, foremost elegance.

The treasure will be reminiscent when my banner will be blown to the Ottoman, our blades would be crashed each other.'

'Exactly this shall be the blade.'

Shllahad innocently laughed and continued, 'The owners of Yataghans are proud of the mastery for the emblazonment on metal, it instructs them not to blemish the flare with gore, as for this saber, even the scabbard is filled with the inlays of precious stones, gold and silver, it has been believed that the blade has the planetary depiction as the night sky nonetheless it has never been revealed as the Seal of Solomon on the hilt forbids us except when the edge will be released to kill whom is bound for the luck of the Kings of the Scripture that is shared by the non-pagans.'

'The Seal of Solomon... The equilateral triangles reciprocally intersect, as a consequence the Star, which is encircled as the embrace by the Son of the Crescent Moon, equivalently as the Sun that is embraced by the Holy Cross. The six dots are the observable lights from Him to connote the enlightened men.'

'Gracious homage it is, most of them what so ever!
The Sun and the Moon then the Star whether either one is possible to exist individually, why are they not fallen?'
Said Shllahad.

'A cloud pretends to erase them that appear on the next day.

In the wake of the battle, there will be once more the mutual

recognition as now if the accomplishment will be done by our progenies.'

The Prince intended to retire, the female followed him whom approved the Hungarian, 'Sultan Mehmet will be with you after the first light.'

The celestial manifestation in the midmorning, it was impeccably resonant, the upstanding winter enchanted the multitude of Asian populace, the hordes of the masses streamed into Constantinople nevertheless the throng was concealed by the size of a little finger in view from the Palace that the entrance permission to the third gate for the ceremony was restrained to the kin of royal employees as they had been assigned the quarters for the previous night, indeed the festivity would be enough enjoyable for the onlookers as the reverberations of military parade, the cacophonous tunes and percussions were performed by the Janissaries, some of the infantries went out the portal, they were distributing the confectionaries and silver coins to the children, yet there was the improbable expectation among them if the Sultan turned up from the Throne Hall as it had ever been in few occasions, paradoxically the comic temptation was braced by the idolatrous vestige of the hackneyed instinct in order to share the Light with whom had already been revered well-nigh the legendary conqueror.

As the raiments for the gathering were intensely colorful, Hakeem was the somber existence in his white robe, came to the Hungarian to tell him, 'My superior has been submitting himself to the Sultan since the earlier of today, I am the entrusted usher after him, anyway for the inception as our unvarying custom to the ambassador, I shall be certain that you have not been disturbed, in fact the two-third of our subjects hasn't been acknowledged who you are as well as why you have been except as the Hungarian dignitary to see the Sultan thus they have been rude if you are felt so, I shall beg your pardon.'

‘There is nothing to be concerned, it is the pleasure of the people, which should be equal to the one’s happiness, I have been rather consolidated.’ Stephan.

‘We are acquiesced by your mighty regard and it is promised that the Throne Hall is stately silent, emeralds and pearls, the Sultan is concealed by the canopy as his akincis are substituted for him during his offering in the private mosque where is accessed through the door behind.’

The Pasha halted his words when the orchestra stopped, ‘Yes, indubitably the Sultan has secured himself within the Hall... Behold the tent! The chronic absurdity, do not worry, none inside!’

Although the theatrical caricature of the audience as if Mehmet would appear to them, some of the performers bent themselves onto the ground, the imperial tent that was brought was utterly a tawdry sham thereafter the assailant hurled the javelin to the heart of craft, shrieks and agitation, in the end, it was revealed to be unoccupied, being ensued by the frolic acclamation, sighed the usher whimsically, ‘It is to tell the spectators about the Sultan whom is not here today, such jocularly can be understood as satire between immortality and mortality, practically it is to control the diversion with the instruments that will be ready for the march whence the affordable passage to invite you to the throne.

... More or less it may conciliate some antagonists. Forgive us as you shall show yourself to our people, since there has been seldom whom from Buda.’

The Kufic description was held above the arch, the iconographies of the Grecian period were the wafts of rosy tinge on the sidewalls, the diffident plain entrance to the Hall, straightaway the ample display dazzled the visitor, the filigree over the existing dimensions, the Turkic tapestries occupied where the Hungarian was proceeding on, the intrusion of natural light was desisted as possible, the white robes aligned themselves, the throne was opened, and there was the Sovereign of Asia, the Sovereign of Islam whether the one had already abstained from the earthly matter, the radiant severity engulfed him, but his nucleus, so powerful and behemoth, his eyes were cast to Stephan, and he spoke, 'I attend to the Sun, the Moon and the Star regardless of the cloudy temper of Heaven that vouchsafes His climate onto us, a cloud pretends to live in Heaven, but it is only a shade for my sight over the mortal sphere as I shall live in closer to Heaven beyond all shades, we shall be acknowledged that the heavens are made by whom is the servant of Heaven and I am the servant of His Law, I make the laws in the name of Allah, the One is Just thus I am just, my ordainments for my lands are for the infinite prosperities.

Throughout this generation when the darkness has surpassed, why we have our soul, to kill flesh of whom without a soul? This is the proof of my commitment, certainly we sent the gallant soul of the Dracula II.'

The urn was given to the son of Europe by the graceful hands, rocky and cliffy as the supreme mountains.

Even though the innermost extent of the Palace was forsaken, the gaiety was continued in the open square as the lingering festivity was remained for the day nonetheless there were the sentries merely for the abandoned postern in this location as the restoration work was seemingly unreached, only the fountains and the tenement dotted, surrounding the arbors, it inspired the reclusive sojourn that consisted the function of the site, specifically by the rockery, the medical plants on the patches, the unbending stems and obdurate leaves of aloes were conserved before the final month of a year for the robust climate of the East, above all the lunette that the curved representation of the two figures was the impact of the beholder, the entablature underlaid the consecrated martyrs of Syria, Cosmas and Damian, they had been the renowned surgeons during the primal Rome to regenerate the art of the Creation, surprisingly the practice of implantation had ever been conducted by them, the typical crest to show where illness would be healed.

The Ottoman physician, Rupias awaited the Hungarian, grasped his skullcap, doffed to the visitor, fleeting nod, there was no strain from him as the orator whose declamation for the Capital at that time of conquest, albeit the repudiated eminence and curiosity, it was the alien inclination to the spotless impunity that was belonged to the host, aged in his thirties, away from solipsism as though his life was not amassed, ostensibly no converse among them, but the eclectic assortment of faience was categorized in the shelves and vitrines, the cartouches were numbered, these instructions were rather attenuated by the reticulated autonomy that the polarized reflection each other, the tin jars persisted in the

dictate of vital law, it would be executed by the Sun, so to speak, decay, ripe and preservation furthermore the lucrative colorations of secco would tantalize the diplomatic insight thoroughly the Italian peninsula to the Asian Minor, the attainment of Renaissance was gathered to be unshackled from a malady.

Owing to the inherent attribution of the physician, the Hungarian was not at all interfered by the door behind the apothecary's counter, the professed pilasters to clasp the delicate segregation, the curtailed token, it was opened for him whom was released from the vitriolic flippancy, instead his nostrils were aware of the minor sensation that averted the ocular recognition thereby his initial pronouncement was whiffed, 'May you be ... Such as the mind of guilty?'

Whether there was the accusation precisely involved the Hungarian, within the confined expanse, the terminus of the Creation was interrogated for the systematized corporeality whereas the fetuses were kept the chubby coral frames in the glass containers antithetically even the habitual gladness to see the flare of the newly emerged life was induced, but the sterilized stimuli no longer obscured him, several of the specimen were deformed if there was the contradictory that had ever intervened in the crafts of the Omniscience for the distended craniums as protuberances besides the twins were clung each other at the nodes of glands.

Rupias responded to the visitor, lucid much abound of his talk, his prominence was convinced.

'Gratification, faith, hope, these are the foremost if my ambition is meant to be emphasized, after deaths, those were delivered to me by the ones whom would have been the

parents of the embryos, for the advanced evolution, for orthopedics that would promulgate someday, the potential of cure to restore the corrupted parts of our soldiers.

Do you suppose that infants are born under the Sin with the Sin whether it has already inhabited to the tiny existences? Is war sin? Is it the sin to dispatch the created? Is the one being killed in the field unjust?

There has never been the formula about the law of sacrifice except the theological terms, justice and soul are edified though...

Why don't you see these mineral stones, the magnificent gems to be observed? Everybody has been caught by the imperfection that would have lived notwithstanding the truth is enough revealed in the bijoux.

The Sun shines onto them, the penetrated ray is bent to submerge into the essence of each variant gravity, but it is occasionally that the division is made by chance against the law of configuration when the angle is fled from the perpendicular, consequently the matter is treasured within some portion whereas another is the dust of earth, it is the harsh reality exposed by the crusts, but anyway, these don't know how life would be.

However, the Almighty is flawless because He resolutely repeats what he does within His promise for our piety and trust, "His Light shines through the trees from where the droplets of oil are given, mercy for the everlasting green and growth."⁸

Practically the hermetic art preserves the mortal structure, the process of putrefaction is sealed by way of condensation, the viscous mixture of fermented cane, distilled seawater and

decocted sulfur as the catalyst of decay is simply oxygen itself, for instance, botryoidal stones are as a bunch of grape equally as bubbles in addition to the hepatic form, reniform, our organs alike.

I intervene the causality of nature, being suggested that the creation of our bodies, the synthesis and detachment are analogous to the motion of water amidst the light and air.'

'The men's aim to tame nature, his soul lives to realize such ambition, of course not a kind to be pursued by the man of medicine.

Your exalted proficiency triggered my forgetfulness where I am, here is the East.' Stephan.

'The Osmanli of the Northern Siberia, descending to the Bulgars, the miscegenation of my apparent lineage may falsify the locality... It has been corollary to my thought whenever I have found the European nobility of whom is the intent of your visit, his life has been maintained.'

The acanthus leaf was inscribed on the door that was hissed, as the resembled plant to a poppy insinuated the veto on the trespasser, there was something to be recognized by the son whom was told, 'He has yet been able to endure the transit to Europe however despairing our hope would be, if his convalescence is expected.'

His life was further remote than death, sparsely on the familiar contour of the lineament, the invalid writhed, opened his eyes, was he aware of Stephan?

The physician examined the pulsation and fetched the pan, 'Yes, he can endure the way to his chamber as the nutrient will be taken, pestled black cumin is added to laudanum and

so forth.

His arousal has not been for pain, but it would be his soul that has been momentarily returned to him because of you.'

"He could endure the way to his homeland..." It was as though the incantation that trapped the son of whom had ever battled for Rome, undoubtedly the Capital was restored under the Sultan whose adjudication was insuperable in the apex of prosperity, Jothanasi had offered himself to the East whether it had been the dissension against determined fate, but he would be bestowed the humane demise in his land, to what extent was the Benevolence appreciated by the immature words? Such serenity that would be given to him whom began to fall asleep, the physician was discernibly rarefied and lit frankincense thus Stephan was not obliged to resolve himself.



Death

The trudges of the quadrupeds, hooves were jolted in the frosty earth of the Carpathians, the rhythmical steps were concordant with the peal of the bell that alerted the muggers of the night forest since the caravan had been hired for the diminishing life, albeit the closing season was for all beasts to hibernate, it was occasionally the squeaky yells for starvation, and when the first light heaved into sight, the procession reached the vicinity of Bran, the wads of snow covered the land, the wanly reflection was mitigated by the robust furrows of the sledges that had hustled during the previous daytime, the cart driver unloaded the upholstered mattress, 'You have arrived your turf, Captain.'

Beresea ran onto Jothanasi, applied her cheek to the nostrils, 'Surely, surely, how can he be such unscathed? It is only his flesh that has been declined, grace and holy as if the dozing disciple of Nazarene.'

When she kissed the invalid, Stephan assured that she would be enough to overcome grief in spite of her thinned demeanor and gaunt smile as she was attached to the emaciated man. The Voivode approached to them, and the urn was given to the son.

‘The end of the Dracula II is entirely materialized of this burnt clay, his ash as the sparkling particles that will be vanished into the air as a dream, if it was the vision, if the existence of Vlad was the shared figment among us... Nay, because of Tepes the Dracula III as his effect, it was too long for his son to wait for the remembrance of his life.’

While the birds crooned in the morning, Beresea accompanied to the invalid, strolling across where the physician was, her jovial vigor at hazy daybreak, the two associates indulged in the transient recourse, and Tepes, ‘We used to be rejoiced during the verdurous months. Her integrity has been recollected on your return. As a matter of fact, the anticipation of pregnancy has been heard on her, my consort has abnegated our chamber as well as her meal in private, it was initially thought about her despondency, but death is said to deliver new life, pleasurable regardless difficult to be involved, these days, her partner is only the Hungarian maids.’

‘So am I, there is none possible to intervene, it was Jothanasi whom told his wife when Beresea was in her, “The will of mother is the will of our unborn” Let her be in free as her recovery is the fortuitous signal on our arrival. Vlad’s death has been forbidden to bespeak, in this regard, you shall fling yourself into the demand that is subscribed to the decision how it will be notified.’ Said Stephan.

The freezing current was puffed to Tepes in his robe with the fur-trimmed sleeves that covered the lesion on his wrist, the scarlet fluid had ever been sluiced from the skin...

“Why are you the appalling trespasser to my rest?
The time of earth is no everlasting, my solitude is vouchsafed
by the supernal spirit.”

“Beresea?”

She had sobbed to cuddle his hand that had been lacerated
by her transformed claws, her smeared lips...
Tepes had left her chamber, when the ominous night had been
beleaguered with the leaden heaps, how had he realized about
the endless gloom?

The emancipation of soul, purification of inner-self, these were conducted by the transcendental chant of the Eastern Orthodox that was begun to prevail during the latter of the sacred month, the immanent adagio could relieve anxieties of whom perceived the ritual, and the satanic being would be ushered to Heaven, successively the altarpiece was delivered from the treasury to the chapel of Mircea, it exhibited the magnificent spectacle that was venerated by the ceremony. The Voivode and his wife sat next to each other until the afternoon of Eve as she was restored, increasing appetite, no desolation at all, even though her feebleness was detected by some visitants, such as the advised diet by the matrons, accordingly the matter of death and illness would be postponed, the husband was cajoled to abide by the hierarchical due for the fulfillment of the year, his contentment of overall milieu was verified, albeit the strength of his consort was for the reason of Jothanasi not by her husband, her sporadic distress would be anyway why the bestowal of nascent life, the creation belonged to them. Therefore no disapproval was suggested when Beresea was indisposed the banquet and retired in dizziness, her pallid complexion that was devoid of herself was exposed in her chamber, she was hauntingly rueful for the dismissal of time that would have been with her husband, contradictorily Tepes rather felt as her sincere retrieval, she was muttering about the way of life, there was her skeptic strife against her own infirmity, Tepes emboldened her, 'It is the interminable extent if we render our life, your qualms are only the short spell of embarrassment, we have vowed for our matrimony to be true for us...'

However, she slept in deep not to respond him soundlessly as the wishing well that was also rested in the phlegmatic evening until the midnight campaniles nearby told the remembrance of the birth of Christ, subsequently Vezam was summoned and notified the husband, 'The sign of pregnancy is conspicuous within a few months after the germination of fetal seed, and there has been no indication on her, her weak pulsation and bony physique but sickness and fever, I shall prepare to reduce her incipient unease. Even though it is the speculative hour, to be understood, my lord, my concoction would be potent as long as it would be... Whether for the gestational preliminary or the burden of her nerve.'

'No sign of pregnancy?'

'No, my lord.'

The final toll was the end and beginning of the day, the paroxysmal irascibility inflicted Tepes whom was uncanny about his own fit.

The prolonged life was tolerated despite of the internal rancor that was evident, Jothanasi's clamorous respiration, thrusting out the suppurating odor, the imminent ossification had already been insinuated for his coalesced flesh as if it was objectified, due to the deprivation of abdominal function, ingestion of nutrient became impossible, the flickering grind, it was the opioid blend that was sprinkled over him in order to paralyze his nerve, death wouldn't suffer him until the next year or within this month.

In reality stamina of the patient, his capability was beyond the norm of one's age, the remnant of bountiful muscles, the somatic liaison to outlast was meticulously organized and controlled by the viable power while the hearth was set alight in the frozen temperature of the enclosed infirmary on the lowest floor where Vezam was stultified with the vapor from the remittent body, the viscous humidity was steamy that the medicinal ingredient was immersed in the air if the soul of insuperable nobility was enkindled, assuredly Jothanasi was hardly freaked except the occasional outburst of rusty clot, the gelatinous blood as tarnished copper, the physician cleansed the throat by means of water through the spout of a retort hence the gluey lump was discharged not to suffocate the invalid, afterward he went up to the garret, the winding stairs were toiled with the balustrade to the attic where there was his herbaria, the desiccated plants, the embracing classification, as it were, the leaf of black olive was selected for the decrease of ulcer, it would be decocted with honey, which the analgesic would be mixed, coherently the pertinent recipe cabinet was opened to eke out the meager maintenance during the unyielding season besides it was relatively blamed for

unavailability of his assistant whom had been tasked for the patches, Odira would return after New Year as he was kept a tight rein in Fagaras.

The thaw under daylight was snow in the evening, Vezam gripped a poker in his pharmacy, intensifying embers awhile, the latch was clattered by whom was longed for, as Jothanasi was on the clement destiny, his son was not restrained to see him, Stephan, 'She attended the repast with the Voivode, she is much robust than before, she hasn't yet been pregnant though, fortune is occasionally dawdled, there will be the governors from Buda after the celebration.'

'No, she hasn't yet been, my lord, and the remedy often prolongs the steady efficacy and thorough recovery to establish the future prospect that suffices the ones from Buda as well as her husband'

The aroma of spikenard was diffused on the incense, the delicate strand was the winding lull, the portion of vinegar was bespattered over the floor, the scion wore the smock, he realized that Jothanasi evinced the uttermost peace after the compound was absorbed, his son, 'Although Heaven doesn't invite us, we can see how the place would be on his mien.'

'My honor is obliged for your words, even though I am unable to extend him if it is the last for him ...'

'Quote has he ever told me, being learnt by his son, "The banner shall be the ray of life, but when I am ushered to Hades, it will be as a wick that is blown out by the capricious zephyr, Jothanasi Corvas, I will be enough for my glorious due

thus the resurrection of my soul if there is, it would be after the second Genesis.”

‘How will it be?’ The physician.

‘Yes, how will it be?’

The son left him, the increased ray of darkness obscured the snow.

The end of twelvemonths, in truth it was the death of the year, remorse on the days that had gone by, equivalently with hope and expectancy for the forthcoming prospect, the immortality of time had been cyclically lived by man, at midnight, the boundary of the endless flow was resounded by the abysmal echo of ram's horn, groaning on the far-flung massifs, the transient euphoria was aroused to notice the holy rite.

‘Oh, my lord... my lord...’

The hymn of observances was begun to emanate from the chapel, the intensified luminosity influenced the secluded infirmary, but the cessation of the mortal form, the untethered lips were slacked as if the continuation of life was still, the physician examined the vein, no propagation of the vital fluid, and the residue of life was fading perspiration over the dermis that was barely lukewarm, the shroud was about to cover the remains, the gate of Paradise would be opened... However, it was unsettled by the turbulent muddle, shrieks were intervened from the outside, following this, the choir was halted, rumbles of the door, the verdict would be deferred, Vezam enforced himself to respond.

‘Princess Beresea as the crumpled limb of the forest tree, it might be that she was on her way to this house.

Her chirring respiration, fiery temperature nevertheless she was survived on the icy soil.’

The guard uttered in desperate for his release not to hold her anymore, Beresea was miserably strangulated, losing her hue, starved to inhale a gasp of air.

‘To her chamber, carry her to the chamber, heat up the room, boiling water that I need, she has been on the verge to overcome the febrile hostility, I shall be immediate.’ Said the physician.

For the exigencies, laudanum from the cask was seethed with the compound, having ever been dosed to Jothanasi, ‘My lord, you shall left her.’ Intoned to the lifeless before he set off to piercing darkness, hoarfrost inhabited over the ground, the craggy flakes were pelting down, irrefutably the interrogation how the vulnerable female had endured such harsh condition that even the gallant troop would have suspended the odyssey...

While Vezam was urged to the boudoir, the violent convulsions were weltering in her body, the Voivode, ‘Is this her end?’

The physician administered the tincture, slightly calmed was she, ‘No, never be the execution that is further invoked to her, she has regained herself, she has been restored from the frozen torture, her hearts and flow were temporally excited and pacified, I will give my words, she can be in blissful rest, yes, there is no miraculous designation except by the One as she was preserved through the morbid climate in the garden.’

‘Grateful wonder of my soul, indeed she has been eased under my shelter as my life wouldn’t exist without her nonetheless I should have been whipped by the gloomy admonition at midnight to forbid her. Her seraphic magnificence is unblemished in spite of the ordeal, why did God maul the adoring virtue? Or rather because of my sin, exactly my sin was punished and whipped,

the excoriated scars were sore thus He eliminated them, I am gracious! Beresea, Beresea!’

Tepes caressed her in pursuit of her answer for his lamentation, profanity in vain as the mortal frailty that was the futile attempt to marshal over fate, his foreboding intuition triggered the disrupting hysteria, but it was dwindled to be sorrow for whom was gelid as ice beyond the somatic act.

At this point, the resolute taps on his shoulder, Stephan nodded to Tepes implicitly with the procured mind for the inevitable destiny, they were unfettered to be in the adjacent sitting room.

The Hungarian, ‘The providential reward has been vouchsafed to us even in chaotic dismay, the communication between Rome and Hungary was recently made, the Sovereign ordered Buda to adjourn the forthcoming visit, as a result, the herald was sent by Mihalie to arrive on this day, “Honorable decree from the Holy Sovereign, Emperor Frederick has prescribed the guidance in regard to the irrevocable health of Jothanasi, the whole property of the Castle Corvas shall be inherited by his son Mazlis, the course of implementation shall be complete by the middle of this month.”’

‘Have they been informed about Beresea?’ Tepes.

‘Rome and Mihalie would be, but Santiletta may not, she has been enchanted by the credence on her daughter’s pregnancy.’

‘The time has been deferred for the matter. However, the preliminary grant that can be the durable substratum to offset against the future strain.’

‘Rather it will be for Buda, not to intervene until the conclusive proposition on the dire sequel, the internecine issue and the demise of Piella.

I shall be increased that is to be the ultimate deliverance at an end, and this is “The Distance of Rome” as Jothanasi has ever said.’



The Physician

The rimy streaks over the hills were the palpable vista from the chamber at dawn, notifying Vezam that her husband would return earlier than his anticipation, albeit her juvenile feature was cast by the glimmer, nothing encouraged her, having slept since her collapse, half a month ago, it was too merciful to be decreed, for instance, the renunciation of tiny hope in addition to the assurance that was enforced on, there was merely her constant daydream, it had ever been as the daydream of her husband, “Beresea has been belonged to the empyrean and she has preferred to stay there awhile.” And he had been departed from her for Stephan to the Castle Corvas. The husband would be with her by noon, the snow would melt, the vehicle could be spurred to reach where there was the miracle that her tints were intensified for her affection with her reduced temperature and infinitesimal pulse, she was seemingly waiting for her husband thus the physician finished the necessary inspection of her, prepared for the retort, gently nibbled the edges of her jaws, the mouth was moderately capacitated to have the aliment, it was accepted by an indistinct swallow and a hint of rust to be the recollection of the analogous manifestation that had befallen to Jothanasi, yet she was not suffered from the abdominal

disorder, as her maidservant appeared to keep the house before he left to his place, to be told the Voivode that his wife was well.

The silvery flickers from the wheel window of the pharmacy whether the revelation for the course of attainment or it was the testimony of life and death, metaphorically Heaven would be reached through the meander of Hades, the light was shone to the integuments of serpents which were the meticulous arrangement on the table in accordance with the typology that was based on the toxics, “An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.”⁹ If the civil law of the ancient Babylon had ever reached the truth about malice that had begun to infest in the sinful body, it implied the method to eradicate the wickedness and was agreed to Vezam’s ancestral vade mecum as the espousal for the matter, it commenced the agrarian rule about antipathy and sympathy, in the former case, the growth of some vegetables would be intercepted by the specified plants, it was compared to the snakebites that would be impeded by the counter-poison, and the annexed probe into the composition of mind as the myths also told the inflicted sense of another after they were hit by the same predator, decisively the physician whose pedantic scrutiny to utilize the premise if the trait of plague could be identified nonetheless for the day, he was invited to a brief doze.

The damp air at chilly dusk was amplified by the moldy obscurity over the sooty fireplace, it had already lost the cinders, the lag of time provoked uncanny scruples and apathy, ponderously loaded onto Vezam whom effaced the sluggish discomfiture to the infirmary where there was his foremost prerequisite that was abandoned in his own accord without mandatory care to preserve for this!

Swished was the shroud, Jothanasi's remains were disclosed, nothing so far experienced the progress of death, it entirely evaded the decay, rigor mortis hadn't yet been taken place thus no decomposition, the body maintained tepidity on the surface but any circulatory activity nor respiration, beyond the ken of the physiological formula whether the preternatural life would regenerate by itself, it would be what had ever violated the wellness of whom had been demised and would still execute the vital force under the frame.

Vezam had never disputed himself for nearly half a month, in the belief of his sin that would be salvaged from the muddled conflict, he could cure the daughter of the deceased and all would be liberated from the terror of the viral hazard, for his aim with his acute wit, he was no longer the slumberous despondency, the constrictive textile and woven hemp fastened his neck to ankle, his soul was integrated with the onerous aspiration, his determinant nature fully concentrated on the instruments in the dissecting case by the side of bowl, the wavelet... When he soaked a chunk of sponge.

The entwined strata of flesh, the tangible response was felt when his scalpel was delicately incised, submerged into the depth of filaments in the guise of willful intention of epidermis as the auspicious suavity was hampered by the fibers that

composed the muscle fringe over the alimentary canal. Gradually the oblique persistence was intensified by the degeneration, it was impressed as the internal progress, so to speak, the onset of malady had ever rushed through the digestive organs, specifically from esophagus to stomach, which meant that the visceral exercise to capacitate for a passing morsel had been disturbed by some malicious wrongdoer, revealingly it was the stark contrast between the feeble bluish layer and the desiccated interior in powdery white, the coalesced strokes, inelastic stubbornness, clayish as well as almost stony, the anatomical confrontation was evinced then, secular and substantive, his agnostic inquisition was ceased to exist, Vezam was undeniably alone, separated himself from all basis of what he had lived with.

The chisel for amputation was engraved by way of tapping the mallet along with the regulated veneer, for the impenetrable toil, the dregs of sweat were seeping through his temple detracted his reach to the crater with sebaceous effluvium and acidity in addition to the recognized miasma as though the ferrous corrosion besieged the enteric mass, it was abnormally divergent from the common reek of gastric exertion as flatus, afterward, he was impelled to encounter a ghastly slog...

How had it been by demiurge? Hideous reality of the plague! The membranous ligature as bubbly lava that had ever been undergone a moment of solidification, allover the tarnished smear due to the constant annihilation during the latter life of the deceased, but the physician retrieved himself, pricked the warty tissue with the sharpest bistoury, since the distention partly reduced the hardness, following this, the viscous serum

dribbled from the incision, once and twice, he repeated a prod hence the blade was squelched to open the final gate where these were organs that were structured in accordance with the plexiform order within the pretended disorder, it was the explicit frenzy to camouflage the mortal logic, his enigmatic contentment...

Even though the fibers were parched to be the rickety assemblage, equally the mucous element was the resinous adherence hence his crystal lens reflected the exhaustive investigation if the continuation of ulcer or the trace of poisoning regardless none was detected, instead the distinctive significance of the abdominal coordination, the residue of lymph would be remained. Assuredly it was observed as the confided existence, being held of the sacs amidst the esophageal sphincter and pylorus well-nigh the laborious extraction of the craggy lump, his scalpel was chased inch by inch until the ductile crust was wriggled out of the shriveled canal, in truth it inspired him the mineral proportion that had the amygdaloidal vesicle.

On his attempt to find the kernel, the fissure was etched in to hatch it, there appeared the marrowy spheroid, the independent oeuvre from the afflicted gut, the messianic relic! The physician secured it in the vial and the horsehair was pulled in string for the process of sutures, he crouched over the ransacked flesh where the one's soul would no longer return, but the closing skein was blessed in serene disguise, aroused him to be in a hypnotic instance, the body was camouflaged as the habitation of life still be, even though Vezam hadn't yet achieved his shame for a betrayal of the rite of death, if any contrition suffered him, then it was prompted

when the sudden patter on the door, he was uncontrollably disconcerted earlier than he was compelled to recognize about whom was admitted to go down was limited to his assistant, Odira.

‘There has been an urgent demand for you to attend the Voivode as his consort opened her eyes to react him, you have been called to be in her chamber.’

‘I will be...

This invalid has been also in optimistic hue, and his bathing has been done, you shall not enter, do not open!’

‘I have worn the cover to assist you whom have been in need for her.’

‘No, you shall not, steam and vapor are much contagious risk than you have prepared.

Go in advance as the change often indicates the vulnerability of temper.’

The vague radiance of the inner court, it was the habitual realm, Vezam was mollified on the spot where he was relieved by the lukewarm bearing of the entrance as he passed through, his anchored faith was unleashed from the struggle that he had been seized by then, at least he could be retained otherwise how he would be capacitated to the Voivode whose elation to bespatter, 'The charity of the Almighty was granted to me, but my physician, his delay to witness, yes, yes, no matter she would be again, I will try, Beresea! Beresea!'

'My lord...'

'Beresea...?'

'My lord, I must beg you not to disturb her nerve in the face of the sign, having been shown to you, it would be more and more frequent, I suppose that she will respond to you on return of her soul.'

'If Heaven teased me or if Hell... What was the benefit of them?

To devastate my inured life, my inured abstemious peace and inured serenity as she has lost her words?

Her eyes were void, dreary inertia, even the dead would perform such an act, after delight, there has been torment, if she is snatched from the earth, it would be the recurrence of the days when I hadn't fond her, am I correct?'

'Never such time will be, my lord, since the medical progression over these centuries, for instance what has been my recent endeavor, I have discovered that the homologous venom cancels another. It is the cogent inquest discussed on this guide, here it is.'

The physician recommended his book to Tepes, but then, 'Villain! Malice! She confessed me when the demise of Vlad was heralded.'

While his sight was not on the script, the husband enfolded her mane to expose the trace of punctures that had already been plastered with freckly scabs, Vezam was bemused to examine them, 'What transpired to her? It is uncanny, but not by the serpent.'

'She was scratched during the nightmare.'

'However, the shapes of wounds are as though made by fangs or needles, normally the restoration of epidermis is not progressed like them.'

Vezam inclined to the bedpost, inevitably the book was switched to the rest of his hands, which was failed to grasp, 'Oh, it shall be...'

'No. It has come onto my instep as the fallen bird with the unfurled wings that will be clasped by the huntsman.'

Said Tepes.

"Treatise on the immortal life, the account of Ignis Aqua: The wisdom of the Acropolis, it is the completion of mastery, the realization about the emergence of life to an end that is revealed by the foremost supremacy of the mortal faculty. The dynamic system is reticulated with the pentagonal depiction, and the essential logic of elixir is understood by the annexed exegesis.

The arrangement of the five vertexes is in order, at the top of them to the right, Upsilon (The amount of light) Alpha (The downward force of matter that can be altered by the manipulation of angle) Eta (Viscosity and force)

Iota (Inactivity) Gamma (Heat and dilation)

Although these factors are reciprocally accessed by the sides as well as the axes, if the shortest path that is the above-mentioned is taken for the concoction, the energy of gamma would revalidate life after the suspension, but the end would be failed to avoid, the termination that is completed for the cursory duration, a moment of explosive inflation of the body, vanished to be the infinite soul alone.”

‘How the longest passage is established?

What is the way of the world between I and my wife?’

‘The nostrum would be within the infinite variation, my lord, and one of them would be the accurate instruction for the Aqua.’

The latter pages were no more preserved, for whom had ever obtained the sublime end, what would be a death?



Ignis Aqua (1)

The blazing torch was swayed when the night puffed the vigorous flame over the placid cresset, but being advocated by itself, the flare kept the governed extent to spark, seldom had it ever been such balmy composure as the evening rather than the pinnacle of the final season that would have brandished the harsh conduct besides the northern tower of Castle Bran was the highest safeguard over the precincts, the mansard roof beneath from where usually hills and coppice were in view regardless on the hazy day, these surveys were hid whether Durza's incentive was reduced in front of the entry to the armory behind the young sentinels, he was enticed to have a little nap with his gratitude for the monotonous homeland duty, currently in ceasefire, but the fires surrounding the portal tinged his cheeks in wholesome humor.

'After midnight, I am shifted for the inner corridor.'

'Who will come instead of you?'

'Probably as the one has been free until this hour, he will serve through darkness.'

The smith perceived the chitchat of the guards and was temporarily retrieved if there was the time for his calves to

hold the keys beyond the rally for the Sun and the Moon, even for a monthly scope... The verbose anxiety with his dithering recognition, he was ruminating on the unforeseen vista in distance.

Obscurity of his mind, the obscurity of phase, the drizzling temper of heavens was persisted, nostalgia... It was evoked to Durza, the hooded black tunics with the wooden sandals, and the crusaders wore the sacred robes, the duke's stallion was grazed under the shade of the yellowish sycamore away from the congregation among the rows of submissive gravestones over the meadow that the recovery of the land was nascent in stubby verdure, it was tender consternation for the valediction to the rested martyr.

Durza was seeking for the gentians to be thrown onto the coffin concomitantly the rotund silhouette approached to it, the inscribed raven was perched on the buckle, the chief of the guild stooped down for the corpse, a jingle of silver with the superb irradiance, the veritable significance was appraised for what he disentangled from the withered neck next to the Star, 'The salvation of the world that is your legacy to be preserved by the legacy of my hands forever and ever, the revelation will be of the epoch for our children whom are entrusted by the Omnipotence.'

The chief locked the lid, his hand was flickered again to seal a death, and the light was true, Durza was dazzled to awake.

The majestic gravity of the key that had been the sumptuous magnum opus, when perfect silver had been extracted, crude iron had been prepared, these had been fused in a mold to be the final shape, his ancestral mythos was

eventually divulged for the reproduction, yet what would be “the salvation of the world”?

The key had been initially gifted to the martyr from the guild as a reward for the medical practice, and on his death, it had been taken back to them furthermore the coffin had been secured with the identical key, consequently what the martyr had preserved would share the maintenance with the creator, it could be such as the treasure for medicine during the epidemic plight... Oh, it would utterly defeat the earthly objective! The total reversal against the smith whose perturbation experienced a moment of resuscitation more than the optimistic ambit that was pacified by the familiar utterance of whom was the recent apprentice under his league.

‘My first day as a night sentinel whether it is for the castle reserves or Durza, the chief of our guild. How fortunate I am, he has raised himself!’

‘How I do appreciate for your honor that has been devoted to me as there has ever been none except for my productions nevertheless I will decline an elopement to Hades with my novice if there is an assailant, the smiths are not the pundit for the swashbuckling.’

‘No matter my swift duel will save your life, I, the fledging chick furnished the six latches not long ago, and these two irons are for all.

The casing of each hole is differently arranged and ornamented, without the crow of our guild, the fact can’t be detected.’

‘Naughty libertine!’

‘It was learnt from our predecessors whom had worked for Lotharingia, we have inherited the method, “The keys are carried through the foul weather, these would be corroded whereas the portals would remain intact, the best way of reproduction is to apply the patterns of wards, but there would be an unfortunate event that the latches are destroyed or abandoned for ages, anyway the substantial matters for the smiths are the survival of entrances as well as the survival of smiths themselves, even though the key should be heavier than the clasp to lift the load.”

You may not be advised for it because our elders say, “Tell Durza for where is in demand, he can suffice for a day.” Who will attack such an extraordinary smith?’

‘It is enough, surely enough, give me a bit of your hush.’

The counsel had the ample connotation, strictly speaking, it implied the mystery to solve “the salvation of the world”, perhaps, having been originated from the shenanigan of whom had concealed the legend, namely the chief of the guild for the martyr, it was supposed that all irons would suffer degradation thus even if the key was discovered, it wouldn’t be the original by means of the coffin lid, for example, the distant journey to the Central Province where the burial site had been imparted within the faithful brethren whom had ever undergone the infernal bane. Therefore calling into question whether the coffin had been opened then. Nay, for the martyr whom had been kept uninfluenced throughout the plague despite of his subservient contact to the patients, his remains had been valued for “the salvation of the world” until the time when the body had been reduced to

be the grime of bones, finally the smith had been the mediator, it was admittedly that the key would be rest with his body or concealed within this province for his wish for the reproduction and revelation by the progenies moreover the foremost valuable would be hidden by means of the second key to fix the middle access as it would be required to avoid the frequent approach.

‘The Epiphany was celebrated during the last month, there is a lag, but the fluke is coming to the gentile.’

‘Chief...?’

As though Jesus Christ, the Son of God, descending from Heaven with the Light and Angels, it was the jingly pandemonium, his girth was unleashed, above all, a score of thickset irons were laid on the ground hence his elated command to the novice, ‘These should be examined, the fifth of them have already been haggard, on my return, I will restore them, the cincture as well, it was going to be shattered off, there can be nothing to spoil the esteem that will be given to me for the work.

I am asking you for errands during this harmonious night, choose on the unexpired item, keep them with you!’

‘...’

How swift and agile he was to climb on the saddle, kicked his ride! The faltering response was as turbulence that was sent back behind, his zeal was beyond the frosty gust when the preliminary to the verdant time of a year was ceased to be the wintry apotheosis.

The muggy groan of the burial ground, it was the sighs of leaves and brutes afar if the mortal was trapped in the whisper of the underworld, the tombs were the edifice of the necropolis that was clad in the cascade of iced drapery, albeit the forlorn shack feigned the distance, perceptibly the obvious bartizan attitude because of the stingy lambency neither holy nor secular, the wretched wreck, the shovels on the porch were daubed with the powdery sod, the smith dismounted for his expectation for the presence of the dweller, the door was knocked, but he was tapped as well, recoiled a bit.

‘Here is the Scavenger!’

‘Here is the old fellow whom enunciated the hackneyed appellation, but now Samo the Gravedigger, the final watch has justly been finished, anyway as long as I know, there has been no harlot wandering over the soil with the rots’

‘If there is even a specter of damned whore, I shall rely on it.’ Durza.

‘Indeed if the dead had grasped the shovels by themselves or if the robbers had scoured off the oozed residues over the scaffolds by themselves, and if I hadn’t been, the masons would have been born for the relentless needs for the platforms to be raised.’

‘All right, all right, since I am the trespasser during the forbidden hour.

The reward is the trinkets that can be unearthed.’

‘Hoo-ha! It is a chink in my armor, then where is the dead?’ Samo exposed his lumpy scalp, his greasy face, the elongated jaw was twitched with his delight, he invited the smith to his

conclave and was confessed by the guest, 'That will be called here, in this place.'

'?'

'Necromancy is the familiar spree of a cemetery warden to kill the tedious night, you shall lend me your hand.' Durza.

'As we are to be ready, crows are hovering over the sky, shrieks and howls, hark those blackbirds! Who will desist from the riches? Certainly I have the two rings and the rag with the embroidered star on it, the brimstones are fit around our middle fingers, crossing each other, when the candles are doused except the one at the center of the symbol, well... Gaze at the fervor!'

'Have you ever conducted sorcery as it may be the meticulous instruction though?' Asked the smith.

'No, I have never been.'

However, sooner than his declaration, the gloom was progressively imbued while the wicks were supped a glass of water that a spoonful of salt had been sprinkled over, the congealed sulfide orbs were as if the innocent canaries, tamed under the reconcilable yoke around the primary flame on the moth-eaten insignia, when everything was prepared to summon the antiquated soul, intoned the smith, 'Embark on the vessel that is dispatched from Heaven!

The mission shall be fulfilled beyond a century of the past, the legend for the entrusted heir, Durza the Blacksmith, the chief of our guild after you.'

The entangled rings went along the rim of the center until these were palsied at some point, the sorcerers threw the

stones into water, correspondingly a faint squelch, the hut was grumbled for a minor quake, the tumbler was teetered away, the candle as well, albeit the flame was put out, it began to emit the pale blue fume, expanded further and further, it almost beleaguered their sights, and ultimately the human form that squeezed out the cavernous voice to whom were evacuated on the floor.

‘For a hundred of quietude, it was merely an instant rest, but longer than the actual life that I had lived as an octogenarian, God had given me the extended days for the intent, for the classified nature, yet the time has been now, I shall be exonerated from the oath of our freemasonry by Durza the Blacksmith whose hereditary expertise as I used to be. It is the legend, I have ever initiated the legend of the smiths for my creation beyond my own brain, you are correct, I reproduced the key before my death by means of the coffin lid that contained the martyr, his salvation has been concealed by my work, for what he had substituted his own life.’

‘And the key is...?’ Durza.

‘Under the patronage of the Anjou, our guild took part in the construction of Castle Bran as the vassal, without saying, all secret routes and hidden sites were labored as our task. I have never ever forgotten the day of robust festivity that awoke me from the doddery bedridden, it was in the afternoon, newly enthroned Emperor Sigismund whose beard and goatee were vague for his youthful demeanor, his Holy Crown, the cross regalia approached to only a proximity to my nose, telling me his honor, “Even the Sovereign can not figure

out the whole structure.”

I have been slept under the soil beside the oak stump near the Eastern Tower amidst the anonymous deaths.

Finally the opus is revealed, when the cabinet behind the trefoil house is opened with my creation.

Time is now, hasten by dawn! The spectral spirit may assist you, adieu, adieu to the land, adieu to our children, adieu to the world where I lived...’

The ledge beneath the eastern fortification was the paralleled projection with the exalted mansard roof, it affirmed the obsolete footpath to plunge along the downslope, and the isolated enclosure was the palimpsest to trigger the horrendous lore, none had ever explored to the faceless acre in order not to instigate the veiled deaths, the slanted monuments were the trace of them, which the tendrils crept over, the smith and the gravedigger drew themselves closer to the site.

‘We should firstly see the oak haunch.’

Puffed in white, the extensive echo of Durza.

‘Those derelicts are implicitly the oppressor to oblige me the multiplied slog, I will be sentenced to buy grog to overcome the shivering drudgery by the reward that can be nibbled underneath from now on.’

The shovel was thudded by the gravedigger.

‘Though the plaques are tumbled down, the resplendent elegies are the benefit among mildew to compensate you for our mission that will be reduced under the dark.’

‘What will it be?’ Samo.

‘No, we haven’t yet been realized, there is the conspicuous snow-laden knoll, it is the sign for our aim.’

The menial endeavor in the beginning of the relentless odds was auspicious for the arboreal propagation that would have spread to the boundless measurement, if it hadn’t been lopped off, but neither the degeneration nor having been generated by itself, and Samo came to a halt, he noticed the unusual bearing of heavens, ‘Can you see the Moon?’

‘It is difficult to continue in where there is no light.’

‘Thick clouds may...’

The gravedigger was losing his voice, shuddered was he,
‘Those are... Those are...’

There besieged the sky were the thousands of feathered creature, the winged squadron that was consisted of the squeaking bats, the glares of the eyes totally revealed the paranormal condemnation, the high-pitch screams, the element of earth was quivered, shrieking up and up to be inaudible, the two were utterly deaf, and rather the apocalypse, there was exactly havoc that was wreaked in the boneyard, the centrifugal force from the bats wriggled out the sod, the turbulence was uncovering the tens of coffins, whether the jest encouraged the satanic rendition, the nails that had bolted the coverings were hurled off by themselves, a throng of skeletal formations under the undetectable order, these advanced to the unswerving sarcophagus, ‘Whoosh! Whoosh!’

The phantoms called the chant in unison when it was dragged to the ground, the unwieldy lid was tossed, a bang of tremor that cleared the above, then the Sun was narrowly on the horizon, the trammelled gravedigger was freed, groveling for the scattering mementoes.

Durza, ‘The gate of Heaven is released and the gate of Hell is shut, the silver craft is as the moonlit, the weight of iron is the magnitude of the Sun, human virtue gloriously achieved the sublime dexterity.’

The finest work was held on the tablet, as the creator’s remains were none left, the epitaph spoke alone, “God forbids, but the integrated light goes through, the luster of grooves

and the ray of hope that is the spirit of whom will reveal the truth.”

‘Oops! This would be a rhapsody to dally with my zeal, it is sorely darkness in where there is an enigma.’

At dusk, it was within the juxtaposed continuity of previous nightfall, darkness dominated the logical sequel, Durza lying for nothing as the celestial advancement was luxuriated for his rest, in any event, the obvious likelihood was that Vezam would meet him after the princess chamber, although there was concern about the physician whose stolid adherence to the branch of knowledge, it was awed for his practice, to what extent he would be involved in the superstitious proceedings, the substantive reality had already been testified, optimistically to do the best, the climax of “salvation” would be the mighty significance for the adept as well.

The smock was held in Vezam’s forearm, his tunic was covered under the robe, his flimsy gait and lean face, enervation was felt, yet the cordial manner was kept by whom led the visitor to his pharmacy, responded to the smith, ‘There has been no progress for the princess nevertheless she has been blessed with the cherubic innocence, her flawless grace in motionless, the Voivode has irresolutely taken her, even I as her private doctor can’t easily examine his spouse, he has confined himself in the boudoir throughout a day, her Hungarian maids have been continuously returned back to Buda. ...This has been lukewarm...’

When the hearth was lit, the pot was cast on it, the aroma of cinnamon of viscous quality as the honeyed refreshment, Vezam began to speak about his forebear, ‘...The martyr whose existence is only remained in the mangy log. Rabbis were the secular devotees, in the course of establishment as the oldest non-pagan to complete as the non-pagan, they were inevitably blasphemed as the pagan, in my case, my mind follows God

with the spiritual faith whereas my practice belongs to the intellectual capability, my mind doesn't intervene in it. As you said "the salvation" that is the supreme subject to be revealed...'

The physician abolished his words and prompted Durza to assist him for the weight of the shelf that yielded to the atypical wall, said he, 'The doorway is contained in it as it has a keyhole. I attempted to unfasten it last year, which had merely the cramped reflection whether the inside is overlaid to prevent the entry.'

'The stone wards have been seldom nowadays if the key is also... The structure is verily simple.'

Durza fumbled around his girth and recalled for those delegated to the apprentice, determinedly his tool compartment that was attached to his belt was inspected, the jumbling array hence at the top of the clutter, it was the compact hemp pouch, the reminiscence of his grandfather.

"This will be your amulet, the stone key has been in no use"

"For which access is it?"

"I can't answer as I am a dumb thus I have been survived"
The elder smith had scribed on his palm.

The brittle pumice, the head small, the tail as the grooves that were rotund and stout, the key had been preserved for long in the unkempt sac, he inserted the notches to the equal shape, would there be the tangible latch at the end?

None at all, but his endeavor to turn his grip, never to give up, he tried and tried for the indifferent result, finally wrestled to retrieve his amulet against the adamant persistence not to

obey, it was incompetently for the rickety frame being snapped away, 'Oh, mercy!'

Therefore the mercy was bestowed to the smith, eureka!

A slab of stone was fidgeted, no matter for the keyhole at the center, the smith shoved it that was fallen to the other side, and the physician, 'If there is some vermin hidden in the crevice...'

However, the smith's fist had already been pushed forward through the opening, scrapped a bolt for the ravenous cave, yawning with the musty gust before them, it was rendered as a hundred yards of winding track, the sallow complexion, stale for the abandoned dilapidation, the intrinsic sentience of crust was derisively respired by the interlaced gossamers under the moonlit from the shabby embrasures, as there was no menace of jeopardy, the smith hacked his way to the goal where was after the obtuse zigzag, any contrivance would no longer trial the trespassers.

The compact medical cabinet was the rectangular shape, it had ever been traversed with the cavalcade from the central province, the blackened wood composition and the embalmed surface to hamper decline, as it was adamantly riveted on the floor, if the case had been stirred, it would have been collapsed and relinquished the tiny cylinder inside.

The flimsy luminosity from the apertures convinced the smith, 'It would be "The light going through" as the alert not to remain in this concave at night, but it is too late to be warned. Anyway, have we been noticed any difficulty then? Master? Vezam ...?'

Under his robe, unconquerable slumber was seizing the physician, never was his conscious realized, the smith was

perturbed in a quandary whether they would go back the route wherefore inadvertently he discerned the jut behind, at once perceived the fugitive that sidled to be tucked in the rugged fringe, Durza tiptoed not to interfere the ensued silence, crawling, sneaking along the discordant wall until his neck was poked out as a rooster, would he be mistaken so? The eruptive choke! His gasp to wriggle out of the squeezed head thereafter a bang on the assailant, the redeeming feature of the munificent silver shaft to save the smith, the prehistoric use of it effectively worked as it would be, the hooded culprit was limping through the path, lurched to sideways that would have been caught by whom was stammered on his own feet, dizzy and faint for the existing reality, the phenomenal drowsiness enticed the pursuer, Durza was frayed at the enforced gravity and was swaddled in sleep, 'What has been an evil, grater than the ordained liberation?'

The shiny particle dribbled down the extended icicle far-above, soaked Vezam, the resurrection in a crypt would be performed likewise, torturously freezing, ineptitude of his nerve had to be vanquished, relying on the clumsy Sun from the pitiful chink, which exerted for him, 'Durza! Durza!' Vezam encouraged the smith, covered him with his robe while the charitable deed enforced the physician unendurable escape to retrieve the pot in the pharmacy, it was suspended by the abrupt burst, 'You shall not if there has been the pirate!'

'Pirate?'

The smith raised himself, trembled as soon as he was brought to life, 'Yes, but the glacial air has been the second mugger, before anything else, let me tackle with this.'

The wards for the cabinet disproportionately occupied a whole, the insertion of the key was smooth with his benumbed knuckles, it was balanced to achieve the tangible reach to the turn-up ratchet, the wobbly drab response that was fragmented, concomitantly the cabinet was flapped, the tinny crumbs over the floor where the smith was pecking at, 'The perfect coordination with the grooves, it was championed in equilibrium, deus ex machine! These bespattered are what I sought after nevertheless the valuable inside shall be treated within the medicinal faculty, assuredly having ever been of the martyr.'

A piece of amber was contained in the smeared cylinder, Vezam introduced it through the light, as the infinitesimal dots were scrutinized amidst the glare, these would be some organism that had been incarcerated in the gummy sanctum,

despite of his attentive curiosity, the result was the hasty withdrawal with the heavy trudge out of the burrow, the superb radiance, a crispy atmosphere of the early hour, as soon as they returned to the fortuitous norm, it granted them exceptional relief, but Durza, the irascible tingle of his neck, 'The door has been neatly closed thus not by the ordinary burglar.'

'The entrance is always latched.'

The physician disposed of the potion of the pot except a spoonful that was inspected, as the stove was satisfactory inflamed, he brought the jar over the hearth, applied the dregs to the container, immediately ants emerged over the loam, a sugary decoy, but a fit of paralysis, twitched were those beneath the thoraxes.

'This is the common observation when the dwarf insects are prescribed the poppy seed, and for human, it has the effect to induce lethargy and slumber.'

'How can the apothecary be the fiend?'

'Methodically by the teleological empathy of nature, if the mind is accompanied to the practice, it is obtained. For instance, if the one intends to sustain the diminishing life, it is petitioned for whom will dedicate to the bequeathed, but for the evildoer, it was required for his ploy.'

'I hit the transgressor.'

'His conspiracy was trapped in sheer fiasco as he was wicked of his sense that depended upon the facile guidance to equalize the tangent of efficacies beyond the disparity of the physiques among the subjects, the hefty person would

consume much amount than the other, for this account, each dosage would autonomously has the diminished lag. However, the fiend didn't acknowledge the detailed circumstances that you were overwhelmed for your discovery, and your gusto to achieve the objective, consequently you reduced a paltry of the cup as I thought to recommend you enough remedy.'

'Awesome reality.

The smith curves the stone with his mind to have the desired form, is this the distinguishable rationale?'

'The mind is linked to the essence of compound that is to be invoked, this mind is discriminated by the cognizant expertise to practice without mind.

Although such practice is done by the intellectual aptness, the culprit barely exploited the jejune truism regarding the potency of medicine.

This taught has ever been shared with my limited disciples, but I have never tutored how the variance of the proportions would be resolved to have the effect at the specific timing.'

'The contingent safeguard shall be issued to the frantic peril, I may refurbish your latch.'

'If it is further necessitated, this province where shall not be burdened anymore.'

The physician sighed in despondency during the ascension of the Sun to be the noon ray after Durza left him, the isolation was rather his prerequisite, there had already been no trace of the previous night, the familiar shelf lodged in the recess, he was grimly admonished by the irrevocable fate,

would it be for the indiscernible past alone?

The discovered antiquity severely refuted his indulgence, it was the aged amber, increased the iridescence under the streak from the trefoil window, to his recollection, such as the reverberation of the fallen gates of Constantinople, yet the magnificence of the Capital that had been also experienced, however absurd it was for the ensuing status to be integrated, the demise of Piella, comparably the hushed mayhem, if the deceased had spoken of yore, his tapering jaw had ever teased the scholarly précis.

“If a mortal surpasses the Omniscience, we would be immortal and war would disappear.”

At the onset of dusk, the day was short thus Odira's oblong shadow was protracted, his negligible timidity was the recent foible with his opaque eyes, his intent was to examine Jothanasi as he was called by Vezam, and it was reasonably betrayed in a way, the furtive realization subdued the hooked nose without stature.

'I yearned for your presence during the bitter spell when my medicaments were the nadir of conservation.' Vezam.

'Fortunately there was no difficulty to be arbitrated by the people of my hometown, for my onerous effort and practice, a truth is that the one's manner is the one's soul, the guiltless sentience, in the name of God, the verdict was given to the blight affair, there had been no connivance of the assayer whom had dispensed the glass with the cracked stem to serve the Hungarian heir, for the reason that the fact is acknowledged by everybody, all dignitaries in the assembly would surely complain about the defect before a toast thus it would make no sense.'

'Omens are the protective alliance to the worthies, I am pleased to be informed about the shrewd insight of the inspectors, which was told by your lips inconsistently the trigger of my concern, you are wan in anemic.'

'For the severe frost during this hour.' Odira.

'I shall compensate for my uncaring demand as I also have a bad cold.'

The steamy vapor obscured the mutual sight, the elder sipped the cup, sweet piquancy that was enforced to his votary whom was obliged to follow and jerked for the stimuli,

‘The taste of honey has been sheer trounced by stringent ginger, the viscous fluid on which the zests have been suspended.’

‘I slept in the grotto last night and was dismissed by the burglar.’

‘Whether it is related or not, the body of the scullery servant was found in the earlier morning, you acquainted with him whom had ever been the trespasser to the bathroom, he committed suicide.

There is no need to be disturbed, since his stupidity was markedly weird beyond any resentment, perhaps he rummaged for the pharmacy in order to “resurrect the grilled hog” as his confession what so ever.’ Said Odira.

‘Have you been informed where was my chamber for the night?’

‘It would be sniffed out by the miscreant, you were assaulted within the near proximity here.’

‘The injured was inebriated with my laudanum at that time, saying, “to be the hog that would yarn for the chance to be reborn.”’

‘Have you ever ascertained the one’s mentality otherwise the truth can’t be adduced?’

‘Even so, I may be compelled to have your idea, by whom he was endowed the access to the pharmacy?

The entrance was locked by the wrongdoer as though nothing had been engaged, it would be for the plausible urge due to the failure.’ Said the elder.

Once in his wailing, superfluous perspiration bedaubed Odira,

a fit of retch was suppressed, he whined in agony, grappled his shoulder whether the elder's disclosure was scarcely ingested, 'The key as a weapon, it had the acute notch to lacerate the skin, it was a degree to reach epithelium that the oral remedy could be effective, but you rubbed opium over the incision, am I correct?

By this way, the incoherent nature of the side-effect would be ameliorated, you would be poised to see me furthermore you made the compound for yourself with the remaining poppy in order to eliminate the trace of your concoction.

However, ginger increased your bodily heat, it was accompanied by the divergence between the interior temperature and the outside, you sweated and sweated, your discomfiture surged along with the proceeding discussion, eventually the catalyzed physiological circulation consumed all benefit against pain, you can devise the dosage for the other whereas not for yourself to conquer my antidote.'

Odira's eyes glittered, the parchment that had ever been secured from Piella was grabbed under his sleeve, smashed onto the table nonetheless he was crunched by the excruciating sensation over the wound, his paroxysm straightaway retaliated to the wooden surface, punched it, 'How could I obtain this? How could I obtain this?

I found it from your drawer, you had been beguiled by rapacity to provoke Piella against Tepes by means of your prerogative to abolish the affidavit.

You had conferred with him near Varna on the course to the Eastern Capital.'

'I directly arrived to the gate for exigencies.'

‘Nay!’

Vezam was cowered in fear for the chicanery to be the worst, struggled to snatch the artifice, but the youth thwarted him and took out a dagger.

‘Odira, you defiled our covenant, yet your mind shall possess the portal to your soul that is infinite as our oath is the endless vows among us.’

‘If so, I shall witness your soul, master!’
Although he pounced at Vezam, he was numbed with derangement, the behemoth shadow, the winged shield fortified the elder, the gushing conflagration was once envisioned to him whom scurried out to escape.

‘Odira, do not be away, you shouldn’t!’

The inflated radiance by the garrisons was buttressed over the castle garden, and Vezam to the men, 'The exaggerated precaution, it would be by the smith whom indeed fought with the malefactor while I was in my slumber, for these days as though the Sun has forsaken me, I am in quest for the panacea until midnight, then in the afternoon, I am out to the princess anyway the assault happened in the vicinity of my pharmacy.'

On his return at dusk when it was the paralleled consonance between the range of apparatus and the flickering luminosity in the evening, the physician fiddled with his vade mecum to be assured that the subsection of the treatise on amber was progressed so far to achieve "Burning water", in order to obtain the supreme elixir, would it be excessively curious to his expertise, the mixture of neutral salt and pure water was prerequisite, systematically the fundamental formula was organized for the latter by the repetitive distillation and filtering regardless the mediated sodium having never been instructed thus a clue would be traced on the savory experience, if it existed sorely in common, it would be an egg white, the insipid façade for the nucleus of life, the stringent immunity against the virulent pathogens furthermore the ovum cell would be the primary essence to form the corporeal frame, it would even prevent decay though, his analysis was hampered by the loss of annotation. When the perfect infiltration was in a test tube, his conjecture was enticed to unravel the vial that had been preserved for a month, naïve as a mushy gem, proportionately to the former realm that was the body of Jothanasi, in every morning, the tepid quality of lifeless pulse had been the customary involvement of Vezam whom slowly

immersed the extracted particle in the instrument.

The diminutive bubbles at the onset of carbonation aroused the indeterminable justification beyond the norm of reaction with water, the observation of the ongoing process was hid under fizz to divulge the completed limpidity, but it was denounced on his gaze, utterly at odds with the general image of fire, what would be betokened as “burning water” as well as how antipathy with water would be conciliated?

Symbolically the chromatic emblem of ruddiness would manifest the status of combustion as it had ever been introduced, for example, carbuncle had been testified as a result of the incorporation with the Sun, the scarlet constituent had entailed the emission of phosphor, the burning gem after the orbital ray, for the concatenation of palpable fortunes hitherto as if Vezam was beckoned to the propitious goal, he was exalted to fetch the cylinder that had been discovered with the smith, thoroughly to examine the Elector, namely Helios’s Stone, his crystal lens was slanted in order to taper the candlelit with the concentrated luminosity, the magnified exposure of the former dwellers as the innumerable blotches, uniquely in ivory, these were divulged as a kind of root plant, and the slithery surface would belong to the kingdom of fungus, without any doubt, it was determined as a saprophyte, the vulturous spore, the putrefied matter would be guzzled as its nourishment, but ironically the death eater had ever been consumed by death, suffocated during the process of coagulation.

Besides the enigma of the lurid freshness aroused a paradox for the taxonomy as an invertebrate similar to worms, from the plant to be the animal, the progress was admittedly

evolution, and for the noteworthy preservation, Vezam denominated the creature as a sapro-magos, even his ingenuity was stimulated to postulate whether the inactivity was resolved as a pseudo death, in other words, the feigned stasis in order to survive asphyxia by way of tremendous casuistry for the synthetic perpetuation as an organism in the halfway of mutation, providing that the eccentric utility of phosphorescent discharge as entropy, subsequently the emission would be absorbed into the gem to return to the core as sustenance, in truth the light itself would be infinite, it wouldn't be decayed.

The physician plunged the amber into the test tube, once the minor squelch ridiculed him as trivial combustion thereafter the outburst of effervescence, the glass container was smothered by the fusillade of eruption by the time when the reaction was equanimous, a wrecked piece of the sun stone at the bottom, the quarter of solution was transformed to be the diaphanous slime, it encompassed the remnant of gem that the sapro-magos was preserved.

Notwithstanding the abating candles during the attentive scrutiny, Vezam was shuddered with the chilly rush, the elongated shadow, hunching over him, forewarned him not to turn back, not to identify the ogre, a miasma was beyond tolerance sooner or later he would escape, yet the spasmodic rapine!

He witnessed the marauder that groaned, 'The Holy Scriptures are formulated by the mortals whom have been obliged to follow such edicts for the reason that the life force has had the end.'

The bulging eyeballs were reeling, the mud smeared sackcloth

adhered to the wicked demon under a black mantle, the tainted ribcage was glanced, a sporadic gash on his neck, his conscious was faded away to be the void.

Unmasked darkness, it was the torture in chaos, there was no pledge for the Sun, the slate hour, a burst of bitter gale, even their own sin couldn't be ascertained that would be dispatched to Hell, but the resurrection was strived again and again until the finale of twilight and till dawn, the frosty air surged against the whirling black mantle, running with the exposed putrefaction not to be captured by the hordes of flocks, the shroud over the night, no matter as death was always the delirium of soul, the nocturnal creature, they were habitually to return into the cave though, being afraid by which went sheer berserk.

There was no longer the pursuit hence the cork was undone, it was about to be shone by the first light, immediately quaffed the potion in a mid-atmosphere, vanished into the celestial sphere, then the invading storm condemned the heavens, the Sun was consigned.

Woe to the day, murky cloud, the cataracts were flown on the craggy façade as the lament of tabernacle!

Hark! His grievance, he was preserved but her life, he was the inquisitor, 'Why?'

'Beresea! Beresea! No, never, never... Death shouldn't happen to you. There is nothing about death, just to believe as I can be certain for my life, so do you.'

Tepes continued to rustle her, but the termination of her pulse on the velvety layer forbade him the divulgence of the end, and it was rather contradictory when the sky was subverted by the doom, the eternal rest was gloomed by the beleaguered elements, the husband relinquished his subjugation to the meager hope, snickered, 'This is the Order,

do not cling to be the usurper against the Verdict, no Resolution! Ha! Ha! The Almighty is defined as Perfect as He is Perfect. I, the Dracula III will blast onto you, the Creator, the Betrayer! God or Demon thus the stingy daydream has been burdened on us.

Will the tomorrow's Sun erase the weeping streams of rain? Then what would be bestowed to me? Oh God! The Omnipotence of my soul, she will be arisen, she will call me as ever "my lord"...

His pitiful entanglement with her fingers and devoted to kiss her, but the wicked dimness revoked the finale, 'Beresea...?' Her extended nails were on the verge to wiggle out of his shoulders, convulsions of her strength as devouring manacles, was he invited to the infernal persecution, it was a beast of the vicious den, hissing that exposed the crimson tongue, the dilated eyes were streaked with harsh veins, for his deviant urge, the blade was deployed out of his scabbard, it was spiked into the center of its frame, a howling squeak, the ensued serenity just before the door was trembled, 'Away! Away! Blood is malign for my wife. Go! Shoot to the physician!'

The vital fluid was fallen from the lips, the humiliating retire of his sword, the gory ravine, the abysmal rupture that the linens were squeezed into, he rested the eyes, such an atrocious denouement, what had plagued the angelic repose? She wouldn't lose her hue, no more, no more.

'My lor...'

'Oh, Vezam! My compassionate physician to whom the Dracula has attributed the certified remedy even our soul to be cured.

See those, the disordered requiem for her demise, commemoration of our reverential love and pathos were reduced to rubble, the villain was the predator ravenously nibbled my wife whose peace had been deferred for long, my pertinacity, my reliance... It was eventually that the departure of her soul was sieged by the lugubrious ruin.

It was the disaster, the malaise of the world whereas my wife not the carrion, yes, she has retrieved her divinity, her remains are supreme, the highest of all flesh that God has ever created.'

The physician unnervingly sidled to the body, inspected the fissure to say, 'This bedaubed fabric as the diminished puddles, how immaculate the styptic is!'

'It was subdued by me alone, so to speak, by the providential guidance not to pale her anymore, there has yet been no sufficient epitaph versed to her grave, presumably when the time comes, how will the valediction be spoken? Instead, it has been the alternative order for her to be kept with me. Who does reckon her death rather than a siesta during the forthcoming afternoon?'

'...!'

'She shall be mended on her bed, in this place, right now, as the Sun has been recovered to assist your work for her lifelike visage and complexion, am I wrong?'

'... My lord, I am the innocent physician.'

'Nobody will be in this boudoir, none will touch her henceforth except us.'

'Certainly, my lord.'

The Voivode slithered to leave the chamber for his absolute mandate that would control the access, his bulging temple was impressed as conspicuous by weight loss, and on his frivolous articulation, the peg of lower lip was glanced in the bushy exterior, there had been the absence of his basis since the illness of his wife, anyhow Vezam latched the door to obey the dictate and verified the sufficient apparatus for his practice, especially the tracing wheels with the daintiest teeth as he would be required to smooth the lesion by adding the further graze, the regeneration of tissue wouldn't be due to the functional cessation, as a result sutures would be plastered with the sulfuric ointment in addition to the coating process over a whole, finally cedar resin would fabricate her tenderness without the motionless infirmity, sympathy would be induced for her grace, he wouldn't be wrong, if the bouquet garni was carried later, the ensemble of herbs that would adorn the room but stuffing the body.

He wouldn't be wrong! The husband might be ravished, "The deity of Paradise has come onto me."

It was envisaged when the Sun glared the skewed wound, the roseate quandary, the residue of fat was with the prismatic reflection, coagulated ruby alike, his idiosyncratic jubilation and invigoration despite of his frugal nap after the nightmare... Nightmare?

However, Vezam had found the scrapped treatise with the trace of his concoction, and an irritation of his neck that he pinched the clots under the abrasive husks, even so, everything would be his nightmare, yesterday and tomorrow, she would be resurrected!



The Revelation

The bleak spell of a year was forsaken in spite of the perpetual evening, the powdery frost trapped and covered the hefty boots, Vezam was annoyed for the impediment on the way across the garden, following this, he was descending on the narrow steep stairs, thoroughly precarious for the bespattered slush, the wedges of soles were struck for each step that was perceived alone by the stolid emblems on the door to the infirmary, the oxen eyes were inscribed, the embossed vigilante was substantively arcane regarding how the arboreal spirit would be as the prohibitive reward for medicine, the prohibition would be the origin of wellbeing and proliferation, succumbing the taboo of the Creation to forgiveness by means of demarcating himself from the external world for God given practice either remedies or poisons.

After the unbolted outer latch to tell the one's presence, the cumbersome entry was requisite because of the shuddering vibration, it was to admonish an intruder against the installed furnishing on the other side with the fragile stocks, the inner lock was fixed, yet the lingering echo of the prehistoric artifice for the atavistic honor, and in his sanctuary, the paragon of mortality, a death without decay,

his treasure, faith and redemption, the physician set himself in the invariable attire, there was no illusion, no chimera, the denial of agnosticism equivalently the satanic being would be real, he was assured the fidelity to the viable aim.

To be the messiah for “the salvation” before the epidemic apocalypse that would recrudesce, his credence had already been manifested since the observable reaction among the substances, the possible virtue as sympathy for what he had once relinquished, the irreparable loss nevertheless the miracle of the lively body except dehydration during the previous autopsy, only the horsehair was weary at the fray of sutures, the progressive mutation would be arisen on which the medium had once intervened, evidently the fistula of pylorus for the extraction, was it disavowed to be such nonsense, if it was resolved as the maggot’s nest.

The amebic outpouring, the spout of coiling species, needless to say the physician was the proponent of the mythical proliferation, a sapro-magos, the foremost significance for the elixir, the wisps were culled, the tweezers freed them that were submerged into the bottom of the glass tube with pure water, peremptory it was, the gelatinous flimsy cover outlined the life form why these had ever absorbed the sodium sap during the habitation in the corpse, as the apparatus increased the temperature, he tried the second immersion in it to be fixed on the rack.

While the trivial clatter from the pharmacy above was negligible, none could tell how fate was so much queer, the physician was restrained and motionless when the hefty strides, coming down to the basement floor, evil, vile, the

trouble of his fortune, quickly as possible, the remains were shrouded for the booming voice that rattled the door, 'By the order of the Voivode, I have delivered what you left in the chamber, you shall receive the valuable through the opening that is to be made, the gem has been appeared as amber, since the smith confessed to us, the sentinels for your security. I am here because of the unlatched main entrance that you forgot to close, I am right for you, just give me your hand.'

'Gem? I have recently lost?' Vezam.

'No, you haven't lost it, when the princess was suffered a bout, your aptness was weak due to the early hour.'

The chilly air was leaked from the crevice, the emerged gauntlet was seizing approach, pushing forward and forward, grabbed the susceptible shoulder and obtained the attainable margin to intrude, the two men and Odira whom forayed into the body, unveiled it, 'Here it is! Honorable demise hasn't been mourned, no respect at all! Death has been chopped out of a soul!'

'As the leeches didn't take up the blood, the autopsy was the ineluctable conduct.'

Although Vezam was fettered in place, the accursed exposure, the dreadful reality impeded the guards, the physician was escaped to barricade the abandoned cadaver straightaway he was smacked by the younger and lurched to the wall, with his leg that plucked the table, the glass tube was bespattered over the floor, the frantic pandemonium, rant and shards, the scalding smear when the fallen candle reached it.

‘Affliction! Affliction! Fires! Fires!’

The outburst of roaring blaze, the physician was wriggled out of the annihilation, shrills and squeaks, the winged shadows were crazed in crimson yonder, the greedy wrath of conflagration, the ruination was swift and dire, Vezam struggled for the obliteration as the pall of dark cloud beleaguered the heavens, spasmodically the pelting storm, it was irrevocable for whom was lingered to see the catastrophe as smoldering debris on his back that his hands were cuffed, ‘It is the end...’

The shackles of his ankles hindered every inch of his trudge, the chain had the fastidious adjustment within the nasty dimension, Vezam was spent on the straw rug over the slabs nonetheless for the wooden pail of water, for the mottled pannikin that was occasionally rolled on the uneven floor, he was strived to survive himself as his sentience was pathetically advocated whenever he was aware of the dazzling combustion of hearth in the corridor, the weary posture of the suit of armor was glistened, the spear on the glove was about to lunge at the captive, it was glanced as he washed a scar of his forearm due to the constricted warren to the course of jail, the craggy passage that the guards had relied on the torches and the sparse orientation.

As his soul adhered to predestined fate without mortal volition, Vezam had already resigned his agony either continuity or death, it was his disintegration from the ramification, as a matter of fact, everything had been wrecked under the hellish ruin, but the relentless instinct to endure therefore no longer any aspiration, rather it shouldn't have been imposed on him, why would it be such ruthless that mercy was tinted? The courtesy grace and leniency were whispered as he had ever lived in, the decent embroideries on the robe, the prolonged miter, the familiar demeanor spiritedly embraced him amidst the fenced division.

'Oh, malaise! The torment of this damned pit shall not be ignored, your hands are to be thawed under the Sun.'

'It would be the sequel of a nightmare, I don't indulge in my entry to Heaven that will be forgiven. The dirge was blown days ago, it was the coda to vouchsafe me the imminent

demise, or for the milieu which has been frenzied to send the eminent chamberlain of the Dracula to this quagmire, how it is dissembled, here is the infernal penitentiary!’ Vezam.

‘Our bountiful lord, Tepes whose stringent visage was billowed by the hideous flames, ordered your release and urged your summon, “Why not the ruination, swallowing up prisons, destroy all infirmity!

Tell whom have trapped my physician, my wife has been relapsed!”

However, the incident was dispatched to Buda, the legal council has been intending for the plaintiff to be owed by the Hungarian military council under the Hurog whereas the son of the deceased, who is the owner of the Castle Corvas will be kept to conciliate for our vassalage that shall not be dithered. With his bleary eyes and desperate consternation, the Voivode grieved, “She wouldn’t be sustained without me”

“Yes, my lord, you shall not be burdened to see your adoring physician whom has been abused.”
I pacified him.’

Vezam trembled with qualms, ‘Hell is of my life, Hell is my soul that evil has ever transgressed.’

‘Of your vice or of your virtue that was the committed duty, as the proficient intent shall be exercised under the divine justice, why the Voivode has assigned me for you to be saved, the procurement of acquittal, the procurement of your freedom.

He has renounced the tribunal attendance on the Act of the Golden Bull nevertheless the procedure is to be undertaken. The entire policy has been uncommonly hastened, primarily

for your safety as well as to prevent any interference as the instigator was Odira, yet the advocacy for our faith, our apologists have been prevailed among the boyars. In this regard, the proceedings are henceforth dealt within the criminal justice in Alba.'

'Alba... Apulum of Roman Dacia where was once the ancient capital, the superlative fortification, the sanctified autonomy, the Sovereign Acropolis... Am I the dissent against Rome? The verdict was given to the mutinies to be killed in the forest behind the engulfed court, hanged in forlorn beside the other pillories, the abandoned carcasses of erstwhile comrades that dense mist and shade of trees concealed.' Debilitated the prisoner.

'How can you be blasphemous against God that will pardon you?
Shall I be on the pillory next to you as I am your defender?
I will reach Alba prior to you.'

The men for the caravan were clad in the furry hides for the severe climate during the late hour, it was the phantasmagoric menagerie, the procession of anthropoids haunted the night transit, if there was the path for the idolatrous peregrination, it would be exonerated by the elliptical strain of cumbersome air, the moribund silence. Although Vezam had been terrified by the hallucinatory Minotaur, groping around the nether labyrinth as a jail, he had been attired in the robe of hare, the velvety attribute, the malleable quality would belong to the finest tanner of the Dracula, and his feet were kept the chain in the timber enclosure on the carriage, rattles in darkness, the darkness induced the perpetuity that he tried to find the end, he was gratified for the rest during the long lasting period of time until he was swayed on a hiatus of the vehicle, it was unlatched for him to discern the preserved designation after midnight.

‘Along the downstream flow, your journey is unperturbed.’ The one of the guards instructed Vezam by the shore of the Olt, this would be the torrent, those would be constellations, the embellishment for the imminent spring, to what extent he was elated by the glorious oeuvre which he had been debarred so far, if he hadn’t been prompted to be on the moored boat, he would have been forever under the heavens, and equally the man who had pronounced to him just before, the one’s pertinacity was suspended by his colleague, being passed a morsel of bread to give it to Vezam.

‘This is our shame whilst you bestowed us ample remedy.’

‘Do not say this, how appreciative it is!’

At the outset, he was unsettled fore and aft, the cratered moldy jar was moved back and forth, rippled water inside that Vezam washed his mouth, whether the sail had been previously for the trawl because of the harsh corrosion, the confined shack on the punt, the lantern was leaked through the plain slot, notwithstanding of his enervation, the languor was utterly denounced, the thumping pulsation of his heart, glistening nerve of his eyes, was there the feigned rationale, none would be misled, how he could be brought back to a doze if the illumining was hushed to eliminate his temperamental obstinacy, in truth the dampened timber was not easy to be shut, he was hauling and heaving to the most of his sinew ergo the abrupt dissolution in shade.

‘Master.’

‘?’

‘Master...’

The frosty seizure pierced him, ‘Odra?’
The murky viscosity while the subtle undulation configured the lifeless phantom in bloodless translucency, the protruded arms were rummaging around his trunk without the corporeal integration, ‘Ignis Aqua... You may have the elixir under your robe.’

‘The nostrum of mortal avarice, I never!’
On his denial, the enfeebled whine was fitfully altered to be the appalling ire, glared at him, ‘Death is lame, our mortality is the consequence of His failure, His imperfection hence what we shall do?’
The pellucid fingers were gradually materialized, impending

jeopardy, calling for rescue that he clung to the latch, but instead, the abrupt pitch of beam, the slot was tossed up for the flapping varmint to hover across, then the apparition disappeared.

‘Who am I?’

A soul belongs to me, but I disguise myself as it is, I am the protector of this land as I have ears as the dragon.

Ha ha ha! Heebie-jeebies! The oaf escaped, they are afraid of us, the bogus vampires for their inveterate obsession to retrieve life.

I was summoned to tell you the truth, your life has been reduced.’ The bat tweeted to Vezam.

‘Why? By the promise that I have been given?’

‘As the promise has the conclusion either to be fulfilled or diverted.’

‘How long?’

‘Until you are learnt animosity to this realm.’

‘Grace and faith on my expiry.’

‘Odira is the fetid traitor.’

‘Who can adjudicate whether illness is guilty or not guilty? His soul hasn’t yet been wretched.’

‘The cursed illness is cleansed by a curse, and if foes are cursed, they will be indisposed, you are to detest this world, hate all, and your spirit is intensified with your woeful hostility.’

There was no longer the proclaimer, only the incantatory echo was remained, his bewildered impulse ensued, Vezam

gobbled the manna for the Lent that had been supplied on his departure, penitence, redemption as though the sacramental proprieties were shunned, anomalously his untamed appetite beleaguered him, if the hour was dawn, finches were chirruping on the nearby strand, which he starved even for the darling existences and the surge of his snooze...

The shaft of the Sun if the magnanimous patronage of Genesis was revoked by the satanic meddler, the heinous radiance on Vezam's arrival at the south western harbor of the river, the intensified sentries under the hefty shields notified him the ritualized protocol that his journey would be almost a terminus, but the interminable pier, the vertiginous torture mortified him, the highness of Helios triggered the nostalgia of darkness, would it be within the sequel of his slumber, yet why did the nightmare have the glimmering scourge? As he was derided by the lingering sway, staggered on his initial step, the prismatic simmering before noon scorched his flesh, it was sheer betrayal against the wintry spell, he was hardly aware of the unbridled feet, and his feebleness was assisted by the man towards the final carriage where the tenebrous silence would be vouchsafed. Vezam laid himself on the segregated alcove of the cabin, but irreconcilably his rest was spoiled to be the dizzy wobble, the febrile menace didn't relinquish him, chirring sickness, he was wailed and groaned, flung onto the floor when the vehicle was drawn up in the mid of transit, it was by no means the paltry communication that was grasped in a muddle, no sooner than the guard told him to slake his throat by the well, he crawled out of the carriage, as the men held him, he denied the mediation to hobble across the idyllic passage to the windlass under the wicker roof, how reverential it would be for the wayfarers! Life... Spiritus...

The Slavic predecessors had followed Isaac of the Old Scripture as the native tradition for the honorable baptism, the pristine waters would be the clement alleviation to be the emblem of faith, to be an end of journeys.

At the time of his reach, there was the snowing panorama, the cypress trees were proud in vibrant green and the remnant of winter plumage as the tinsel Christmas tree.

‘Has it been the divine implementation?

Every cause, the dire straits have been since the last anniversary or rather demons have vanquished the holy eminence?’

Vezam puked a vital clot, ‘Away, away from me!’

The guard was plunged into the glacial soil by the incredible force well-nigh supernatural, and the one saw the captive no longer with his pant.

Wind blew, the susurrations of the scrawny twigs, the deprived foliage was as weeds of forest, when the shroud divulged the inexplicable cessation of life, it still testified the pliant corporeality, the desiccated beard was rooted from the coagulated pores and the embedded creases of the face, the chamberlain of the Dracula persisted in the rite for Vezam's remains. Had it ever been such dispute in the dilapidated enclave where was the hinterland of Alba, the gallows had already been decomposed, if the wind blew once more, the infirm leaves would be fallen.

On scrutiny over the corpse, there was no more fraudulent treachery, Odira collapsed as he discovered the scabs on the neck, did he weep, he was scuffing the equal trace of him, and it wouldn't be a mistake that nobody witnessed the viable volition of the emaciated disciple.

'As the ascension of soul is the providence of mortality but flesh, the sentence for the cursed blight which maggots would consume, it shall be the cremation thus no insurrection of evil.' Said the protonotaries.

'Evil? Cursed blight? His sin has been nullified, how would the execution be on quietus? The mortal remains under the patriarchal soil, and he will be invited to Heaven, above all, the godly verdict that should be obeyed.'

The chamberlain contended against whom were recoiled to hide themselves behind the shrubs while the stark gale was the awful dirge.

'Hush! Hush! Why do you abnegate from the protected sanctum? If you hadn't been confessed about the vampire, you would have been out of the satanic bulls-eye, but this is the

misery for you to abide by the mortal burden, angst, plagues, terror... Behold, the acolyte of the deceased, his cursed torment, the inquisitor to Hell!

He recently submitted to us in order to reveal Ignis Aqua, the immortal elixir that he had been entrusted to swallow during the ominous night, moonless, the inky clouds had veiled fidelity, but the youth told us that the streak of ray had shone to him, the extensive wings, the silvery sparkling as the angelic annunciator even though the head had declined to be a skull, it had been virtue as he had been the one whom had been bestowed the portion, and how it had been... The paradisiac aroma, appeasement of mind, he had been fallen into sleep, but on the next day, his ransacked abode, he had discovered the pocks on his neck henceforward his unhinged temptation for the elixir has been afflicted to him, lassitude and apathy in conflict with crazed appetite and excitation of his heart.

Is immortality meant to be incomprehension of life as well as death?

The demonic phantom in the guise of seraphic glory, we call it the vampire that the evil soul dwells in mortal remains, seeking for the Aqua to be the perfect being.

For the Victory of Heaven, the body should be the ashes.'

'Alas, Mercy to the celestial order!

The infernal usurpation has overthrown the Law of the Omnipotence. How can the mortal act intervene? How frail we are!'

The chamberlain wailed whilst it was the eerie yoke as though the invisible tether for the funeral rite to conduct the predestined installation, the oak pyre, the mound of leaves

which the body was laid, no matter the eyelids that were flapped when it was set alight.

‘For our God is the consuming fire, for our God is the consuming fire...’¹⁰

The chant was thoroughly systematic as the primeval hail, reverberating from the depth of earth, and Odira, ‘For our God is the consuming fire... He resurrects... Master! He is now our God!’

The blackened flesh and sebaceous fluid heightened the burning glimmer, the exposed corneas... Were these looking at him?

‘Here is the dragon! The dragon from Heaven! He has been stood, he is infinite, I shall be infinite, Master!’

His jubilant scampering, turbulent plunge into the blazing flames that gulped him to maintain the eternal oath.

‘For our God is the consuming fire, for our God is the consuming fire...’¹¹

The light reached the sky to be the Light.



The Ottoman Empire (2)

Although annihilation would be autocratic before restoration, and there would be the intrusive fatalism as death and resurrection as well as Chaos and Genesis, by none the heavens had ever been made for an expiry, it would be irrefutably for everlasting glory under the magnificence of the Almighty, the fact was that God for all being, utterly invisible thus innumerable as “God is the One”, on the commemorative day when the Holy Wisdom had been revived by Islam, the motifs for Allah had been raised amidst the ecclesiastical emblems, finally the Kaaba, the House of God had been inaugurated by the Sultan, “The gold is shone by the Sun and the Moon, the tabernacle is stood on the onerous stone that will be endured forever.”

And forever, it would be continued by the congregation, the call for noon, the muezzin intoned ebb and flow, the billow of the sky, the cadence of air that would obey, while the throng from the Palace was arrived to where the highest light sparkled for the apotheosized revelation that was the proclamation of soul, the gathering was deferred within the modest sustenance as though the feigned plebeian attribute by the acquired mind, Mehmet and Prince Shllahad had already been in their lodge, the radiant filigree, tamarisks

and lotuses as the floras of the Eden, these confined the prostrations earlier than the Imam whom organized the devotion, as it were, on the sixth day, when the potentates were descending to the apse, the assemblage was orderly submissive regardless the leisurely tint for father and son, the Grand Vizier, Chakir followed them, kept the intimate distance to settle on the palanquin, the law inquisitor whose mien resembled to Mehmet, since his genealogy had ever associated to the supremacy of the Empire, by his superlative finesse for the judiciary guidance, only this man could modify the Sultan's absolute commandment.

Out of the Augustine Square where had been appreciated for the cultivated quarter under the imperial governance around the royal palace since the period of Rome, the vehicle was accelerated on the downward slope, clattering with hooves of steeds, the recreational interlude for the dignitaries was further unleashed to be surrounded by the prevailed routine that was spent by the laymen, the shacks were dominant in the tenement block, chiefly for the contingent sentinels, including the Byzantine natives before Islam, the cozy vernal ray was the south eastern luxury, had the sumptuous nature ever been a decoy for the supremacy, if the reformation attained the betterment of land, there would be none anymore, the wholesome liberty never meant the siege by toil, but the stability that the Sultan and Shllahad were sufficed to observe with the Grand Vizier as the influential hierarchy equivalently over the legal matter of commonplace, though any chronicle was not inspired, justice was much prerequisite for the people, since the advancement discerned the incessant engraving of time in the tangible substratum.

Meanwhile the carriage was leveled along the bustling precincts where the cordial propriety for the Orthodoxy was mostly preserved, taverns and merchandises were opened to all citizens, totally integrated as though there had never been strife among them, and it was for Mehmet to see the opulent human faculty as he was convinced, sheer frivolous, the intervention of mortal tactics into the discrepancy of the pious worship, not to denounce the reverence of divergent religion otherwise the one would betray the fatherland as well.

The church with rotundas, the plain Byzantine architecture was conserved in stones and bricks, at a glance, it was hardly to be inferred the splendid colorful frescos inside, the entire representation of the Biblical world thoroughly over the transepts beyond the semantic restrain and the conflict over the travesty of sanctity, the revelation would attain the Truth that would be taught, it had survived hundreds of epoch over debauchery, devastation...

After the Islam conquest, the Ottoman mercenaries had voluntarily begun to dwell in the proximity as the facade for the Byzantine pedagogic treasure of the Greco-Roman apogee that Jesus had been a man, he had saved all, killed none.

The initial encounter of Mehmet with the holy depictions had been phlegmatically in equilibrium not to provoke the ancient governors for petulant interrogations, and more precisely, he had been enthralled by the ideal of his own realm, how could the Islam Renaissance be incorporated into the progressive climax? It would be the redemption, supposing that he had already been involved and God would absolutely marshal the entire sovereign, acceptably the domed ceiling above the main nave had been capacitated.

The copious hemisphere was vaulted over, evidently the interior of the distinctive rotunda roof, it was the embodiment of Heaven not merely as immanent symbolism, the sublimity was actualized for them to witness the floating tonsure, the hovering painter, Fiola Lozzo, he was suavely rotated in his smock over the tunic, his compact tall and concentrated eyes that would substantiate the vague ontology about the corporeal encumbrance, without any support, without any contrivance, the fundamental law was too paradoxical to believe his free will, for his artistry, his canvas was the heaven and the heaven was in oceanic blue with his immaculate strokes, but it was always the mesons, they were for the gritting exertion with the gems, such as platinum, emerald, chrysocolla, these were curved and shaped to establish the geometric reticulation by whom had ever learnt in the House of Wisdom, Baghdad.

The sparkles were allocated to be the hexagonal expansion over the floor, the axes of the solids were in equal distance to each center thus the accurate form of stones were reckoned to emit the power of gravity, adherence to the scheduled drawing on the day, in other words, the power of authenticity for the constituents, which was required no difference to the influence of light, existing in space, consequently the isotropic pivotal base was for Fiolla to be buoyed up as sodium in the water furthermore the sustenance was derived from the radiance that was flowing across the veins of gems as the cosmological dictate, life force and preservation were invoked. By this way, the painter was exempt from the impediment on heights to sweep his brush to depict sky and ocean as well as whom to be borne of the evanescent phase, albeit the night

would be besieged by darkness, the moonlit, a stream of luminescence would reveal the interminable extent of waters, and the descending holy militant, contrastingly how dainty, humble Jesus would be nevertheless his grace and benediction that would be imparted to Peter amidst the whoring gush of wind, the shuddering waves under their feet, “Not to be afraid, your little faith for your doubt.”¹²

Overwhelming rapture and exuberance, if the Books of Christians had ultimately succeeded in the maxim pulchritude of the Creation, Mehmet had ever been mesmerized by the Epistle, his eager ambition for the spectacle to be someday breathed under his patronage, by the crescent moon, only the full moon would be altered, and within a short period of time as the fragment of the icon had promptly come to him on his conquest, for whom had been the creator, Fiola to attend the Sultan, the Dominican monk before twenty of his age, *prima facie* the paradigmatic frailty, but his uncontaminated mien, verily faithful, introducing himself that his convent had been held in Florence, and he had confessed, “I have never produced the plaque for your man to be killed.”

“Certainly it shall be the unexceptional norm of sacred art, the exceptional pigments for the Mother and the Son, life exists, to be learnt as tempera, the egg yolk on the wood, if Rome eventually sufficed the Holy See that would see the day of Resurrection for the remarkable esteem on their spiritual taste.”

Had the pithy remark induced the painter’s loquacity, he had been invigorated to respond, “God is on the plane when

nature is portrayed, without His Will, there is nothing to be done by our subtlety.”

“Your creation has been shone by the Light whereas none has ever witnessed that your darkness would be equivalently enlightened.

By the coordination with the Moon, the lilt of tide, and there is the miracle.”

“The leaves of woads are in fact indigo, the Caesar of Rome was pleased when he discovered that his black robe had a hue of midnight sea with his sapphire.

Furthermore the midnight sea is the waft of my nostalgia, along the coast of the Adriatic Ocean, there was always the lullaby of waves in remote, the distance can be raised, the celestial croon is what God throws, I will limn the darkness with the whisper of my remembrance and the darkness enchants us under the Light with the Moon.”

Although a panoply of renditions that Fiola had produced so far, his subdued renown over Eurasia due to the sacerdotal sobriety, inestimable worth of sanctity out of vernissage and ensuing trade, for the providence, it had been more than the enactment of alliance rather to be said as a destiny between Islam and the monk whose ingeniousness, ergo there was the winged monk over the dome, following this, there came the pillars of the Ottoman, the son of the Sultan, Shllahad, his crystal trinket was slanted to influence the painter simultaneously the prismatic scintillations were shown, and the monk swished down, returning on the floor.

Blatantly Shllahad was seldom honest for what he was enkindled even though the marvelous proficiency was

obvious above, he squirmed for the empty canvas beneath, 'No one has been in demand that the two variant plains exist in one dimension, as the mandate of superior would be the finale, why not my puerile order, having not yet been shown? The hierarchy of darkness, the debased is the dispute of Judas the Betrayer, his vile was unknown by himself, shall not be or shall be?

"The foreboding treachery, Jesus would be crucified."¹³

"To be the renegade, would he be I, my Lord, against whom I love?"¹⁴

"And kissed his hands... was he kissed!"¹⁵

His wicked mien, why not my inclination, my tangy curiosity, having not yet been fulfilled? Confer your creation upon me before the adjudication by Jesus himself, "Thou betray me, but kissed?"¹⁶
Is this the sin? Not the saint, but the man, it can be your cinch.'

'Would my cinch be the salvation of Judas? How can I? Even Christ the Son, it was impossible. To recognize about Judas, it will take the length of time.'

'Is this true? Regardless virtue is much arduous. His devotion to the Creator thus his hate was emerged consequently his love of God, if these are jumbled, it would become...'

The assertive remark by the Prince was all of a sudden muffled by the herald, the excessive reverberation over the vault, he was compelled to restrain, it would be an exigency that was insinuated.

The intended emissary had been sent to Transylvania half a month before for the inquisitorial commitment over the domain about the disreputable turpitude, such as the physician's death, the immodest canard of Ignis Aqua that had been the superfluous dissemination, beguiling mockery nonetheless the viable proficiency had ever been persecuted for the elixir, it had been the insisted controversy, the veracity and righteous testimony as well as the recuperation of piety, if the envoy hadn't been precluded on the path before the territorial border when the disposition of the Carpathians had been unforeseeably declined.

The secretaries of the Divan and the men who to tell the sordid details uttered in perplexity, 'There was nothing to tolerate, but to say, we were disoriented into Hades. On our reach to the mountainous purlieu, the abeyant Sun scorched us, and the muggy fog began to permeate, unquestionably the blinded prospect was sheer dejection until the sandy gust cleared out the diabolic cloak while the unrevealed Hell would have been rather mercy to be bestowed, we were snapping our cheeks because of swarming bugs and nauseating miasmas that wreaked havoc, we spewed over the acrid terra firma, then what we had to witness... There was no end of the infernal region, no end of the crucified bodies, withered flesh, petrified remains, the lukewarm twilight gleamed the ruptured legs and forearms as though these had ever been guzzled away besides the scads of shafts pierced the heads to chests...'

'Even the rascal imp doesn't devise such a reeling fallacy except by the antagonistic mold, what has been conspired with the Balkan rebels?' Shllahad.

‘Never be for us, my lord, by the justice of God!
We will once more abide by the order of perseverance, if it is
enjoined.’

‘Surely the attestation shall be made by the Divan in
gratitude as you have been survived.’ The Grand Vizier
intervened.

‘In the name of Allah, the mortal verdict was dejected that
was absolutely futile, horrible malice, cursed condemnation,
we were palsied.

However, the juvenile temperament of our neophyte, the
farrier escaped the front to implore, “At the behest of
superiors, we shall labor, but there is nothing to be done for
those, being perished under the Sun by the Sun...” Whether
the heavens were also convinced by the pure truism, it was
drizzling in the clear sky, accordingly we found ourselves
amidst the massifs, there was no elapsed time that was felt so
far, albeit it was realistically no rain, only the farrier was
shivered in cold, he was fallen in sleep.’

The Sultan frowned to conceive the nonexistent vision as
the trepidation was provoked, ‘The omen of apocalypse, the
ordainment of inferno, cog and wheel to be the End that has
been launched by Hell to whom will purposefully throw the
dice thus the teleological proceedings would be advanced,
what is the anathema of the pit?

Promptly the Prince, ‘Indeed Hades earns for our mortality,
the damnation exists to whom seeks for the infinite life.
How weird it is! The Immortal Dominion over life and death as
though it is the jocular buffoonery!
Ignis Aqua... Arrant inane!

Whether Vezam whom was in the same league with our physician was trapped by Hell's Crown.
Have you been the mind to overcome the perseverance again?

‘Yes, my lord.’

‘Assuredly the fidelity in truth, our men will be no longer tortured as you are to be sent for the prosperity that will be established, burgeoning trade and commerce, the enchantment of mercantile exchange is the panacea to eradicate the reciprocated suspicion, the intended act shall be issued sooner as possible.’ The Prince.

‘It depends on the element of treaty to be released, out of the fiduciary season, how the European Foreign Council would verify the optimistic nature of our ambassador.’ Chakir.

‘For the compromising diplomacy, my aim is at Noaya, the portal between Asia and Europe, the littoral emporium along the Black Sea. In order to procure the privilege for the Moldavian town, there is no way that we won't be benefited by our hegemony over the domain since more than three decades of yore.

The advent of our Renaissance, if the miscellany of hemispheres will yield the pinnacle of truth, aha, it would be congruent with the omniscience, no tariff, of course, no restriction for the wages of the Ottoman merchants.

Our people will directly reach the region through the estuary of the Prut, by virtue of the local expertise, all implements for sails shall be supplied from Moldavia.’

‘The garrisons of Noaya have been owned by Hungary in spite of the perpetual dispute over jurisdiction, in this regard,

my lord, our deployment would conciliate them in addition to the equilibrium of a lawsuit as the freedom often triggers the corruption of decency.

Our sentinels for the harbor will be independently hired and paid under our lieges.'

After the instruction, Mehmet prescribed the conclusion, 'The harbinger of potent guidance has been held that is immaculately rectifiable and the end shall be the approbation by God, not by Hell, for the predicament beyond our norm, the antidotal statute should be brought anon.

Ashraf is to be assigned with the increased number of men as the Grand Pasha is of the preeminent caliber to form the intimate treaty. To be the fulcrum of concessional pivot, our Empire will afford them the rebate of annual tribute, this shall be equal to the sum on the eve of last spring.'



Tepes The Dracula 999 (2)

The mid verdure was nobody's torment, after the bitter time of a year, a sleet of snow had been as the one's tear though...

'The yard was weeded out today if you are raised, Beresea, the chestnuts are clad in thriving blossom.

However pertinacious your slumber would be, my physician may attend you with Ignis Aqua within a day, and you will be awoken by the divine order... Hasn't he already been in this world, is this true? The lapse of my memory, despicable forgetfulness! I will be recovered as the meal has been prepared, you shall be with me, yet you are exonerated.'

All men in the castle spent themselves for life and duty as the constant path of cosmos that they followed as it was, unyielding hours if these had been spoiled between husband and wife, he would have abused them, "Intruder! Would you assail my wife? Sorely I am instructed how she is sustained. Away! Do not step in the chamber, or you are blamed!"

For instance, there had ever been the one with the cornucopia for the princess, later the one had been distressed in unfit, taking a leave, the one had confessed the resplendence of her viability and gratitude for the marvel of the Almighty, was it the credence of a whole in term of peace thereby they

reconciled with the relentless soliloquy from the chink of doorway where they secured not to fluster the arcane sanctuary of the superiors.

When the glimmer was blurred under infiltrating fog that cloaked the Sun's acme before dusk, Tepes released the air, as he observed the Carpathians, it was faded away, 'The wisecrack has been performed by the affluence of the Wit! The welkin shroud has vanquished the sequel of my torment, it is the largesse. I will be absolved, I am free, I am unfettered from the burden of reality, I am the heedless man of her rest, where is Beresea? Come to me! My wife will be restored in a phantasmagoria, what is real? What is corporeal except the dense mists?'

Somewhat Tepes was provoked the mischievous inclination, closed his eyelids to find his wife, 'Darkness is forlorn, Effulgence is my sorrow but you...'

The tangible nostalgia, his hands were swaddled by the bony fingers, his sight was uncovered, Beresea, the wife of the Voivode was as if the graven image amidst the fundamental essence, and the rattle of falling rain, the rills were on the windowpane, she was laid where she had been, then imminent darkness that he would be compelled to abide by.

Whether the progression was commenced but the dissolution of destiny as the drizzling firmament had ceased the surreal amalgamation, no interminable obscurity, no interminable haze, albeit the boyars preserved the volatile ascertainment over the governance of principalities, they indulged in the sanguine conviction when the Sultan's written affirmation was conveyed prior to the arrival of the Asian envoy.

“...The ladder of diplomacy in fact signifies the advancement of entire sphere, siege and conquest, treaty and corporation.

The materialistic prosperity, even though the austerity is the grant of soul, we are often indebted to evince our appreciation to God by means of our secular fecundity that can be shown as our attainment, our harmonized pinnacle how His sons have been enough established...”

On the day, the boyars were further emboldened by the lavish caravansary, pattering through the border, and the Grand Pasha whose courtly finesse to have already been the celebration for the mutual accord, ‘There has been nothing such a gratifying occasion, faith and aplomb, except the propitious arbitration for the beneficial trade.’

The meager anticipation for an iota of flaw was sheer nugatory, the concession was achieved with zest, the boyars were particularly beguiled by the reduced tribute, they were invigorated to say, ‘The kernel of matter rather debatable is why Noaya has been out of our enterprise by then, the site is the viable headland of the Black Sea, the indigenous reward shall be given to the soil, the miscellany of affluence.

However, the harbor through the esplanade where is the favorable commercial venue has been under the Hungarian administration, for the reach by sea, the port has been opened to the Central Europe without any sanction so far.'

'Shall the ratification be concluded under the vassal authority?' Ashraf.

'Yes, as the course of proceedings, Buda is the prime entitlement for it.'

'For the bureaucratic order in norm, the decision by the domestic office is to be exercised before the Hungarian Diet. How can we leave without our intimate submission to the Dracula III?'

'Unfortunately the Voivode has been affected by the recent bad flu.'

'The bad flu? Has it been the naughty misfortune that has loaded on the strenuous ruler?'

The elliptic intuition hampered Ashraf, the facile interrogation would be steered either as incentive or anathema, and the anathema would be an impasse eventually to divulge the obnoxious escapade on the way by the earlier emissary thus said he, 'As I see, the ingested point is the reached accord between our Empire and his principalities.'

'It has been only the procedure that will be remained in Buda, none may reckon any odd nature, especially preferable as the capable platform on the long lasting controversy. Geographically Moldavia is kept as the independent state territory.'

‘It will be the efficacy of our venture that the Sultan mostly yearns for.

Anyway, has his temporal ailment been recognized by them?’

‘The herald shall be dispatched hereafter.’

The supernal altitude was contiguous with the sky, and the plentiful confluence of the Danube that was evocative for the succeeding oceanic abundance, the Buda Castle oversaw the royal province, it was the apostolic fidelity to the mortal dominion, vast and infinite between the heavens and the flux of waters, conservation and sustenance nonetheless advancement and restoration therefore being preserved, the adamant precepts, by whom had ever engraved to Mazlis Corvas, the duke of Hungary?

The guidance was taken by his uncle Mihalie with the bishops whose meticulous counsel and adjudication under the direct supervision of the Holy See, to some extent, the power of their petition would be superlatively valued by the Sovereign, on the agenda that was sent from the Chancellery during the latter of spring when their robes were barely perspired to inscribe the unanimous consent to the treaty with the Turks for the foremost betterment, the vassal observance would be administered for each quadrant as the correspondence to Rome whereas the domestic issue, their effortless negligence to dispute on the bad flu, anyway the apt delegate to visit Bran was Mazlis as a result of the significance that was divertingly relevant to the progressing construction work of the princely court in Bucharest, owing to the menials whom had ever been retired by the Voivode, they had been as a parrot to mention why the servants would be hired in the new abode where would be the completed vicinity, and Mihalie, 'It is the assumed favor that my niece, Beresea will be recovered by taking move with her husband, since a scarcity of men would be the inconvenience for chores, the alternative abode shall be deemed sooner as possible.

As a custom for the governors, the old capital, Targoviste is the optimum preliminary, the conventional standard under Mircea the Dracula I has been maintained for them to stay in untroubled.

Plainly not the imposition, but as a proposal by the consanguinity in Buda.'

A quill was sluiced by Mihalie, the regent of Hungary whom was rather awed for his refusal of solipsism regardless the higher strata above Jothanasi that the one had belonged to, for him, God would know the end and his end was always sought after, the end of his regency, the enthronement of Mazlis whom was forthwith on his way, the scroll from his uncle was much cumbersome than the pommels of his swords around the girdle as he would be the bellwether, though the harbinger of the edict would be occasionally sacrificed, even arrogantly it would be the prerogative to be insensitive thus continuity or it would be the premature imprudence.

The sierra of the Carpathians was within the acquainted repertoire, the heavens were as the heavens of Buda, the drift of clouds along the phenological tract if such tract also had the terminus as the blind alley that pretended the steady autonomy, the immutability to masquerade while the disciplined salutes, 'Mazlis Corvas of Hungary! The duke in presence!'

These were the clichéd touchstones, and only when the portal to the assembly hall was released, their discomfiture due to the nonattendance of the Voivode whom had been informed a half a day before.

‘No matter, the formality is unduly, too considerate for our reciprocal awareness, Tepes may be in the boudoir, am I right?’

All were motionless, the passage was unhindered for the one whom was striding through the hushed corridor, the reverberation of his steps were intermingled with the taps on the door, ‘Mazlis Corvas of Hungary, the dismissal shall not be listed on our brethren.’

After the timid squeak, the elongated jaw was fidgeted out of the mean slit, the shrubs over the face effectively hid the withered goblin alike, yet his eyes were reeled to convey enchantment, ‘Would it be the ridicule during my siesta in the idyllic patio?’

It is haunting me, so to speak, the one is the wretched troglodyte, but the other is buttressed to be the edifice of the kingdom, his radiance is as the jewels of the Holy Crown.’

‘The voice alone pronounced his identity, Tepes the Dracula III whether the ogre of inferno has been overcome by him.’

Evasively, the Hungarian sniffed unfathomable odor before the vulnerable fringe, and Tepes was struggled to excuse, ‘Tomorrow! Tomorrow, my lord, it will be not insolent as her maid will neaten the perished wreaths, none has been acknowledged the remedial aroma since we lost the physician.’

‘Would the foul stink cure her? No! Go away! Beresea! Beresea!’

The hem of the black mantle was flapped, the flurry frame was collapsed against the wall.

‘Her soul is the highest in her sleep, her beauty, her prominent spirit is superfluous, give me your hand, Beresea, your brother, Mazlis is with you, the petal of rose, her palm eases my agony, and the waft of your breath, this shall be a pretty ditty, the hum of the nymph, prove your life, my dear.’

‘How will a death be discerned, my lord? Her flesh is soft as a cherub, cozy as the zephyr, we have been tricked not to feel her. In truth she stood to swaddle me not so long ago.’

Diminutive hope, was Mazlis provoked by the spell, turning back to attain the whimsical redemption, simultaneously his shield hit the bedpost, her head was tossed off the pillow, the exposed neck.

‘Evil! Evil! Not to insult me, I, the Hungarian heir, Mazlis Corvas! The distorted demise of my beloved sister, Satan has perverted the justice of the Almighty, the remains shall be promptly quaffed by the blaze!’

‘Ah...You are sinful, my lord, the vile fiend has plucked you, where is Hell to my wife, such a delightful Creation?’

‘Your wife? Nay! Where is she?
Merely the pneumatic husk that feigns her.
Behold the testimony, the trace of the vampire! God has envisaged not to continue the curse.’

‘Ha! He, who is to be the Apostolic King is the tippled scalawag whose tail is wagging for the hackneyed legend. Not to approach her anymore, she should be preserved under my care! Our Heaven is here, but Hell is nowhere for us. Oh... My lord, I shall compassionate for your madness that was belched out as you witnessed her.’

‘Do not spew out the rot, you the rabies, the possessed gnat!

Thou the phantom, the seed of a plague, if not, attest in the name of our Father, the carcass shall be the ashes, it shall be fumigated under His Light. Purification by fire!’

‘Surely her burial will be by sunset, yet we are forbidden to defile the finest work of God.’

The blade was thrown from the scabbard and menaced Tepes whom parried to achieve the sword, but the edge swiftly interrupted his intent, ‘Voivode Tepes, you shall do as I have told, for your land, for the continuity of your land, and mostly for a rest of her soul in sanctity, or I will slash you, cease your life, burnt down the castle with you and the malicious remains. Save your people, leave this place until the whole is convalesced, take the body to where has been promised and set the evil alight before God!’

Inexorable obsession, Tepes hankered for the sauntering hours that were loaded on him within the imminent denouement, the steadfast progression was supervised under the Hungarian, would the one bear the salvation to the province from the worst mayhem, blessed be the fallacy for the people whom were briefed about the sojourn of their dignitaries in Targoviste, and Tepes for his unrecognizable ego to be acquiesced, but when he conversed with the deceased, the retrieval of his vital spirit, the expired flowers had all been scrapped, instead a vase of roses that were contradictory to provoke him a tint of exultation, 'The torturous nightmare belongs to yesterday when is impossible to befallen again for the elapsed hours nonetheless the petals have been vivacious as my foregone ardor.'

However, eventide surpassed his figment, it was antithetical as darkness further confided reality to him than the Sun, his frenzy passion and hallucination, these were concluded, as a matter of fact the ebony coffin was soft, a whiff of timber, the organic tenderness was preserved, it treasured the avowal of the Byzantine cross on the lid, the downy swathe forever for the rest, he jittered a bit as the body of his wife was handled by the hooded man.

'The world has become such a mad, she may be afraid at dawn, but I will be by the side of her, yes exactly, the shadows of midnight spooks, they are so greedy for her grace, she shall be hidden. Anyway who did devise the shenanigan? Mazlis? The trenchant duke with his rascal charm. Surely the tolls of bell, the death knell will be at the end of this day, God protects my wife on His cause that I shall follow.'

The tepid breeze drifted awhile, the husband surveyed the heaving Moon along the motion of the sky, 'Here! Now is the time when it is mantled under the billow of the hemisphere, the reverberation of the One's signal! I will be. No delay, no delay, or the deferred servant is the heathen out of Heaven.'

The lanterns set on the spiral stairs were the beacons of the abandoned passage towards the inner yard, on their move, susurrus and jangling were as though the impish simper, the silhouettes of the armored guards were over the wall, the extended pentagonal box without the substantive influence that was cast as the reflection, lastly the mantle swirl onto the ground, was Tepes ensnared in a sentiment of yore.

"What is your wish?"

"Don't you realize it?"

Alas! As Orpheus had ever been vowed not to realize on his back, the abyss was left in the resounding memory, what would it be?

'For your wish to be true, we will live in Heaven as it is infinite, the shared soil next to each other, our remains will be left in the eternal chamber.'

His shadow pursued the swift advance across the luminiferous pouring from the barbican, the Voivode achieved the gate where there was the capacious landau that was fully masked by the black veil, when the coffin was loaded on the seat, the men meticulously arranged the box in gradient to inspire the princess together with him whom was on the vehicle, 'Durza!'

‘Yes, my lord, and another with an iron visor is our youth equally the protector of this castle.

On your return, it will be during the spring, the birds will be hovering over the glorious heavens, the winged emblem of the Dracula as well as of our guild, until then, farewell, my lord.’

‘Stringent loyal blood, never be rotten for your vigorous spirit, blessed be your mastery, see you when those are in the sky. Farewell!’

The lashes for the quadruples were spilled, the pads over the eyes would be retained in darkness, hooves were entailed in the blind air, merged with the consistent night, before long, it was absorbed into bushes under the limbs that were swayed and shuddered if the sylvan ushers were virtue whereas the torrent of gust was increased and the carriage was steered to be abrupt gallops hence the hooded coachman was exposed perforce, Samo snickered the spasmodic caprice of a current, he spurred in glee, the horses brayed, the coins were dinged in his vest.

‘Gong calls the Devil!

Gong summons Samo the Scavenger!

Gong is the fallen silvers as the gods of Hellen can’t abide by the shackles for abstinence!

Quaffing tears that taste as grog, feast on the flesh of the fallen fellows, they are silvers to be paid!

Here is the hour of freedom, hour of liberty, hour of pleasure after the rumbling shovel for my survival, but God is mortifying monks, the peals of the bells!

Here comes the cloak from Hell or Heaven to where Samo the Scavenger goes, hush my words, my cursed words, the truth of my life. Go! Go! Ha!’

Haze began to encroach on the way, the route was mystified whether the unpigmented shroud wiped off the night, yet not to mean the emergence of the Sun.

The frequent jounce and perturbation of the carriage, the path towards Bucharest before the final destination would take the shortest way, and Tepes was seeking for his rest, his closed eyelids and inclination to perceive the incandescence within the nullified overlays of his sight, but his effort was abolished by the sporadic dimness, he sluiced up the cloth to notice the exterior, ‘The shield over the gloom has been sent once more, swallowing up all calamities and would raise my wife, is the fog to tell the emergence of the Light? If so, bestow her the life force and we will advance through the placid Carpathians, converse joy and hope for our new place, Beresea, Beresea!’ As her remains were contained without the nails, the clasp was about to be pecked by him whose paroxysmal attempt was suspended by her gaze, quietly imploring for the coffin to deprecate the interment, the droplets as an opal, the scintillas were the streams along her cheeks that Tepes stretched himself to console her, whether it was of an evil ruse, promptly being dematerialized that was coalesced into the mist, ‘Hell surrounds me! Hell exists in where I will be! Diabolic malaise, the wicked mockery of the savage, it should be condemned to Hell! Oh, the Sun! Do not shine onto me, do not gleam! Helios is too much to uncover the culpable reality! Why dawn because of the morning that will come? Have I been slept?’

The sparse mist was disseminated amidst the vague luster if the land of Wallachia had experienced precipitation a day before, the bountiful forest was nourished that enclosed the moderate trail for the wheels, the humble wood crosses intermittently appeared on the way, and a stream of the Dambovita, the yester-torment was not brought to the river, wars, struggles and recoveries, the unfaltering flow was kept, Tepes was consoled to be remained in the past as though Mircea the Dracula I had yet maintained his tight rein over the provinces, realistically the genuine power would be infinite.

While the coach ran away the path, in the uncultivated meadow, the residual fall from the extended willows were as if the rain still continued, the bent leaves concealed the encroachers, the tumbled lichgate, the portal to the abandoned old cemetery where their horses went ahead, the tranquil souls would be in virtue of the proximate monastery, there had ever been once the former era when the Dracula I had ordained the chapel for his grandson.

‘My lord, the soil has been soaked enough not to take the length of time.’ Samo.

‘She shall be under the velvety waft of my native loam, it doesn’t restrain her, everlasting yew trees speak about her life, God will bestow her a tomb.

Behold the sturdy roots! The extended limbs that are reached to the empyrean and the berries will sustain faunas as the sacramental token, these are the celebrated epitaph, the dirge is the sylvan rustle, I am feeling the tender zephyr as the Pan-Pipe of nature’s spirit, why will I lament as Heaven is the

promised place?

Thrust! Thrust the earth! The fragments of the Creation, the fragments of our era, the fragments are the legacy of all.

Here is the rest of the amount to be paid to you, these glitters would substantiate the essence of avarice, equally my avarice is for none to discover where she rests.'

The smudged accolade was grasped by the dusty layer that was imbued with the sweaty furrows, rubbed by his cuff during humid noontide, when the capacious measurement was gorged out, it was the uncontaminated stratum, the fluffy bespattering over the coffin, Samo touted the Voivode, 'The expertise for burial is to render the prospect for the deceased that is beloved of the one whom will assign me for him to see her again, of course this hidden place, being imparted between the highest and the foremost inferior.'

Undeniably her corporeality would be further preserved under the Sun, would it be in terms of the carnal aspiration for a death, the disputation would be resolved under the divine adjudication, the intimate breeze flattered Tepes whom was about to set out on the vehicle, her soul would be survived, it had ever been evinced as the tempting hallucination for the ghostly potent, albeit there was the irrevocable testimony of loss, the increased traffic, the merchandise stools began to tint the seasonal hues, such a perpetual peace, the urban cacophony by the metropolitan populace, in due course the princely court heaved into sight, the structural eminence had already dominated the central premise of Bucharest, bricks and stones for the entire image that would follow the Byzantine Orthodoxy, yet being undergone the footing work in some part, the horizontal planning of the architectural

innovation was rather focused on the impenetrable complexity with the parapets than the conventional lofty watch, for the new generation to come as the rising arches and the Venetian columns were the prudent felicity for the diplomatic hospitality.

‘Tomorrows! This is for tomorrows! The reminiscence of what I have for long been desisted, my treasure, the pantheon of my future hegemony where I will live with her soul.’ His joyful acclamation to the celestial scope, his buoyant conviction and sanguine faith whilst the aether was somewhat transformed to be the murky paleness, as he was impelled to the succeeding vehicle, it was to perceive the gravedigger whom was bound for his return that had already been in distant behind the flock of multitude, at once they were obliged the preparation for awnings, and the coach was upstream towards the old capital when it was drizzling.

Comparably the unperturbed trundle as a cradle while the Dambovita was glistened by the droplets, Tepes leaned against the velvety trait, the drapery was integrated with the external veil in cloudy serenity, but loads of fatigue... Oblivion... The abysmal hour was flown, converged with the loss of continuity, then his forearm skidded the rest.

‘Ha! Testimony has been made, the chalice is sustained, I was awoken from my lasting sleep that had been well-nigh a death, and the end of death is the advent of eternal life, I shall quaff the essence of harbinger!’ His scarlet robe was gleamed on filigree, the ossified fingers obstinately seized the cup, the tarnished crown was fidgeted with his skeletal mien, the vestigial reflection as it was the

smoldered expanse, the ransacked field, it was the consequence of warfare, maggots encrusted the armored remains that were putrefied, but they were starving for life, they were thirst for resurrection.

‘Arouse! Arouse! Fight for Hell! Clash each other for my dominion! Vanquish the Militant of Heaven! Victory of life thus no death. Death, death... Death is what we have been imposed!’

His enraged hostility was thrived to be the ruinous triumph over the abdication of sanctity if the man’s odium was such a plight, endured for long, the infernal proclamation was reverberating, but weirdly in gradual attenuation as the wheels of vehicle superseded, the chalice had not already been held by him, ‘Neither continuity of the damned apparition nor the truth, but there shall be my plea to Heaven, a ferocious conspiracy, the victim has been succumbed to be the mortal infirmity that would be worsened by the truth, would it be equally my sin to seek for the cup? Oh God, bestow me your world, your spirit and my soul as the Sun reveals justice!’

It was enough for the final ray at dusk to shine for the verdict, gleamed rigorously, since the crest of the arch-reverence, the cross emblem of the metropolitan church was happened in rare of his transitory vista, and the capacious estate remained the sparkling awe as the portal to the city, Targoviste, especially the yard was the viridescent expanse of the patriarchal cemetery behind the chapel, the solemn appeasement that had ever attained faith in each epoch, but the infinite soul was of no avowal.

‘Those graves are the token of mortal end, the end is of my reminiscence, as a result of the end, Tepes the Dracula III certainly exists thereby my nostalgia for the beginning before the Sin. Immense serenity and order... For me, as though the sentence has befallen after the torturous culmination was insinuated.’

Had there ever been recantation? The stately property was survived, which the shimmering vermilion was accentuated at the finale of a day, and rather the teleological destine of civilization as it was manifest along the highroad that had ever belonged to ancient Dacia, the remarkable competence and proficiency, the ingenious human accomplishment, such as irrigation, seepage, the plausible rationale for the Creation that was taught further than the relics of wars, at sunset, it was the delicate sorrow, too intricate to be unveiled in glory.

There was the benign attribution that was permeated with the lanterns on his arrival to the gate of the old princely court, the Voivode straightaway retired to the royal quarter where was the unscathed array of the ornate splendor, the gallery was embellished, honor to the House of Dracula, the illustrious deed of Mircea whose treasury was kept, but it was the eerie conjunction for Tepes whom was enthralled by the spectral essence, certainly the endowment to the item of entity whether it was awaiting for the owner’s return, inhibitive to him nonetheless the luster was verbose, afterward the chamber was felicitously arranged for him, the fusty hint of antiquated time was comfort without the glimmer, since the preserved radiance was strewn on the surrounding moat from the servant lodge by the side of the curtain wall, the

absence of predicament as if the approaching scourge would be all forgiven, it would be passed during his misanthrope or until the next morning that would verify the eradicated torment.

The days were burdened with the guided sequel, it would be by the light that would reveal for the man to live in a nightmare towards the apocalypse as Tepes had once been forewarned, when darkness was the apparent perpetuity, the numinous grace above the dilapidated watchtower, it was obvious to see the dingy lit enclosure without a turret, only to camouflage the safeguard as a memento for the saturnine spell of a bygone as though the devastation that would have already been the concluded fate, notwithstanding if evil trapped him, if the blessed holy was vanquished as the abiding planetary order was the hindered immensity, his struggle was inveterate to be the defender of Heaven, to retrieve what he was deprived.

The moon ray ushered him to the court chapel where the pious spirit was glowed in the supreme radiance with the meek candelabrum under the silvery casts from the lancet windows, which were thrown to the sermon chair, the venial spectacle over the fresco was the procession of the sanctified patriarchal ancestry, it would be incongruous with the immortal sanctuary where the supernal presence was integrated as they indeed continued the banal attribute of mortal inclination that the finite custom would be infinite, nothing to be resolved as well as nothing to be conflict thus it would be Heaven though, and the mumbles of droplets alone were testifying the end to the cistern.

‘Rain falls but soils, Helios is nobody’s greeting, the withdrawal of boundary is the eternity, on this deserted throne, I shall be attested what would be an everlasting paradise, for our predecessors, corporeality is no longer sought with pertinacity to endure. Abstinence? Surrender?’

Joy for replenished flesh and mind, is it lost?

Never be for them whom have been revealed, there would be no more aspiration for life, then I will face to the inquisitorial persecution, “Infidel! Traitor! You were born to be dead, your dominion is of your hallucination as Vlad is immortal, the succession will be ordained to Piella whom is out of Hades.

The crown shall be infinite that shall be held in permanence, but you are a renegade for your espousal of Ignis Aqua, your thirst for the elixir that is to show your mortality.

You are sentenced to death, the Ottoman is sent by Rome and Hungary, you are fool not to realize that there have never been hostilities under the orderly control by God, the Lions are tamed, the Eagles are always on His shoulders.

Constantinople? You may be dreamt the place, where is it?”

Away, away! The wretched fabulist, malicious vile! Vanish! No flesh, no soul of your own!’

‘Away, away the wretched imp! No death, no battle, everything is infinite, you are fool, the jester of the world!’ The flitting shadow was flapped a little before it settled on the pendentive, decisively the lurid sullen plumes triggered his furious spasm that lobbed his blade askew the target, when the jangly echo was reverberating in vain, not to perceive the stingy mew, ‘What is your wish? Oh, the devil, in spite of my favor to ascertain your desire! Would you kill the alms-giver? Evidently mad!’

‘The bat from Hell if it has been conjured in my folly.’

‘Nay! From Heaven, of His sanctum that will invite you, why is a death afraid?

The days of trouble, God arbitrates.

Remember of your faith, His salvation is the delight.

Victory to your own soul, this is the endless banner by the
Light of Heaven.

The men follow you on chariots and horses by the Call of
the Lord our God.

Some of them are befallen to be dead until they are arisen.

Save our kings, save us, the Lord our God.’¹⁷

The canticle was a mirage, the affectionate refulgence was
vast as the corporal arousal was nonexistent, even the trace
of his life was dissolved into the glow, in all respects, Tepes
tried to discern the nucleus of inscrutable euphoria forthwith
it was about to expire, his sword was on the chilly grid, when
he left the place, his mantle was seethed through the air as
the wings.



The Haze

The entrusted genesis, it was attested when the incisive perspicacity was vouchsafed to the man between the celestial routine and the reckoned progression, equivalently for the change of nature's attire, Tepes had already been conciliated of his fate and his gratitude for stable peace, his composure out of malice and wickedness, resolutely being improved that was his serene musing on the seasonal grace of the day, the tower of the princely court even though the foregone demeanor, the ravens began to appear over the upper hemisphere, hovering around the diminished vertical measurement of the build, the garnet azure before the evening as well as the genial zephyr in the evocative period of time, the insurmountable past, it had been elapsed for a few years since his emancipation from the accursed madness.

The administrative function of principalities had been partly moved to Bucharest, consequently the supervisory mandatory was remained in the old capital, his directive task consumed more than the regular norm as the Voivode, sheer darkness for his rest, the hour under the subterranean dominion was surpassed by the pious course of divine establishment, albeit his endearment to his wife, her relic lived in his soul, he would see her when it would be forgiven moreover the tenderhearted

melancholy for her would be the solemn adherence to the ensuing destine, the future of his realm whether it would be the unperturbed contentment after the cessation of war. Why was the monument for the epoch abnegated? The enfeebled footbridge of the tower was accessed to the parapet along the erection of the central court, the precautions pass had ever been taken from the turret, originally to achieve the increased watch as there was the fortuitous serendipity between men's oeuvre and divine coordination, exactly at the waned top where the dazzling cast of the final Sun concealed the one whom would be standing for sentinel, but the identity before the entrance gate was swiftly perceived, accordingly if the embrasure was restored, the immaculate vigilance would be installed, by all means the extensive scope was bestowed to Tepes, it would be proceeded when his legacy would be survived.

For those days, the boisterous surge in the region even though the old capital was generally famed for the pilgrimage to the metropolitan diocese, out of season, from the whole of the Balkans furthermore the Central Europe, the prevalence of visitors was comparable to the frequent herald whom brought the current milieu, the exuberant harbinger had ever told the Voivode about the blissful attribution for the convalesced invalids, "... So to speak, my lord, the Divine Liturgy was the funeral rite for the parents whom had lost their son, but later their gratitude to the communion, their brimful eyes that were superfluously as the streams of Heaven, for our Mighty God, the River of the Eden would flow for their joy, I shall confess what I know, I swear with my faith and truth that their son returned at midnight on the day of

the Mass, he consumed all bread for his enormous appetite and the wine was swallowed to fall asleep.”

No matter if the hearsay had been the rascal sycophant, Tepes would have been enough satiated for where his anguish had ever been exorcised.

“My lord, anyway your presence to the populace is the foremost demand, how magnificent it would be!”

“The salubrious hegemony has been manifest, the fete shall be imminent, when the court of Bucharest is inaugurated, they are totally invited.”

The recovery and supremacy were convinced, his robust proclamation would influence the progressive trajectory over the dominion, meanwhile when a sunset veiled the upper fragment of the tower, the bellwether was echoing through the golden sphere which the roseate tint mitigated the stringent grandeur of the final ray, the distinguished envoy from Buda, their incumbent advance, the order would be given within the next morning and it would be the day for the providential helm as the end of the endless eve.

Nearly a hundred of the high rank boyars were in the council hall where was situated in the court, it was regarded as the supreme assembly, the ample embellishment of candelabras that were to a greater extent luminous than the outside before noon, as the Voivode stood for the ambassadorial entry, the coherent address was prime for the vassalage, obviously the mitered forefront was the bishop of Buda whom was assigned to the gilded case, the Sovereign Monogram with the twofold eagle, this was at first given to the chamberlain, and the Hungarian intoned, 'Honorable ordinance, the glorious opportune, the communication from Rome has been delivered to the land of Wallachia as the divine endowment to Hungary in this fecund season when the floral aroma whispers the benevolent fortune, Emperor Frederick is residing in our capital for his guidance to our duke, Mazlis for his anticipating enthronement, and Our Majesty has been insisting on your submission thoroughly as the private occasion during his sojourn in Visegrad.

The meeting shall be taken place at the first hour in the afternoon, you shall be accompanied by less than fifty of your men on the way.'

Although the concise exposition cajoled the attendance into praise and adoration, the chamberlain was to affirm the script, being puzzled as it disallowed the surrogate, the Hungarian intervened as soon as it was passed to Tepes, 'Grasp the chest of avian, do not turn the lid, just to tug the head, that is right, surely correct!'

By the time of dusk, the caravan departed with a load of consignment to Bran before the Voivode, the murky disposition of the sky, no sparkle of sunset, but the urgent prerequisite to decide on his aides for the forthcoming submission, nothing to be dithered, it would be in the vicinity of new capital for him to see the people once more, and the next twilight enjoined him to leave from Wallachia, as the ravens were squeaking in humectant bushes, it had been drizzled during the previous night, for the time being, at parsimonious daybreak, the existence of the Sun was sparsely realized under the dour heavens furthermore the devotional representation of the city was hidden behind thick mist, on a vehicle, he bethought himself that he had ever failed to view the church and was slumbered after all.

The county army of Targoviste, approximately the two-third of combined entourage was about to retire in the mountainous terrain where the estuary of the Dambovita and the foot of the Carpathians were contiguous to show the regional border, the intimate exchange was brought by the men.

‘Adieu my fellow! We wish for your safe journey, though a rapid stream envisages the tantrum of welkin.’

‘No concern at all, the lenient path will be the reward of Rome whose benevolence will transcend our haste. We will overcome the massif and arrive Bran by midnight. So long, my fellow!’

There was daylight when the troop was sustained for the reticent traverse, correspondingly the terse ambience of the woodland enclosure if the temperature was slightly reduced,

their steeds became sluggish, brayed for reluctance nonetheless no beast was found in the forest, it was typical as the vernal humidity within idiosyncratic silence prior to imminent eventide until the fog was hardened that blinded them to discern the reins, their journey was suspended from then on, 'Halt!'

'Has it been a heinous mojo to displace us into the shroud? My lord! My lord!'

The coach was released, Tepes was fumbling around his step, and gradually the thinned haze, would he be managed to detect the escorts, but oddly enough, the familiar panorama was abruptly lost as the dazzling noon ray was all of a sudden bespattered without the Sun, the mountain ranges were far-flung and the moderate passage meandered.

'Go advance! Go along the way, we shall survey the area!' Tepes.

After a mile of their precautious approach, the idyllic cozy vista encouraged them, the gruff hums of fowls, the children's voices were echoed over the empty sphere, their hope was peaked when the rural settlement was in the observable proximity, the shimmering lake with the bountiful waters, the stiles were arranged in the capacious field, seemingly farmsteads and households shared the acres, but a pasture was not spotted, the anachronistic wood construction occupied a whole.

Notwithstanding their despondency, the lively cacophony was ceased as if it had been a mischievous hallucination that had been the cunning lure of spooks, the corroded

monumental gate would lament for the quondam honor, were the men subsist in decency before the portal without a latch, the entangled fretwork was the patterned seahorse among the flowery motifs, it was the unique artistry.

‘Here is the retinue on the way to Bran with our superior whom should be sheltered in prerequisite hospitality. The entry shall be promptly vouchsafed to us, is there anyone?’ The draft of air sorely whirled as a response, a chilly current was the pathos for the haggard evergreens with the diminished luminosity, it urged them to inspect between the tracery that exposed bleakness where the time was elapsed to be decayed or as if having already been neglected from the entire course of destiny, the bizarre presage was a predicament, there had never been such beyond any warfare for the experienced men, fortifying themselves against the tattered renunciation of the otherworldly inhibition that a remnant of livelihood was initially viewed, the absent chicken coop whether evil had ever sieged the viable flesh as it was envisaged for the fractured cross emblem next to the pen and heaped scraps of bones, undeniably the substantiated admonitory, the musty odor was permeated from the barn when it was squeaked that was unleashed to the afternoon streak over the wrecks of churns and carafes, it was prodded for no assault, rolling on the dusty floor.

‘Has it been the makeshift lodge for nomads whereas the untidy waste of those implements if there was some exigency that was inflicted to them? We shall not be irresponsible for this conundrum, my lord, your safeguard is to be taken in

where is the preferable shelter during our survey around the area.'

'Surely, but there has been a haunting menace persisted since our arrival as though a nightmare in disguise of the chimerical idyll for our mandatory traverse that should have been continued on the promised path.

Preventive measure shall be practiced for jeopardy irrespective of the compact acres, you will go on the trail and we shall meet at where I will be under the soaring roof yonder that would be the secluded inn. A couple of guards shall attend me and the rest of you are assured the invulnerable fulfillment of the task.'

After the concession was faded out in echo over the somber sky, there were resonant hooves for the carriage that would deliver the Voivode, the hushed omen was remained in abeyance awhile until the leading man advanced towards the homestead, it was surrounded by the cleaved wood fences, the huts and cottages were thatched to be the stout build, they were to be aware of the warehouse without the door in the shadow of trees, as it were, the empty bottles occupied every possible space inside, the intensified enigma was whimsically triggered, anyhow the weary clue was only the cartouche, the inscribed seahorse, all the same, seahorse, seahorse, seahorse...

'Behold! Behold! What are them? Has there ever been the mad around there?'

The sudden alarm was sparked from the yard, they were gathered in the parterre, utterly acrid barren, at once they witnessed the deluge of wattled figurines, were these

sardonically fastidious, the penetrated whole on the staves with the swarming needles, 'Oh, anathemas, it is a plague, keep off, keep off! Do not! No!'

However, the venom trapped the one whom had initially discovered the mojo, in delirium and hysteria, his sword was burst out to batter down the dolls, then convulsions and paralysis attacked him, crawling around the ground, spewed the gory clot, as it was stuck in his throat, he was no longer in life.

'Run! Haste to the Voivode, guard him!'

The allocated defenders swiftly on their rides, bolted away, and the others were slamming the entrance to the dormitory, crashed up for their raid besides the nasty involvement was conveyed in dumb vexation, what had ever been the way of life?

As though to tell the demise of revoked fate, the skeletal remains were dispersed over the interior, persisted in the domestic mode of habitual corporeality, sprawling on the bed, seating on the couch, slouching against the pillar furthermore a death that was gripping the trivet above the hearth, as the shelves contained a few vessels with the recognized symbol, it was the seahorse, the man approached it, but the shivering trepidation beneath... When the solidified lanky fingers clasped his ankle, he spasmodically turned back, the container was fallen to be spattered.

'Ah...Ah.... Life, life...'

The groveling spook with the desiccated orifice on its skull, the doused elixir was slurped on the floor, it was the rapid transformation to be the rotten flesh as the reversal of decay,

concomitantly the scattered remains were experiencing the equal metamorphosis, they were enticed into the smudges, the emergence from the salt box as well as the drawers, the nascent frames had also the ravenous thirst, it was almost a cul- de- sac to endure the fetid effluvium hence the leftover cask was thrust away that allured the demonic congregation, when the signal was quietly exchanged by the men, they dashed out to the adjacent warehouse as they presumed for the attic where there would be the stored bottles, these would be stuffed into haversacks.

‘Go down! Go down!’

The ladder was kicked off, a half of them was jumped onto the lower floor to catch the snares, ‘Hurtle! Hurtle to the lake!’ The cavalries were in full flight, but the encroaching hell, the myriad of infernal ghosts pursued them, swishing nearly to the accelerated rides, pounced on the bags, being hit by their axes nevertheless quickly restored that the weapons were in fact of no avail, if the men were captured, the overwhelming rots would devour them, and the stumbled horse, ‘Dot not turn back! Leave me, leav....’

Even so, the serenity over the lake whether the iridescent ripples spoke about the truth of demiurge as the requiem for the accumulated evil sin, while the innumerable dead was amassed, gained inch by inch.

‘Shoot!’

The bottles were trembled in waves, after the lure, the lumps of frantic forms were swallowed into the depth of water, the chaotic exorcism, the purification of epidemic scourge...

And there was no longer aggression when the men spurred themselves to the Voivode.

For the time being, the dependable interim facilitated Tepes whom was secured, since he had been unerringly invited by the lofty edifice somewhat evocative of the ecclesiastical virtue that had been adduced, realistically the mature inn had been found by the side of the ruined church, the stone cross had been survived in the yard, as it had been seldom observed amid the ubiquitous wood monuments if there had ever been the wayfarer whom had been veered to the place, the primeval inscriptions had been scarcely ordained, yet supposedly, “God’s words are true, I am the Sinner as Christ, I will be sacrificed thus you shall be saved.”

The two guards watched over the porch, and the vestibule of the tavern kept the condensed space with the musty whiff, as the access to the hallway was firmly locked, Tepes could inspect every nook and cranny regardless of the brusque hospitality in the dim extent, a lean cast of the ray through an aperture, which the dust was loitering across, the carving of the pilasters, the flowers and the Sun, these encircled the seahorses that were dexterously cryptic in faint obscurity, he was absorbed for his curiosity until the mysterious repertoire was ended up to attain the corroded canvas.

The rendered darkness was impenetrable with the bedaubed fog on the plane, he would be afraid of his own caprice, recalling the annihilated world during his previous nightmare, as the crowned skeleton on the keel was to salvage the wrecked apparitions, the violent waves were about to seize them, paradoxically the boat was held up by the flocked seahorses, it would elicit the wry premise as the atavistic misapprehension on the fable of dragon.

However, his contemplation was not prolonged by the abrupt herald, in the wake of rant and rumps, a bout of peril was insinuated, 'My lord, we beseech you to flee from the wicked mayhem, as the course is arranged behind the inn, retreat to your carriage as soon as possible!'

Indeed the narrow passage was accessed to the way out, the gate was ramshackle, the horses and vehicles swept along the smoldering sands and soils, how long it would be to the extent of the path that would continue, and there was the time when the dense fog began to shade the route.

The one of aides, 'Oh, bane! We have been harassed by the vampires, these live in the cursed realm, starving for life to be replenished. Being told for whom once in the den, it is impossible to be retrieved, unless all dooms are buried.' If the fluke espied the one's spill, the pellucid luminosity was cast as what so ever, the croons of fowls, the cacophonous reverberation over the sky while his fellow was amazed, 'God blessed us! Are you safe? Is this the day of Pentecost? Your sallow mien, yet you are seemingly well.'

'Fortunately it was as though the paltry spell for a nap, I can't remember even my fear when I was battered to the ground, I lost my conscious.

Behold, we are entirely survived! And behold our return to where is the demons' hideout! My lord, how can we?'

'Why not sorely the graceful lore on the lyre because evil hasn't yet been vanquished?

It is my reminiscence under the maternal breast, "Do not enforce your ride in where there are tombs as the phantom sleeps beneath!" No matter, see the quadruples, they are no

longer in terror, bewitched as we are, advance to our fortune, what has been emerged is within the fate towards the end to disappear!’

It was all hushed before the gate, the sky was obscured, wheeze and groan were menacingly wailing as the men approached to the portal, ‘The subterranean brutes have been transformed to be the veritable calamity, horns and fangs, the ears are as the edge of a lance, rummaging for the bottles. There is no way, my lord.’

One or two steps forward, Tepes stood still, the portal was yawned by itself, but a horde of obnoxious gazes arrested him, these were assembled to susurrate on the mortal sovereign, the convocation of Hell, as the verdict was reached in accord, the awkward hobbling towards him, a mass of insufficient feet with the reeking integuments, though the inefficacious consequence of blades had already been assured, swiftly his men did engulf the Voivode, would it be an end for all of whom God had created, they would be dispatched to miseries?

Tut-tut! As the light precipitated hence Tepes’s shadow was extended, it configured the independent entity, the evocative silhouette, the tenebrous tunic and robe, Vezam was materialized at the head of the invasion, his hand was floating as a waft of air, concurrently the satanic mob as a puppet that was adhered to the pointed finger, so to say, the final command was to be submerged into the lake, go to the lake, towards the lake, hypnotically to where the waters would be the elixir for the beasts, afterwards the frantic gorge of mere, while the gleaming shaft was grown to dissolve Vezam until he was reshaped as the winged visitant, a gale-force current was its inhalation prior to a belch as an outburst of flames,

terminated the cankers, in truth there would be none possible by the men except their credence to the preternatural redemption, it was a corked glass tube that furtively came onto Tepes whom was felt irresistible nostalgia for the familiar scribble to show the classified tincture, 'Vezam, Vezam, my physician...'

The memento was kept under his sleeve, when the Sun was restored, it was the night in the Carpathians, how could this enigma be solved?

Their exonerated fatigue in spite of the haphazard mayhem, by whom would be recalled under the full moon? The terrain of massif was to show the path, the arboreal murmur was appreciated for the empathic propriety, the vernal welkin above, when the empyrean ray was substituted by the recognized fervors of cressets, it was to tell the cavalcade about the end of journey, without any delay, the reach to Bran before midnight, everything was conveyed to the intimate castle that remained unscathed with the steadfast demeanor, the steep lane to the southern gate, the portcullis rumbled for the return of owner.

The tranquil hour was not obtruded at all by the equanimous salutes, the Voivode commended the organized mastering, especially for the sumptuous augment by Mazlis whom had left his assertion to be the intensified betterment of vassalage.

‘It is my comfort under heedful custody and discerned esteem, so do I.’

‘My lord, our hope and expectation are fulfilled for your wholesome disposition.

Oh, my lord, to the main stairs... Onto the second floor, directly to your chamber, the balmy comestible has been prepared.’

Tepes was at whim, the habitual foible suchlike, he would have proceeded to the boudoir, if his escort hadn’t noticed him.

‘The beacon is the candelabra that is enkindled well... Enough!’

The victuals were served, he consumed the meager amount to revitalize himself for his sufficient rest till the haste departure in the earlier of next day while the devoted cordial interior was his commemoration entirely as a relic.

‘From where it has been the wistful litany?’

‘My lord...’

‘Beresea?’

His mantle whirled, Tepes moved out to her chamber, none would witness him as he was merely the swishing shade over the blinking pillars, and when he was before the door, it widely groaned to unveil the objectified end, a lingering death existed thus unidentified presence of a revenant by the lukewarm exhalation from the window ajar.

‘My sorrow, but the soul of my beloved wife shall be in this oblivion, death is abolished why God imbues us with the infinite soul. Beresea, Beresea, forgive me whom have forsaken you. Your redolence... I was strangulated to endure, I am here, I am justly in your chamber!’

Sooner than his forlorn requiem, the upheaval of paroxysmal gusts smashed all ways to be fastened, the hermetic essence in restraint began to have the diaphanous tinge that amalgamated the phenomenal dominance, it systematically contoured the tangible form of whom was his entreaty, on the somatic accomplishment, no torment of illness, her ample cheeks and alluring eyes, the velvety robe for their chamber, the apparition extended the hands, it was the mischievous attempt, rustling his mantle to find the elixir that had been kept since the blight, right away the residue was

sluiced into her delicate throat, the abandoned cork was relinquished on the floor.

It was the shivering air, he was utterly suspended for a twitch of her face, the hideous deformation, what would he be testified? Yet, his exuberance was held whilst her blissful layer was withering away, the bulging ears, the protracted fangs crunched his neck, and his apathetic response... The rills were spilled over his shoulders, as she erased the streaks with her lips, the rusty infiltration was felt in his gullet though, when he was trembled by the drift from the flapping pane, the silvery iridescence was flickering through the glass, the minute sap was wobbled with the attained viability.



Emperor Frederick

The nucleus of the Danube along the upper part of Hungary, the stalwart flow as the maternal river, the vigorous undulation over the capacious water, for a few hours by the feasible transit on a stream from Buda, the seasonal luxury was the prospering nature on the way to Visegrad where was historically the confided favor of the Roman imperials, as soon as the fortified suburban town was reached, the lofty stronghold heaved into sight, albeit the rocky mien and awesome impact would tend to be given, the pinnacle was quickly achieved on a steed from the royal residence, since there was the treasury at the top that stored the esteemed significance for the Hungarian Kingdom, but it would be none acclaimed anymore than the submission to the Sovereign in the imperial court there, as it was said, she would be barely intrigued except a vote for demiurge.

The abiding ebb and flow, precisely restrained Tepes apart from honor and glory nevertheless his zestful commitment under the aegis of unearthly ebullience, he indulged in the reserved ambience to approach the supreme ascendancy for the influential mandate, he was unperturbed on the day, after the secured harbor, the gate of Visegrad led the Voivode to the regal quarter where was constituted of the tamed alluvium

that was typical through the littoral proximity around the Adriatic Ocean, it established the delicate carving over columns and vaults, soft and cottony texture of granitic porphyries, the vernacular affluence was belonged to southern Temes and the Italian peninsula, consonantly with the native gist of Mihalie whom was in his courtly plumage, his ceremonial saber was gracefully lustrous on the chivalrous attire indeed for the subdued rite, the significant stratum of mighty observance, when they came in the exedra, surrounding the yard with the impactful fountain, the Magnate spoke to him, 'As the intense trail would be entailed to be fatigued on the journey, by our local hospitality that gratifies the marvels.

Has it been the novelty, the presence of the Voivode before Rome?'

'Certainly to be said, closer to Byzantium, but far from the Western Rome, my attendance in this province, my jejune commitment can be acquiesced as honest, uncontaminated reverence.

... If my wife Beresea had been with me, it would have been praised in much abundant honor.'

'Of course her soul shall accompany you, my niece before the Holy Empire, blessed be in Heaven as though the sumptuous vision would be perceived. Let me be realized, console her uncle, how did the angel return to Him?'

'The treasure of the Creation, she was not blemished in her supernal grace, I believe that the viridescent pasture in the Eden, under His Light, she is dozing with her everlasting joy. It was a clear day, she was entombed, the path to Heaven

would be arbitrated for her eternal soul with the sylvan spirit and the effulgent ray.'

'It will be, for instance during the next spring or the autumn, the serene time of a year is the best, when Santiletta is resuscitated, we will visit her grave as the flowers of Hungary are mostly blossomed.

Indubitably death is infinite to be contemplated, yet these hours shall be for your ease.'

The rustling cascade was left behind, approaching to the banquet hall, Mihalie relentlessly continued, 'As many chefs have been invited from Rome, especially they excel at the oceanic cuisine, oil-rich, less bitterness, the outstanding nourishment of the Northern water, it is confessed that our Sovereign is verily in favor of the seafood as animal meat is within the necessary occasion, it would be the Holy See and the Franks, such and such...'

All the same, his loquacity during the devoted entry, the unwieldy opening, the stewards genuflected, it was the distinguished propriety, the remarkable tapestry with the emblem of the eagle, the golden sparkles were bestrewed on it, the Byzantine crosses were appreciated nonetheless the table was arranged within incongruous capacity, the served dishes were rather overwhelmed, as soon as his men readily extracted the shells of crustaceans, the Magnate signaled them to retire, and he began, 'Mazlis introduced himself to the Sovereign in Buda as the successor of the Holy Crown, admittedly the affable conference was established among them, somewhat demarcated themselves for the supremacy to be instructed, as a matter of fact it was supposed none about

these days and this generation, but assuredly for the future, the endless destiny of dominion that would be considered, and in the wake of his actual enthroning thereafter the confrontation with the truth. What is the truth? The revelation by God, God reveals to us as it has been happened then, namely what we experience on the earth. The contrastive matter will be discussed with you tomorrow under the discreet mastery as you have already presided over the provinces.'

The glistening festoons were gripped on the utensils, Mihalie retrieved the petty motion sluggishly in spite of the epicure acclamation that had been articulated, he didn't intend the dishes.

Tepes responded, 'If the truth is sought after, it would be hardly revealed.'

'The comprehensive panorama is recognized by the Genoese and the Venetians as they straddle over oceans.' The Magnate.

'It is acknowledged well, the Venetian Leo, Pope Eugene's patriarch for the accession of Frederick, to be leant the truth equally as your nephew.'

'Yes, it was the fortunate saga, when the duke of Lotharingia was elected to be the Emperor of Rome, the republican progenitors hugely contributed to the accession of the feudal offspring, the innovative advantage as a consequence of warfare.

In terms of how the crown is attained to the apex, you shall be taught in order, and Mazlis shall become aware of the truth,

the survived crown has the supernal light, by the promise of God. How has it been preserved amidst the continuous battles, the blood smeared retch and wallow, by his men or by his own sword? Nay, the fact is that he is fortified by his corps because the victory is seldom obtained without the banner, a loss of the center is almost an end, even though the patterned formation would be maintained awhile, the sustained opposite head would direct his squadron to crush up the formula.'

For his quaint paroxysm, Mihalie pacified himself with the glass, and Tepes, 'We are the posterior to Constantinople, the age under darkness has been with a finale, it would be too pessimistic to be advised hostilities.'

'How is the terminus of era determined? The end of the dark epoch, but the Sun shines, the Moon shines, when it rains, these don't appear, it has been since the genesis of... Am I nonsense?

Venice has recently complained that the trade protocol for the price control has been disturbed allover the Eurasian states due to the expanding private commerce that has been derived from Noaya, they questioned the Ottoman Empire about the burgeoning enterprise without the fundamental premise, but the frivolous scrawls retaliated, "For our aspired compromise and congruity among the diverse religions." Whether it was written by whom had ever proclaimed, "God is the One."

The war between the East and the West, it has been felt, God has always been blamed, quote as the Venetians, "We will send the lions, he shall dispatch the eagles, and what would be the Asian beasts? God adjudicates the triumph."

These days, there has been the dissembled counsel by the authorized dignitaries... Our honorable Pope Pius has been

preparing for the Crusade against the Ottoman Empire. You shall be realized that the recurrence of misfortune is to be avoided when you are for Mazlis in the field.'

'I shall be verified by the Omnipotence, the progression of hours is justly to advance as long as the one lives.'

'How marvelous your strength is!'

The perpetual equanimity ensued, though the prolonged feast was not reduced the virtue, the meals were crammed into the twain throats, later on when the liquors were served, the fervent piquancy was whiffed, the elder persisted in his prattle, 'By whom has ever been in Noaya, it has been informed that the place would be neither of this world nor Heaven, but tantalizingly materialistic, the carnal lust would be accelerated with bizarre rapture.

The harbor was preoccupied with the merchandise stalls at dusk, the skirmish to siege the venue was well-nigh everyday, contrastingly daytime was hushed aloof, the refuse on the thoroughfare was emitting the fetid odor, and after midnight, females and children were advised not to go out as there was the risk to be mortified by the vampires, specifically the lunatics whom would slash the necks, the prevailed frenzy. The two-third of multitude was from abroad, they were convinced their voyages as the pilgrimage in order to invest in the immortal life, realistically the haphazard menagerie of medicaments, the seahorses were depicted on the tarnished bottles, these were apprised as Ignis Aqua that some wayfarers had obtained during their journeys in the hazed sanctuary where could be achieved by only the assigned men under the Almighty, it was supposed that the habitual siesta

over the population was the effect of tinctures.

The amulets were also the popular demand as a souvenir, the dehydrated seahorse and the skulled knight, the figurine of the valorous apparition was engraved the plume on the helmet.

Shall we lament for the inveterate infirmity? Is this the result of peace? Neither compromise nor congruity, but the mingled idolatry...'

‘...’

The evening grew darkness, Tepes was to retire when the silent hour no more forgave them to unveil the truth, uttered the Magnate, ‘The terrain of the Danube magnificently spreads her wings, it is observable from the embrasures of the highest fort, you will see our river tomorrow, she is as the black avian at night, then at dawn, it is flown by the Sun as the holy radiance that is glorified by all.’

The tepid thrust, the hour was at midnight, tranquility pervaded in the chamber of Visegrad, the senior quarter of royal abode had been maintained for the ambassadorial due since bygones, the less refurbished demeanor that was felicitously conventional, the slit opening informed Tepes about the vigil by the pealing bells as well as the apparent gleams of the neighboring churches in addition to the watchful flames by the sentinels, these were for the Sovereign to be secured during his stay, the inherited dominion as the light of the Sun and the Moon, which was so far infallibly passed on, yet immortality and resurrection were of the Above, surely the war would consume life, Tepes was stifled for his aroused mind, death would abut on the ramification of the battle, but there would be nothing to insist, in this case, how life would be coddled by the light that would be sustained besides the residue of elixir from his garter was tossed the moonlit, the glass was dazzled with the marred tint as it had once been swallowed, it insinuated the absent of Heaven and Hell, while his relentless perturbation was endured, the amassing crows were screeching to quarrel about the boundless conflict, beyond the distant realm over massifs and oceans, the wrecked vestiges of the mortal quandary, the end of ancient saga, the megalithic edifice of death and decay was the renounced tombs for whom had ever been deprived of souls thus they were condemned to be the apparitions, obstinately to overcome the gigantic fort, their excoriated integuments, the putrescent flesh, woe to the tortuous denouement, recurrently there would be only the throe of death.

The theater of battle field was enshrouded, and the lingering

applause that would be the entire mockery, life on the earth would be the mockery, Tepes was quivered for the emerging shadow neither in fear nor distress, but for his paranoiac odium, even uncanny exaltation was provoked.

Behold! Behold! It was materialized.

The hollow eyes, the diabolic decline of mandible, the plume on the head, the knight was swift as a spook from the inferno, when his ride was caracoled to merge with the gust, hooves wiped off the tokens of anonymous deaths, for the phantom corporeality, his life was not testified as someone had ever said, "The armored skeleton."

Whereas the other, "His mantle is stink, smeared with the rotten suppuration."

The ghost snickered, 'None else is mortal but I, the end is bestowed for the dedicated life as it is fulfilled, and misery is imposed on immortal being that is all of you, live forever as dust!'

'Oh, mercy, give us the end! Grant us mortality!'

After the pinnacle of the Sun, the maximum refulgence of the Danube manifested the preeminent reward as the sublime suavity of her current, the vibrant wings were spread in uttermost liberty and grandeur, from the wary embrasures of the fort, it proved the impenetrable prominence on the day, restoration and triumph that would be preserved, Tepes proceeded to the imperial court where uninvolved reticence was kept, a quarter hectare of the expanse, wood and intarsia as the lavish medium was possibly subdued while there was the raised throne between the variant banners, the two-headed eagle was black and gold, which occupied the entire screen, on his entry, a score of the Roman personages and the German Electors assembled themselves along the side wall, and the Trinity was gestured to him by the ecclesiastical subjects of the Holy See, subsequently the chitchat among them until the sentries lifted their spears for all to have a seat except Tepes whom bent down deeply onto the floor.

‘Our Majesty, Emperor Frederick!’

A minute susurrus, the restrained quietude, the Sovereign intoned, ‘Tepes the Dracula III, who has been scurrilously on the anathematized supremacy over the Balkan provinces, the Devil would protect him to increase the influence of Hell, savage and brute, owing to the demise of his beloved, his delirium was devoted to obtain Ignis Aqua for the infinite life nevertheless none of your people has ever defamed you as well as the stable sustenance of your hegemony, the thriving reputation has been avowed by Mazlis Corvas, the duke of Hungary, even though for whom was once condemned to despair for his sin, in other words, for our shared Sin that God

sorely forgives.

Hold your face to me, your intrepid, immature visage, you were beguiled by the Devil consequently the salvation of God, you have been esteemed by the people, am I correct?’

‘Yes, our Majesty.’

Although his sufficient aquiline profile and graceful radiance of eyes accentuated the celestial inherence of Frederick whose enriched filigree robe that was embroidered the heraldic monograms over the fabric, his thewy establishment was glanced among the floaty sleeve to impart for his scepter, in view of the ones in place, it would be gratified as this man would be the paragon of saintly resplendence, continuously said he, ‘Appreciatively for the seasonal joy of my western province, I have relieved myself, hopefully you have been also invigorated for the fortune, the benevolent endowment by the Omnipotence. As the ample fertility from Rome has been brought to this land, have you already tasted it, the spectacular yields as the attribution to the supreme integration between the Sun and the waters, the rigorous glow by the time at late dusk, the everlasting vital current, having never ever been spoiled. The fundamental resource for the civilization that shall be equal to our infinite soul, the life force flows thus no decay, and we are in fact created as a mortal whose end is to be passed to the next generation. Why God expires each of us as our end is not His End regardless I shall declare that death is not equal to illness. Ignis Aqua, the tincture for immortality, the incessant pursuit of decoction has been since the ancient era, originally as the panacea to overcome plagues, it has been revealed that the

deceased physician, Vezam under the patronage of the Dracula began his scrutiny to eradicate the malady furthermore his ancestral lineage belonged to the notable magi whom had ever been entrusted by our progenitor, for his allegiance, he had relinquished himself to cleanse the scourge, he is acclaimed as “The Martyr.”

‘Our Majesty, the honored fidelity was inherited to my physician, his soul has yet been remained on this earth to protect us, it was after his death, but he fulfilled his commitment.

Here it is! The bequeathed remedy to ease the malediction.’ Even though the meager amount, the conspicuous substance was evident, the cork was unwound to release the sebaceous odor thereafter a bout of discomfiture among the congregation as the shadow of the Voivode was momentarily erased under shimmering daylight, by the Emperor’s prompt signal, the one of his subjects approached to the elixir, handled the rod to be dipped in it that was examined on the iridescent sandpaper, but the dismissive assay.

Frederick, ‘Thaumaturgy is commended as the highest art, which manifests the highest truth, this can be known by God as His Revelation, God alone resolves the wonder of the world, I, the Emperor of Rome does neither renounce nor accept and rather to inquire how the knowledge of Heaven can be achieved without the footstep, strictly speaking, our entire advancement is by the potency of systematic venture, such finesse is the ultimate benevolence of the Almighty.

It was recently when the grave of Martyr was excavated, the osseous fragments divulged the aggregated quantity of sulfur,

supposedly he had discovered the efficacy of sulfuric agent, as a result, he had fended off the malign contagion, if the primal causation of illness had been directly fumigated, it would have been sterilized. As you may know, sulfur has been the pivotal element for the alchemical practice since the primeval era, to reinforce the constituent, to catalyze the transmutation furthermore the immediate ignition is viable for magic.

The Holy Roman Empire will henceforth promote the intensified extraction of sulfur allover the provinces, the metal industries are obliged to apply the sulfuric agent for purification during the process of soldering. Of course, for the prestigious functioning of labor and the bountiful soil, the entire Balkans are involved in this conduct, specifically the land of Wallachia and Transylvania under your control.'

'Your virtuous order, I shall swear to comply with the whole demand of the Sovereign, for God bestowed providence, till the extremity of my endeavor and exertion for which shall be undertaken.'

'My soul on the throne to be affirmed by your faith and trust, blessed be the Son of the Omniscience.

And more to our vows, it is certified that we of the Empire and the Nation are the offspring of His Light hence we produce all by the Light, we battle by the Light, our soul is endless by the Light thus when the Light is betrayed, all are destroyed, none of His Terminus, but barely the annihilation, inevitably there is the Darkness, evil has the power nevertheless it shall be totally devoted to His Light.'

‘There was firstly chaos and His Light was thrown, it was the beginning, then there was the darkness.’¹⁸

How can I be the traitor against His Testimony, against the supernal dominion? Even my soul is gorged by demons, my oath shall abide by.’



Noaya

In the earlier of summer, the imminent spell to Ramadan, the indulged lull was imbued then as the bountiful spume of the Black Sea, the ebb and flow of waves, the fleet of the Ottoman carracks was swayed in the north west of the ocean, the elated luster was dallied until sunset as though the sky was inebriated with the pale tints of violet and crimson, it supervised the mode of coordination that began to task on the vessels, the bulky bridges were sprawled on the jetties of the harbor, the habitual reverberation in the littoral town, Noaya, in due course the treasured loads of, such as the valued Arabian tapestries, the herbal medicaments that were the native of Asia, these were conveyed to reach the portal where there was the multitude of crowd for the day, after awhile, the opulent barque reached on shore, the Ottomans were led by Ashraf, Hakeem and the painter Fiola whom was lagged behind with his stroll, he was enticed by the consonant symmetry between the welkin hue and the infiltrating frankincense, it was the crest of jollies, the boisterous parlors and stalls as the arbiter of intercontinental hybrid that the ensemble was consisted of the lingua franca vivacity and the wobble of tidal flow, the Pasha was sufficed to say, 'The eve of our Renaissance, it has been as it will be.'

‘Verily, verily.’

The guards were presence for whom were separated for their own assignment, as Ashraf initiated his ledger at the corner of central venue along the esplanade, a herd of coteries was piqued to see the antiquaries, authentic gems, reliquaries and so forth, in everywhere the vendors tensed their tweets, ‘The predecessor of creation, these statues are from Crete, the briny island of Greece, glossy marble and alabaster, all genuine, indeed as God created sapiens by the Sun, tufa is Helios’s art, the calcified frames for Jupiter and Apollo, these gods are the reproduction after the originals were obliterated by thunder, utterly worthy to be held to your home!’

‘By whom has ever been told, “Spanish soil is enough hefty to be buttressed up by the sea, never wrecked for her plentiful value.” Gold, silver, jewels and copper, the reasonable bargain, thoughtful for your budget, by the plausible rationale why she is exceptionally rich for them!’

The onlookers were enchanted with the purveyors’ cadence and tone, they were under the yoke to divulge the intrinsic enigma, concurrently they were tossing the lariat to catch the audience whose guffaws and cheers, on these cacophonies, Fiola was steered step by step towards the alley where Hakeem was trimmed with the yellow bouquet, it was a asafetida sheer convinced as he had ever been tutored the preventive efficacy of the plant against plagues and maledictions.

Fitfully the painter was aware of the engrossed intent, the auctioneer was pointing at him, ‘How favorable he is! The

mural maestro, Fiola Lozzo! With his depictions of the Scriptures and the Holy Ghost, we are invited to Heaven, I have ever viewed your “Last Judgment”, since then, my enterprise has been owned by the divine intuition and shrewd acumen.

For your superfluous prestige, prithee be the arbitrator to solve the ancient mystery, this is the time-honored Asian legend that I mostly spent to obtain.’

The ponderous canvas was unveiled, there was the radiant painting, the cobalt and turquoise blue were as the celestial display whereas the plain was predominantly reddish, rather peculiarly gaudy, ‘The native of Arabia, by the Persian painter, the discovered work of art that is titled as “The Resurrection”. Behold! While the man moans for his brother’s death, the quadrupeds are conducting the mummification of corpse, and some zealots complain against the practice, “Renegade! Heathen!” Whilst the hermit is fiddling a mellow dirge with equanimity.’

‘Vermilion and hematite, blood flows in art, none of the created phase has the shadow... Albeit the belief of resurrection would be betrayed by the non-spiritual pursuit, the frantic promulgation about immortality, the blood flows for this logic.’ Fiola.

‘God’s approbation is invoked to you! We are astonished by the possessed truth of this masterpiece, the lament for the deceased, the man in consternation on the canvas is actually the painter himself, he used his own blood to concoct the pigments hence life has been infused on.

Yes, the value has been reckoned by the renown of the maestro, commenced from a ducat of thirty!’

Needless to say, Fiola vamoosed the site, the rowdy contest and trade out of his precept besides the queer sniff neither aroma nor odor, the pungent balm was permeating through the lane, and it came into his sight that the peddlers with the panniers were bawling, ‘Pegasi’s horns, Pegasi’s horns! The beaks and wings of Simurghs, beaks and wings! These are the remedies for dyspepsia and dysentery!

The skulls and thighbones are from the battlefields more than five hundreds of yore! These protect you, you are always the victor of the world!’

Was Fiola even felt the plight of the unhinged, he was urged to evacuate in the adjacent quarter, constrained to squeeze himself into pushing and shoving throngs that were altogether the frenetic zealots for which was crooned by the contrary tenor of the balladeer, ‘The Queen of Babylon or the nymph of the Jordan River to where conclude the Sea of Salt.

Unprecedented mastery of encaustic, the innovative method for the preservation that has not yet been identified of its origin as well as her ineffable elegance and holiness, the slumbering prima donna... The bitumen from the saline waters is not applied for coating thus with the wax or so, but it has been believed that she is the drowsy sylph, waiting for the time to be awakened, ipso facto, we are prohibited to approach her otherwise we are anathematized the rest of our lives, even within the proximity to find out her sigh until she is satisfied, it may be advised for her smile, the highest...’

An instantaneous halt due to the intervening men of Hakeem

whose abundant turban and palatial garment, unfurled the hermetic agglomeration.

‘Ah! That is the greatest of the Eden!’

Such aesthetic bravura! On the lapse of air, Fiola was mesmerized to the remains, the affectionate contours of the closed eyes, the lingering eyelids with the curved edges a little and the impeccable profile of nose, these were ensued to the serene lips nonetheless he did suddenly terminate his study, shuddered and fidgeted for what he was realized...

‘She might be... Definitely Beresea of the Dracula!’

At his slantwise recognition, the cataclysmic hiatus inflicted to the Pasha in torment that was levied the purge upon what had already been the inevitable disintegration away from the lucid course of destine, almost to a bilious degree of his rage, ‘Traitor! Malice of this earth! Parasite! Maggot! Hold the rabble-rouser whom shall be condemned to death, send him to the worst of Hell!’

On the spur of crashing blades, the harsh echo alarmed the bystanders to dissolve into discordant refugee while the evildoer was luridly exposed within the focal extent, manacled, trammelled, yet the parsimonious twitch on the face, he ruptured into shrill chortle as libidinous pleasure, being smitten the head, mauled the Ottoman, he was battered to be on the ground, which the torture was faded out due to the tangible oddity, quizzical admonition as the corporeal verity was at whim for the paranormal element, since they had been unconditionally provoked by the biped as elastic rubber.

Anyhow, the Sun was finalizing the day, the stealthy shadows were advocated as the surreptitious procession to the isolated harbor, the disruption was forsaken, but there was the impactful swing right away the explosive tumult of wave, the sparkling foams were orderly dispersed to be calm, the demise of ancient queen or the nymph of the Jordan River, nay, it was undeniably the wrecked coffin that contained the beloved, Beresea, when the translucent water was restored, the engraved Byzantine cross on the lid was glanced in the end.

Equanimity of the Eastern Ocean, it was the phlegmatic composure in bottomless indigo at night, the Ottoman flotilla was beacons to the radiant pavilion port, as it was the initial opportunity for the Asian dignitaries to return from Noaya, the lively eagerness to wait for the arrival well-nigh festivities, the vivid illumination was reflected on the Golden Horn with the shimmering ray of the Moon, convivial merriment and robust tunes ergo the desolated keel was nobody's concern, gliding to the enclosed pontoon alongside the awe-inspiring façade, the curtain walls and corner towers, notwithstanding the venerated climax to achieve the Triumphal Arch, the eldest gate was in this occasion to be avoided by the clunky men with the fully smothered wrongdoer, while the erected turret was horrible decrepitude that had never been restored nor destroyed, exactly it was prison as the part of the Yedikule Fortress, the renowned garrison was recognized among the populace for the reason of whimsical sage as well.

Needless to say, due to the jamboree that was encircling the exotic souvenirs, it was fortunate, none would perceive the desperate malady at midnight, the cankerous distress, the catarrhal abattoir was in the swampy fence, the quivering candlelight by the yell as a tickled heron ceaselessly throughout the night, the tub was prepared beneath, the timber beams plucked the ironically versatile neck forthwith the wretched was wallowed in exultation under the saw inch by inch, which was jammed into his neck whereas the men's labor turn by turn, the avalanche of perspiration, the tankard was swallowed amidst the intervening fetor, and everything was spewed over a torrent of unctuous fluid.

‘Oh, venom, worms of Hell! No demise at all!’

‘Snatch an axe! Smash up veins! Admittedly the guillotine was invented.’

Battering once, banging it twice, the third decisively stroke off the head that was once lurched on the floor, ‘Oh, bedlam! This has still been chuckling us...’

It was the tarnished wanly face, the conspicuous glee wheezed in high pitch, the fangs were clattered until the next morning.

Dawn of aestival season was flawlessly immaculate, Helios’s glow was suited to the crispy breeze as a capricious fancy, at the end of the first call, it was convinced that the Sultan was encouraged to spare himself with the Pashas in the gazebo as he was acknowledged the favorable milieu about Noaya that would be further prosperous, as it were, the marvelous bits and pieces were the sophisticated integration between patterns and motifs, he was in all respects tempted, it would be continued until noon.

Accordingly he could be enough sufficient to forbear the erupted zealotry outside even if it was soared to be rancorous en masse, but he was plucked his ears at times, hampered the genial progression.

‘Hang! Hang!’

‘Ha, ha! The crumbs of swine!’

‘Vile! Vile!’

The herald was summoned to Mehmet whose placid response, he raised himself without uttering a word and was at once onto his palanquin, all of his men followed him, when the minarets were remarkably scintillating, it was the

ordinary vista on his vehicle, incongruously what would be by the rabbles whom were inflamed in this spell?

In spite of stiffened flesh, and the lesion was congealed that was the agglomerated lumps of gore, it was as a soothing nap but any trace of predestined decay, the head and torso were separately dangled by thongs from the highest projection of the Prison Tower.

“Vile! Vile! Swine! Swine!”

The frantic hubbub, it would be overflown more and more regardless the abrupt intervention was imbued with the unforeseen rebuttal to be entire hush at the behest of absolute supremacy.

‘Have those been by the affidavit that has been issued by Allah? To contaminate His Eden?’

The awkward tugs were struggled by the burly man for unequivocal admonition, and the haversack was prepared for the carcasses to be in the constricted darkness, if the head was disturbed the siesta, gaped the eyes, smirked in the culmination, even though it was no longer witnessed, but the turret was spotlessly cast by the mid-ray, tranquility was soaked up under the prime dictum.

‘Revolt against Heaven, defilement over the glorious earth, the ravages of my epoch under my rule, utterly distrust on His Creation, my children, are you the deranged beasts, bawling and shrieking in viral enmity for your malady and disorder, for your inferior soul?

The flippant labor and wasteful consumption, these henceforth shall be punished that is eliminated from the land,

none of this plague shall be remained in our soul, totally out of my order!’

‘Out of his order! Out of his order! Salute to Our Lord! Salute to Our Lord, Sultan Mehmet!’

The behemoth chants of the Ottomans whose pledge that was testified by their blades, indicating the far-above hemisphere, ‘Out of his order! Out of his order!’

The bloodless physiques with extraordinary staminas, the galvanized expression in unison, ‘Out of his order! Out of his order!’

How long it would be as infinite?

‘Yes, out of my order...’

Consequently there was the indistinct dismissal of the haversack, a stingy thud, the effortless snatch of sparsely the evident strain, following this, the anchor encumbered the scrap that was kicked into the ocean, the tide was wriggled, soon it was composed, the man gazed at the surface of water, inexorable lethargy inflicted him in torpor.



Ignis Aqua (2)

It was the cosmological coherence that was to tell the progression as well as the stationary phase of nature during the stultifying midsummer, at eventide with the full moon over the Ottoman Empire, the betokened end of Ramadan by the rumbling percussion and ornate fire-works, shooting up to the stellar heavens, if these were merged, it would be dispersed over the hemisphere.

Rupias glimpsed the habitual commemoration that was performed every year, was it a hint of his fanciful idea, the celebration for the ritual finale would be always under the invariable bearing of sky, the infinity was awed, nothing to be prejudiced for the innocent aspiration, the withered perseverance after the practiced fast, it was peculiar elation and relief as though his sensory capability was released out of yoke, and a nip of salted beans that invigorated him with the musty parchments in the enclosure of his pharmacy as his library away from the acerbic stimuli where the faience and vitrines were seldom decocted in those days. The erstwhile visitors had already effaced the complaints by themselves for their fervor to pursuit Ignis Aqua, yet the substantive worth was established for his hypothesis that immortality, in other words, death would be merely the slumberous end, if all

ailments were eradicated, in this regard, the physician attained Vezam whose contingency, his premonition had ever been the recurrence of the prehistoric epidemic, it could be overcome by the disentangled logic of the Aqua.

The compendium for medicine in front of him, voluminous, but a weary disposition, paradigmatically it was blemished in some parts, Rupias didn't acknowledge how he had ever obtained the book as well as when it had been initially worked with him nonetheless his affection for the oeuvre, the enigmatic Kabbalah would confess the Creation, while the honored ceremony was proceeded outside, the disquisition began about pandemic disease and remedy, there was the eccentric point as the contagious madness, even though rabies would be the plausible rationale, the efficacy for the shed skin of a serpent was introduced, the specific virtue would involve unparalleled nullification of entropy by means of entropy, the decay of mind, which the vestige of decay would be antidotal furthermore the residual blood of the dead by the equal causation, it would successively improve the abolished symptom, "... The thorn of wild rose is used to prick the finger of remains, of course there is no exigency, until the harvest of arbor, the proliferated briars..."

The illegible scrawl was ensued, but sooner than his renunciation, the miniature on the next page, the figure of seahorse induced his insight and credence as if the dazzling beacon to usher him to the specialized caption with the pentagonal geometry, the designated Greek letters were arranged on it.

"The five vertexes are analyzed in order, at the top of them to the right, Alpha (The projectile acceleration by the

downward force and the linear exponential quantity)

Eta (Energy and power) Iota (Inactivity) Gamma (Heat and dilation) Upsilon (The light to be restored)

Although these factors are reciprocally accessed by the sides as well as the axes, if the shortest path that is the above-mentioned is taken for the concoction, the light of upsiion is preliminary to reinstall the course of alpha, consequently the orbital governance over life would be defined as the resurrection, but an end is failed to avoid after the sparse duration of viability, and there has ever been no antecedent to prove, due to the force of gamma, a moment of explosive inflation of the body to be utilized.”

By the seizure of inquisitiveness that was provoked to the physician, the exposed struggle for the infinite possibilities to configure the paths of life well-nigh as a decoy, it would ensnare the manifold of erudition whereas his profundity meticulously evaded the maze of thought, the symptomatic inclination was abstained by the meager refusal of anthropocentrism that the diminutive existence of cosmos with the shortest span of life would be fundamental as the crown of the organic kingdom, needless to say the ephemeral subsistence would be accumulated to be enmeshed and shared with the ceaseless light, he was sufficed by the arbitral resolution even though it wouldn't cover the entire praxis, his mind was hushed as the shore of the Black Sea, it was to tell the accomplished observances as well as the appointed time for him to leave the place, the book was closed as the nestled pinions after hovering across the empyrean, would the rose be carried to him, the page was marked by the stem of flower, the

extinguished candlelit, darkness was for the next hour, it was at midnight.

Beside the Palace, the pinnacles of minarets intensified the spiritual association with the upper atmosphere, inscrutable for the night, yet the transcendental pathos of the silver stream, the principal mosque stood in serene gravitas, albeit the land was customarily in rest, equally Rupias found none for the vigil inside, howls and squeaks of gulls were lingering on his entry to the sacred dome, there was the subdued luminosity to shine over the mihrab, the high vaulted ceiling was graced with the metaphysical embodiment, but he was rather devolved upon the actual matter, being untethered from the proficient venture by then as the arrival of Pasha intervened, Hakeem slinked towards him.

‘It was the inviolable convention of a year that nullified the deplorable harassment of our Empire, equivalently for the classified nature, these circumstances have been bestowed to us under the supervision of Allah, is there anything to be excused for our meeting?’ Said Hakeem.

‘What can be the justification for what I haven’t yet been acknowledged? Everything would be relied on the shade of night when it is occasionally for the fiend to be encouraged.’ The physician responded.

‘However, for whom has been invited by the fiend or the beneficial advocator for your endeavor, there shall be sorely a concession to the affair.’

The velvety purple cloth was unfurled to display the pallid chunk in a vial, oblong as well as squashy, it was deduced as a part of human flesh.

‘It would be... Of my ardor.’

‘Yes, to fulfill “the salvation of the world”, none can surpass your expertise, your awareness to impose me my confession that you are to be given the relic of Beresea, the wife of the Dracula III, her death was due to the cursed malady, a death without maggots, look at this, moist and unstained.

Before her coffin was buried underwater, the abused trace of her skin was survived.

Am I wrong? Shall I be punished for “the salvation of the world”? You have already recognized the damned disposition of our men, how can our worthies do for them? Rather they shall be rightly pleased for your attainment.’

‘...’ Rupias troubled himself.

‘Otherwise, you shall be further revealed to eradicate your dilemma as Allah reveals for perfection.

Some of the deceased fetuses were precisely not by the parents, but by whom had paid for them, to be favored by the fortune of Heaven, to be favored by you whom would be the owner of their lives at the time of infirmity.’

The lukewarm obstinacy with the flimsy inclination that was enforced on his palm, the physician secured the vial not to be fallen, and the Pasha surreptitiously retired though, was he snared by an effortless impulse, at once turned back to Rupias.

‘The burning fire of elixir, it is the blood of the Vampire, the blood of whom has ever been pecked by the demon, she was the Vampire, no matter dead or alive?’

It was not for the possessed divulgence, but Rupias was urged to conceal what he had received amidst his pantaloons,

the rupturing door, the storming swish of gliding shadow whether the behemoth wings or the mantle thereafter slewed to the Pasha, pierced his throat, a gush of blood, the fallen prey that was dragged awhile, the horrendous onslaught was until the body was gorily bedaubed over, the dreadful eyes glared at the physician, wheezed to guzzle the viscous residue, the exposed fangs were appallingly monstrous.

‘Affliction, affliction!’

He clapped for rescue... The abysmal reverberation was forsaken, inevitably instigated the satanic beast that surged to reach the margin of the dome by the swirling stir, hurtled to Rupias whose turbulent dodge as though the momentary squall swaddled him, he was tossed to the phenomenal altitude, the earth trembled when they were reversed to the floor.

It was no sooner than he was perturbed by the anthropoid frame of the assailant, utterly no mercy of Heaven, the severe claws and deformed fingers were fumbling at its own girth and clutched the hilt of lance while the target was the preventive float.

The thrusting blade, the edge impaled the center of bulls eye, submerged into the heart, Rupias was fixed on the wall, the cascade of reddish flow, he was hissing for lean respiration that was oozed off the gouged cavity, almost the caricature of thumps by the deprived cardiac exertion, his forlorn attempt was to resolve such difficulty, he managed to move, sheer annoyance, unease, he was stupefied for his absent mind without terror for the exacerbated jeopardy, even he was impossible to comprehend the inherent idiosyncrasy, from somewhere, it was the sublime trill faraway, the dulcimer

hypnotically ameliorated the wretched calamity, intermingled with the supernal ditty, the mythic oracle ushered him to a doze.

‘The harvest of wheat, the affectionate sway, our fatherland under the waned moon.

The reeds susurrate about Heaven where you are as death is silent for the night.

Death is not revealed, the blessed triumph over the predestined fate, the end is felicitous on the horizon when the Sun appears, there to see, your goal as Paradise.

You rejoice, honor and glory, none has never ever been to where the tender breeze for the eternal reach.

How the holy sanctum will be spoken, the void is infinite thus your joy, honor and glory, the endless perpetuation.

I shall wait for you to be told, death is the victory, God sends us to the world to be known about Heaven.’

With the cadence of vignette, the mellifluous daydream materialized the deity, she was prodigiously warbling before the mihrab, and the esteemed finesse allured the infernal being, if the hostile instinct was disowned, even the courtly manner was impressed with the bloodstained wickedness, correspondingly her slithering approach, would they meet at the ripe pasture, when the climax was performed on the instrument, her voice was no longer intoned for the heinous mutation completely as a consort of Hell, the carnivorous glares of her eyes and the extended maw as the beast of subterranean forest, she swished through the narrow verge, snatched out the blade from the mortified body and held

Rupias over her shoulder, rapidly advanced to the center of mosque, they were buoyed up in the air...

There was a smeared tinge over the floor beneath, the shady perimeter of a pit as the lunar eclipse where the twosome was absorbed into, the demonic roar in vain, since the abandoned luminosity was shimmering over where had been the dark spill.

Dawn was the anathema for Rupias as it was commenced with his strenuous gulp to be restored for the day, torturous thirst, the diaphanous obscurity hampered his pertinacity to awake, even though the blissful peace next to him well-nigh the celestial slumber of mistress, Qadesa forbade him to remain in strain for the atrocious ordeal during the previous night, would he be distressed for the somatic quagmire on his chest, how it would be confessed when the boundary of mortality was renounced likewise succeeding dispensation of his graceful hand, overlaying the wound to advocate the recovery, his festering flesh was deftly extenuated, the vibrant energy was vouchsafed to him in the advent of routine cacophony for the preparation of the first call that began the periodic advance by the orbital fidelity, he returned to his pharmacy where there was the flower among the tarnished compendium, the petals of wild rose were subdued blooms, yet the bud would be the pinnacle of resplendence.

While the sullen process of decoction for pure water was the muggy influence from the receptor that stimulated his volition, there was the substantiated form of reality and inexorable prospect to attain Ignis Aqua as he had been given the vial then, “The burning fire of elixir, it is the blood of the Vampire, she was the Vampire!”

What had been the final lamentation by the victim? The contaminated disclosure had been smeared by the one’s animosity for his own fate.

The verdict was about to be, the relic was examined, the opalescent transparency if life was endured within the humectant dermis, it was plunged into his apparatus that contained water, at once the spasmodic burst of fizz

smothered the alchemical response until the scalding glass tube moderated the temperature by itself, the vicid solute even gluey, it was resembled to an egg white, quizzically, but for his purposeful aim, a thorn of rose pricked his finger, initially the crimson streams were the diverged rills over the surface nonetheless at the onset of coagulation, the spills of his blood were infiltrated into the amorphous integument by the teleological force that was objectified to have the predestined guise as the inextinguishable fire, so to speak, the sebaceous whiff and briny quality were enough for a slurp. Anyhow, the rod was saturated for the dregs, and the physician took the residual amount on his finger pad, smelt the orb, he was beguiled to touch it with his tongue, expectedly saline piquancy as well as tangy resentment besides the uncanny irritation over his skin as if the tepid breeze rustled his pores, simultaneously he was burdened with minor fatigue, his haggard muscles hampered plods towards the vitrine... Blessed be God bestowed artistry! The frame of the Creation was reflected, how it would be treasured, how it would be indebted! The creased mien, grizzled thicket of his head, the increased eyebrows and extended gouty that equally involved the silver tints if a decade had already elapsed for Rupias, did he regret, more precisely the whimsical joy in his paradoxical discomfiture, owing to the pursued elixir for infinite life without decay and decomposition, wouldn't it be the foremost allure of sought-after? The awesome efficacy would be for him alone, he was thrilled no matter the tumultuous mayhem outside, being provoked.

‘Murder! Murder! Our dignitary was sacrificed!’

Once more, Rupias gazed at his own elderly visage, the patriarchal profile was not concealed, Allah would forgive him, since the One had supervised all of his conduct so far, but his failure to attend the first call that the light would reveal his righteous soul. The physician rested himself in front of where there was the wild rose, the thorn was remained the tiny clot of his blood, needless to say in this morning, the absence was imposed on the entire population of the Empire.

Comparably the monotonous exterior of ingress at the corner of the second court in the Palace, the entry was accessed to the public administration to organize the municipal proceedings whereas the adjoining legal office and the council hall that was gathered by the Kadis were belonged to the third court, it would be nobody's assumption for the regular assembly, the sumptuous filigree on the seats, solemn, yet the impactful monograms in addition to the grandiose plumages of the Ottoman luminaries, the Sultan presided on the day with the Prince when the zestful afternoon was not enfeebled at all, as soon as Rupias was summoned for the urgent inquest, his naivety was induced to be told about the non-participation of Pashas for the grievous rite, by all means silence was prolonged until Chakir made his first assertion, 'Well, you could escape the incident.'

'Fortunately.'

'The garrison for the night witnessed the assailant whom resembled to the Voivode, Tepes. In the name of Allah, what you will state in this tribunal shall be all truth.'

'The precipitous onslaught was by the winged shadow, the demon was formed as a man with his sword.'

'No proof! It might be the inane bias for the immature watch under the melancholy of moonlit during the euphoric summer evening after the scurrilous gossip about Noaya, equally no proof!'

The Sublime Porte, Taj intervened in distress, though he was usually the compassionate diplomat whose aptness for his sensible comprehension over multifarious milieus and

dichotomies, for his affectionate narrow eyes in tanned hue, the impish profile from the nose to lips was appeared as his sagacity, he continued, 'The one in the highest rank requires the excessive concession to be unleashed outside of the wall during the late hours, the frivolous suspicion is predisposed to pervert the justice of court.'

However, the Grand Vizier, he was invincible, 'The prerequisite truth shall be devoted to be revealed, the culprit of Noaya was sentenced to death, and the inquest has been adjourned for the further notice, but the ensued ghastly scourge only a day before, inflicted to our pillar in the face of Allah, our exigency is obvious.

Although darkness would reduce the sight, the plausible rationale if it was the revenge, committed for his wife by Tepes, since the victim had been directly involved in the previous incident.'

Was it the discreet shrewdness that was lobbed at the dispute, the Prince, 'The empyrean scale has been held in equilibrium, this is an impasse, how it will be broken? Do you have the power to eradicate the infesting pestilence nowadays?'

The physician was unexpectedly interrogated.

'No, my lord.'

'No? You do reprove your competence, don't you? Nonetheless we believe that you should, and you are desirous for our hope.' The Prince.

Taj sighed in despondency, 'Surely the incidents have been the disturbance to my visit as I will be in the domain within the next month to be paid the tribute.

It would be... The mugger disguised as the Voivode. Of course it is even possible to suspect their sovereign patriarch, the ultimatum is the war, the Holy War as what so ever.'

The Sultan was piqued by the wry bellicosity, gladly vouchsafed his witty quip, 'Yes, it would be transpired, shall we bet on your luck, Taj?'

'On my life? It is my pleasure, Our Lord.'

As the tense controversy was assuaged, Mehmet continued, 'Gracious Allah, His Mercy shall be appreciated that our physician was retrieved and our caliphate oath shall be reaffirmed.

By the way, what did you receive from the victim?'

Rupias divulged his concoction as the plausible guidance had been found in his compendium in addition to the final revelation by the Pasha, if the tincture was offered to the Sultan, but the one said, 'Am I the Sovereign whom will sup the elixir? You have already served me for more than a decade since you lost your way and came to my bosom.'

'Our Lord, I was the wretched pariah for the pilgrimage once in my life as the proxy.'

'Whose proxy?' Shllahad pounced on him.

'For my own proxy as I fell into the cursed illness.' The physician was veritably in serious mien.

The Prince, 'The bituminous bloodstains have been bedaubed over the wall, those can't be scoured out forever.'

'When I was attacked by the heinous demon...'

‘Forsooth! The Herculean Triumph! It was happened why you have been emaciated and aged for a night. Do not exhibit the facile nostrum! Hakeem was incorrigible of his ilk to be flattered with the bogus trickeries. Quote the typical hawkers, they are outrageous, “Your brain is infinite without a brain” The mad was bargaining with the inflicted mad.’

Rupias, ‘How false is known but truth?’

‘Allah knows the Truth, do you fear Him or shall we fear Him?’ Contended Shllahad.

‘We shall not fear Allah as He is just, we shall not fear His verdict as He is benevolent. “No camels shall be killed for pleasure” The Holy Law of the Hadith proclaims.

How can we define our aspiration for the Aqua, not the false, not the mischievous desire?’

After Mahmet, none uttered a word anymore.



The Sublime Porte

The men and carriages for the caravan were blurred by the twinkling water of the Danube in golden sienna during the latter afternoon, for precautionary means against the saturnine gloom in those days, the Sun alone was conferred on as the protector to revoke the malicious mojo, the sweltering season had already left to the unperturbed autumn, but indefinable mayhem as though the veiled terror prevailed, hovering across from Europe to Asia.

At the behest of the corpulent turban, unwieldy haversacks were loaded on the vehicles, these contained thousands of piasters, concomitantly the faint stature was accentuated by the extensive swirl of the mantle and capacious hem to supervise the hefty bestowment that was reckoned, the Voivode was sufficed to discern the fulfillment of annual due, the pecuniary transaction was satirically to tell the concluding boundary of elapsing term of a year, sustained peace, stable autonomy for the efficacious intermediary that had ever overcome the long lasting enmity between the West and the East due to the territorial upheaval as the European fringe to Asia, while the Sublime Porte confirmed the unerring agglomeration of the stacked tribute, none to be specifically grateful, equally for Tepes, none to be constrained, he

submitted himself to the Asian emissary whom declared, 'The total has justly been rendered.'

Sunset was approaching on the shore, imminent darkness was to absorb the residual luster when the final spark distinguished the closing procedure, and the gleaming ink pod somewhat obscured the identity of whom served for the inscription, the nascent goatee, unkempt curls of his head if these were intentionally grown, in his modest subservience to the conduct, but his eyes were with acute shrewdness, to be in true, Mahlam opened the lid for the quill, and the monogram was formed by his superior in order to certify the deed, as it was given to the Voivode whom saluted on the shoulder, he was obsessively triggered to hasten the departure for the shade of night moreover uncommonly the Ottoman mercenaries were not to recede the distance nonetheless he was hampered by Taj whom said, 'The hour under the Moon has advanced to our appointment, is the murkiness such evil, though typically disgraced nowadays for the convocation of the unearthly subjects either from Hell or Heaven? However, we worship the silver ray with immaculate constellations, please be assured, on my return, the maternal river of Europe will encourage our safe journey.'

'She will be the cradle for all with her solicitous sway to sustain us.

Hopefully for the next opportune, the hour shall be the magnificent grace, the Moon shines for the divine providence.'

'Certainly, even a cursed death beneath the ocean, she would be "the salvation of the world." So elegant, the goddess alike...'

Mahlam and his men were almost to fortify their worthy whom grasped the tiny vial from the robe, 'You may not be acknowledged the matter, I shall apologize for your innocence. I would be inflicted by the suspicion as our victim was my preferment. This guard gave me this tincture apparently by the order of our superior, it would contain what our physician...'

The window blew as the damned herald from the bottom of the pit, bitterly cold, sooner than Taj was alarmed by the vanished mercenaries, he was faced to witness the vehement transformation, what he perceived at last, the bulging eyes were smeared with veins, the pale integument and the enlarged ears as the savage, when the shredded remains were forsaken, the winged shadow up to the celestial phase, lingered to swing into the air whereas there was the mumbling conclave by whom were lurking in bushes, Mahlam, 'Alas! The hearsay has been proved to be real as Satan is also the overseer as God that adjudicates the entire sequel, the One will uphold the Balkans, we battle for His side as "God is the One." Follow me, follow the legend, aim at the centers of frantic ogres that are no longer belonged to Allah!'

The enormous brawn and extraordinary swashbucklings of behemoth axes and scimitars out of the sacrosanct genesis, the Ottomans were phlegmatically crushing down the adversaries whom were bewitched, while the halved archeries to allocate themselves that encompassed the disorder, the barrage of projectiles was launched, squeezed into the hubs of collapsing brutes, gnashing and groaning incessantly struggled were those to eradicate the hives of shafts nevertheless the rickety spikes were crumbled before the

barbs, parasitic ad infinitum!

The crawling ogres toward the expired flesh, began to swarm over it, but the spasmodic howls were ensued, what would be a torment?

The survived Wallachian guards were aroused by the falling drizzle from the heavens, it was to expand the humectant muggy clouds, and besieged an atmosphere where the storming rain and the terminal shrieks pierced over, the blades were thrown to the anathematized being as the vital execution, resolutely after the denouement, Mahlam caracoled to direct their rides towards the Castle Bran, by virtue of the gust never be reversed on their way, the turbulent updraft encouraged them.

‘What was the one given, sir?’

The modest tone for rapprochement, for matured fidelity, as the whispering spirit to mitigate the awful temper above, the one would quickly surpass Mahlam at the head of the darting file, of course he was as well not to abandon the formidable breakthrough, whiffed to respond, ‘Waters from the Danube.’

Oh, the villain! Fate was the rascal defiant, the mischievous climax was vouchsafed for the swished poniard, being hurtled to him by whom was immediately laid down on the ground, it was utterly antithetical, the spinning handle had been caught by the target, it had been turned over posthaste ceased the perfidy, though Mahlam didn’t see the demise of the goatee with the untidy curls when the Carpathian sierra ushered them to the forthcoming destiny.

The rain residue was falling onto puddles, a whiff of tangy manure, and the clangors of shovel, the contrapuntal phlegm was the habitual demeanor of burial ground after midnight as though the preternatural convocation was renounced, the assembled quietuses endorsed the objectified stasis, the hefty lichgate was thrifty ajar, had the portal been squeaked in earlier on hence it was progressed along the tracery columns to be on the roof where there was the implicit vigilante, the nebulous glimmers of the minute presence, the bat flapped when it sensed the lachrymose gust as the wrathful coda, rapidly surged to the reticent expanse of the cemetery, in due course the dilapidated effigy was alighted as the bat was on it.

Bespattering earth over the ruinous hollow acres if the starving carnivores had been rummaging around by then, the grave was the haphazard mayhem nevertheless for the incorrigible absconder from the inviolable slavery, there was a paradise, the panoply of mementoes, the cornucopia of treasures by the dead, sheer sanctum, the endless fertility underneath, gems, jewels, gold, silver et cetera, including the hordes of vessels, some of them contained the remnant tincture that Samo pecked at his bottle, the dust covered garnitures were neatly blown away, a miasma of his dampish saliva intensified the sublime sparkles to be worn by him whom was deliriously gaudy, nonsensical as the lurid spook of a maggot, the recent evolution to be the biped, the exhilarated mutant jumped onto the lid of despoiled coffin, the rasping soliloquy was reverberating over the cleared sky, it would call a tempest that was not called then.

‘Lord, your grace is the fortune from the heavens that achieve another heavens under the horizon, Samo the Scavenger is evinced the truth!

More than the Sun and the Moon, I am shone by the supreme glares! Where is Hades? Hades is here in this ground where I am bestowed and where I will descend as the shepherd for the remains with my radiance.’

Even if his exaggerated gesticulation was level with the celestial infinity, the Above for all would be failed to discern the transient flicker around his little finger, none shall forget about the ringed serpent, the eternal vows that haunted on the emerald.

However, there was the observer, the eyes of the bat, the fierce dilation as the keen signal fanatically admonished for the diabolical summon, yet Samo whose buffoonery, he huddled himself under the tainted sackcloth, ‘Oh, my wife, my beloved wife, yes my lord, she is in Heaven next to the horizon, for whomever Samo the Scavenger has ever buried.

My lord, you are the Crowned Vampire, but the damned inferiors abhor you for your perfection.

Tepes the Dracula III who is the Sovereign of Hell, I know you, rummaging around darkness, devouring the vital fluid!’

At the finale, his mantle was gaped in the air for his grandeur, was he presumably levitated, surely his feet was retreated from the podium, but all of a sudden rammed onto the earth by a slew of shadow, the blade in a squall, the bloody maw grasped him, the viscous fountain as if the relentless cascade to the abyss, the soaked cloth was recognizable with the contoured head, the protruded legs.

The diabolical silhouette was heaved into halt, the huffing

shoulders were partly divulged under the cloak by the sallow streak of moon ray, the blood residue oozed through the craggy jaw, the hooked nose was profiled amidst the curly mane whether the man's soul was pathetically retrieved, staring at his own contaminated paws, spasmodically the paroxysmal shriek as the boundless tremor awhile, there was no longer the nocturnal overseer to witness the unforgiving lamentation, but instead, the wind blew, the ephemeral current was peculiarly lukewarm as a dire augury.

The Vampire sensed the abrupt notice, sniffed for a few clomps of hooves that strode over somewhere, the frenzied exultation under the plumed head was the abstract reflection on the dingy lawn for the unsurpassed aim that was on the verge to reach, even though a torrent of rapture triggered the quivering disruption for the game, unswervingly the crossbow flung the bolt to the sluggish prey, being trounced without any groan, if the sniper was urged for the interference yonder, the footsteps of sentinels thus the fetid knave advanced to the severed flesh of the gravedigger, twitched for his bituminous giggle to disperse stingy lucre over the killed... The killed? The eyes were unfolded in the bog, the oblique claws hissed on the sod to grasp the silvers, and it was soon relapsed to be an expiry.

‘My lord! My lord! Haste to call the assistance, he shall be immediately relieved.’ The exasperated alert echoed.

The ashen tint, but the strenuous visage was maintained during the ceaseless repose, Tepes in his chamber, the hours were lost as the mediation of daylight was strictly prohibited not to aggravate the suppuration thereby darkness was the reliable remedy as the miraculous efficacy was observed regardless the diminished pulse, no requirement for any nutrient to be taken, in this case, the terminus of life provoked unmitigated controversy if the one had already lived in death however evident the mortal continuity.

Although the prevailing dismay and trepidation were irresolute for all, the robust flames over the cressets fortified the Castle Bran, the garrisons from Asia stood under Mahlam outside of the wall, they were for the unfading task to slash the preternatural aggressors every night in every shade, and the executed ogres were immolated, the wicked existences were frequently discussed among the boyars as it had been when the Turks had submitted themselves to the notaries, it had been concluded as murders by the unhinged brigand that had ever disguised as Tepes.

If the vigorous blaze was flickered for the mild current of mid-autumn, was there any despondency among the men of Islam for the purgatorial corruption of the world, unforeseeable trajectory nonetheless Mahlam didn't strive to see an end nor suffer the dreary perpetuity, the waggling fires shimmered him whom right away saluted to the herald from the Hungarian retinue that was led by Mazlis, prior to his arrival in order to inform the issued crusade, the envisaged serendipity, which meant that the duke had already been on the way during the torturous affair.

‘The communication from the Holy See, by our Honorable Pope Pius, the convocation was recently ordered in Italy to the entire subjects of the sacerdotal due, Pope declared that “God is the One” hence for His Holy Land by the Adjudication of the Almighty, our faith for Heaven and the sustenance of the righteous states shall be affirmed, Hell shall be nowhere, yet evil, turpitude, declivity...

For the purification of Asia against our Holy Cross, the confrontation with the Ottoman Empire is to be undertaken by the beginning of winter.

Blessed be our Sacred Mission, God will bestow the verdict, the genuine power shall be endorsed as our forefathers to Holy Jerusalem.’

After following nightfall, the taciturn equilibrium insinuated the culmination, as the herald had returned back to the duke, taking for a few days as it had been the atypical circumstances, but anyway the emergence of the sinful muggers had been disappeared since the messenger furthermore during twilight on the day, when the servant attended to the chamber, the subtle luminosity in the muted hour was unfurled to reveal the Voivode whom sat on the couch, hooted, ‘Oh, Mazlis, he has been close to me, how can I neglect his redolence?’

The sunrise was graced in spectra, even paradoxically for the disseminated rainbow that immersed the firmament as the chromatic orchestration, and the men’s address, ‘The duke of Hungary, Mazlis Corvas!’

The Hungarian was pleased to arrive the reminiscent place with his rigid composure, slightly increased the corpulent

physique in addition to his bushy mien, there was a trivial exchange with the sentinels, he would blame none and would accept the Edict of the Omnipotence, he proceeded to the portal where the Turks were allocated, no sooner than Mahlam was aware of the duke in front of him, the shrewd eyes preoccupied him whom knelt down to appeal, 'I beseech you, my lord, the ordained justice shall be shown to God, bestow us the chance to prove our creed, we shall follow the words of God as the equal guidance is given to all, there is nothing to conflict each other, we are of the Books as the light of the Sun and the Moon.'

'Certainly thus be on your feet!'

Mazlis swiftly released the spear, and the blade to his own throat nevertheless the hilt was imposed to the Asian.

'What is the chance? To pierce my gullet, will you do? Even so, at my behest, you are not arrested, you return to your nation with your men.'

'The chance to be endowed as the Will of God is perceived, I shall not kill you, but I will kill the men of our nation when they are unjust.' Mahlam.

'The truth was spoken by you and the truth has been asserted, yet the unspoken truth that is your soul, the truth of your soul.

Protect Tepes, be present with him, I will send him to the most impregnable fort, the vulture nests the eggs on the rocks, the path to the gate is as the path to the inferno, it is the perdition that is on the highest.'

The men of Asia saw the duke whom was gradually amalgamated into the radiant gate inside, correspondingly the light was emanated from the chamber throughout the day, the jocund ambience was the harbinger of significant portend, albeit the specifics were somewhat inscrutable, it would be the benevolence by the mind of men, by the conciliated mind and irrefutably to recognize the imminent crest as the warfare.



Fiola Lozzo

On the eve of Genesis, it was the bottomless night, the full moon over the hemisphere hadn't yet been bestowed the radiance, the inhibitive stream only to pass onto the spiritual militant that was the vague amalgamation of light, about to have a human form, and Peter the Apostle as the gaunt beggar, his bony hand was imploring Jesus, his jaw was ineptly prodded out to the Son of God, how he could be raised over nothingness, the ocean was absolutely under the shade, but he would be by the annunciation of Jesus, as the cadaverous man whom had been emanated from the depth of water.

“Not to be afraid, your little faith for your doubt.”¹⁹

The diminutive pulse of Peter gained momentum, it presaged the forthcoming emergence of the first Sun as well as the dynamic prospect within the plain that the emergence of life force for the waves, the immanent spume began to respire, when Fiola Lozzo exercised his final process with a sponge, it was applied to the soggy foams.

If the Renaissance of advanced epoch, the glorious throne had aspired to beget the Omniscient Heaven for his realm, the inauguration of the supernal creation would have sufficed such insurmountable quest, Mehmet with his subjects in the

nave indulged in the unachievable extent, though his transcendent frailty was distinct in those days, said he, 'How can it be finite without shadows?'

Shllahad responded, 'There was initially the trace in pale indigo, the shaft of the Moon was symmetrical, but he concealed it.'

Ashraf, 'Exactly Our Lord, the erstwhile existence of shadows was veiled with the pigment of amber, the noon ray reflects the tenebrous red that is intermingled with the ocean in leaden blue, yet not during the afternoon. By the equal token, we shall appreciate the worth of the depicted Moon. Is that actually the light? The planetary body is rimmed by the evanescent penumbra, it blinds us, too radiant to see but the light, and the arsenic was used for the innermost luster that is to be the darkness by the exposure under the Sun. You may be aware, Our lord, some material for that masterpiece came from Noaya as our associated mercantile... Oh, the Moon, the Moon... The Light of Islam shines the highest portrayal of the Christian Holy! Fiola has finished his work.'

The painter was briefly suspended in the air, the detached implement was clasped, gliding astern to inspect the whole of his completion, enthralled tranquility besieged the floor while it was the transitory reverence by the effulgence that was thrown over forthwith to distinguish the supernal halo, Fiola's pate was as the dawn of sublime phenomenon, the gleam was progressively away from him, everyone in place witnessed the remarkable transfiguration of the amorphous waft before the dissolution into the clerestory, which formed a tiny mirage as a monk.

Once or twice the mortal body was rapidly spun whether the painter was ridiculed by the orbital hub, the possessed force was sporadically triggered downward, it was none the reconciliation in principal equilibrium, utterly hopeless, intolerable, until the vehement plunge, Fiola was sprawled on the craggy surface over the scintillating gems that had so far sustained him.

The acquired vault was as Heaven, but owing to the bewildering culmination, the suppressed exigency was resolved when the guard was urged to vamoose for the physician whom was in poignant incomprehension, albeit he was inevitably allured his sight to the upper limit of the doom as there was the final creation by the deceased, it was the spiritual devotion beyond the maximum of art, anyhow he crouched over the body, 'There is only a graze that adduces the torture, Fiola was expired prior to his fall.'

The Grand Pasha intervened, 'It is the irreconcilable verity, immeasurable darkness signifies the sacrosanct supremacy to be followed by the divine light, the numinous glory upon the essence, but the dark absorbed the evident glow, for instance, of the gems, even of the Sun that became nonexistent at all by the completed masterwork.'

The Sultan, 'His consecrated soul will be invited to where his piety is replenished by the Light of Christianity that his life was devoted. See the husk of corporeality, it doesn't have a shadow, the shadow has been immersed in darkness before the Light, indeed there had been no mortal existence without a shadow earlier than the Light.'

Shllahad conflicted himself, 'The Light will emerge in the future thus none who will restore his work wouldn't be inflicted by the power of darkness, how innocent the decay is, how merciful the predestined nature of corrosion! The obscured light ever once, it will shine to save life.'

The remains were unequivocally a quietus, the prudent ray of afternoon prolonged that wouldn't require the luminescence anymore for the enclosure where Rupias mused over to find the optimum causality, the escaped soul in the form of the refulgence would involve the unparalleled argumentation to serve for the belief of resurrection or would it be equal to the wicked metamorphosis? While the corpse was scrutinized, antithetically to the epitome of sanctity, the abnormal germination of incisors as a varmint furthermore the oblique twitch of lips was as a baleful leer, conclusively there was no sign for the disintegration over the surface if evil besieged the man's body, the restoration as the quasi-viability to usurp the Omniscient dictum.

His perspicacity was spurred to find the hint with the compendium hence was he riddled as the petals marshaled the diverted account on the parchment, and the cryptic proclamation was commenced, "It was the contaminated spirits as the frogs that were belched from the mouth of dragon."²⁰

Proceeding to the next leaf, the specific exordium was installed on it, "The Light reveals all, equivalently the Darkness is considerate not to reveal thus the entombed path of our civilization, the knowledge shall be vouchsafed by the Darkness at the time of ineluctable requisite:

The village in the ancient Eurasia, the customary practice to worship the seahorse was observed that they were enticed by the delirious notion, the oceanic creature as the dragon, needless to say due to the frantic dogma as well as the maniacal rite, they were harshly admonished, in fact no diplomatic alliance and trade besides the incursion of plague,

it was the fierce catastrophe, starvation, malady and prevailed belligerence, even to gorge themselves on the flesh of neighbors, alas, deprived mercy, deprived souls, where would be the Lord, our Creator?

However, the Light shone onto them as the Sun was sustained, the coming of messiah, the monk was the wayfarer whom wailed the ruin against the justice of God, yet he unswervingly endeavored for the salvation with his counsel for reverence and cultivation, the law and order were prescribed wherefore necessarily the disappearance of enclave, being assimilated into the capital states that surrounded otherwise we would be condemned to abet the damned ploy, since it is too obnoxious to be told through the latter generation, we shall veil the diverted course of fate under the dominion of evil darkness.

What was transpired?

They slaughtered the monk and consumed him for survival, his remains were abandoned except the tincture that had been kept during the brutality, it was sheer imaginable when the vial was discovered, their hysterical thrill, they ecstatically went berserk, a flame in water, "The Adam's ale is burning!"

Therefore we believe that the cursed village somewhere in Eurasia has been preserved, there has never been a death since the primitive era and never been an end of forbidden cannibal as they would be restored again and again...

The sorcery practice among the villagers:
The trace of nefarious mojo was discovered that the figurines contained the thickets of hairs of whom would be suffered from unidentified infirmities, such as weight loss, fever and

diarrhea until the culmination of life.

The final torture would be executed by way of needles, these stabbed the centers of the dolls, in the name of God, the deliverance might be bestowed by the eternal vows to abnegate from all earthly desires under the protection of a priory.

As a result of excavation, the tinge of epidemic was found on the innumerable bodies that we can deduce the specific progression of decay within the anomalous uniformity as though flesh had ever been pervaded by rust ergo had it been edible no more.”

No more... No more Rupias was spellbound by the diabolic gospel when the deceased was no longer in rest, the upper limb was all of a sudden disposed off the blanket, dangled that was resolved in motionless, a glance of recognition, the burnt token on the forearm, the insignia was the seahorse, subsequently the lips were disintegrated, the algal surge of fumes to swarm over the floor, the conjuring hulk began to strew the priggish tentacles if these were reached to the netherworld, of its semblance to the cephalopod, but the man's physiognomy, it grimaced to the physician.

Impulsively the separated head was at full blast aimed at him whom evaded, and it was reversed to be fixed on the gelatinous lopped off, for the time being, Rupias held himself in the air, swayed a little, hovering across, everything was ready for him, as the evil slithered to the remains, the turbulent squall that was burst out of his unfurled palm frozen the trespasser.

Since the exceptional power was inchoate, for his exhaustion, the physician descended on the level, he was fatefully alarmed

once again by the briny vapors which thawed into the viscous infiltration, snared him over his toes and knees to the midriff, arrant desperate, would an end be such a sluggish, dawdling that gave him the thrifty hope.

A swish of draft, it would be a chimera that was invited by the wind, the savior whose translucent divinity was the Sultan, he raised his finger, waving and wobbling for his scrawl in the vacuous essence, it was concurrent with the gesture, the malign substance was spliced to be the filament, seamlessly unfettered Rupias, if the ocean-tide hummed in distant, the serene utterance was reverberated as the breeze of shore, 'By the Mercy of Allah, I was summoned to unleash you from the vindictive mojo, the Tyrant of Hell, the noxious conspiracy was to wrest the remains, Fiola had been baptized in his infancy, apparently the pious Christian family had been misled by the heinous allure during the traverse.

Have you learnt the book that I prepared for you with the rose? The veritable truth is the Revelation, and it will be grasped by whom is bestowed the superior faculty either to destroy the infernal dominion or to advocate the eternal damnation, but a mortal foe is because of the predestined consequence.

The war against Rome, the Day has been fulfilled when it is further beneficial for all mankind, and I suppose that you are enough to preserve my son, Shllahad.'

'Our Lord, I shall be offered for your life as well.'

'What is left for whom has already abolished the era of hostilities? The wars for the substantial realm, for the absolute Holiness, these were my engagements that my son

and you shall take over.

“You are promised the entry to His land, the victory for whom not to repent.”²¹

There was the untroubled corpse entirely overlaid, Rupias enkindled the candelabra for eventide, and he approved the remnant tincture in the vial, quaffed it till the last, he was confounded as though he himself was a figment for the Sultan whom had salvaged him just before.



Tepes In The Tower

When the rivulet passed through hulking boulders in trifle depth, the exposed blades were furrowed by the transparent flow during the gloom, but contrapuntally the dominion of Heaven over darkness, which testified the alternative sphere, it was the placid fringe, as the sporadic turbulence of autumn gust wobbled the arboreal sheds, the nocturnal creature shrieked, hovering around where the moon ray was unveiled from the transient dark cloud above the rocky precipice of the mountain, how would it be achieved if there was the crest of Hades?

The inscrutable tower was situated at the acme of fierce cliff why the Omniscient Oeuvre, the destructive force would manifest the equivalent potency of supreme preservation, all being hidden, secluded from the entire sequel of yore, even the cosmological orbit wouldn't recognize, after the dictatorial footpath, desperately narrow, outrageously untamed that would expel the intruders whomever to assail the legend of the Devil would be minced bones and flesh, renounced God given eponym as a vertebrate, the rough-cut stone wall at the top, it barricaded the ghostly edifice.

“My lord, the niece of our River Olt and Dambobita, the maternal derivation from the Danube, by ascending upstream,

the two abbeys would be the determinant signs for whom to reach where would be the unearthly fort, certainly some of our forefathers were not returned, the place was originally to conceal the actuality of a death, Mircea the Dracula I, his refugee was taken there under the aegis of Virgin Mary, it was the beginning by the saga of the Teutonic Order.”

The antiquated guidance had been sorely inherited to the chamberlain of the Dracula, it had been designated fate to be ushered.

Indisputable marvel had been vouchsafed to the Turks since their arrival with the Voivode, meticulously day and night, they garrisoned under the subdued torches that were glared for the wind as the morbid omen, but advocated them, the dark cloaks over the suede armors were integrated into dusk, on their steeds, by the heightened caracoles, they seized the craggy slope, sliding, leaping up and down, it was during the admonished hours, the hours for nullified deaths, the unbridled maledictions were groping for resurrection, attacked Mahlam and his men whose prompt retaliation behind bushes, the hurtled arrows transfixed the perished integuments to be fettered on the sylvan trunks until those were consigned to be ashes by the next Sun, as a matter of fact the savages attained the human form, the oblique nails and nascent hairs over the exuding pores, the jaundiced eyeballs were bulging out to complain, hissed for grievances, even poignant though, obviously imperceptive to the agony, and those were spotlessly decomposed that would be re-emerged when midnight would besiege the earth for tomorrow.

It was the pinnacle of the Moon, the pallid stream was leaked to the tenebrous dine hall, unwieldy candelabras were forsaken furthermore the wicks of pillars were the miser, oozing the residual tallow, only to materialize the scrawny shadow that crept to the Voivode whom was in fierce appetite to be served, his heavy wheeze, unfathomable grouse, his fangs and claws before the gooey chunks in smeared rufous, it was squeezed with the flaxen linen for his grail by the lanky gloom whose withered voice to Tepes, 'My serfdom in this tower nearly for thousands years of fidelity, but your remarkable gastronome, my lord, the lifeblood is from the robust doe, the succulent heart is on the main dish, of course how can I confess your inclination to the others? Heaven would be winced, but Hell may chuckle, and you will be replenished, is there anymore to suffice me except your delight?'

'The harbinger of immortal life! The ripe fluid from the eternal forest, the verdure of Heaven, why wouldn't He smile? The Militant of the Almighty celebrates the day when I participate in the Ark of God, at the windswept bow, the Sun and the Moon from the horizon, there will be my triumph over the smoldering expanse, and I, on the mad horse, it will be the rumbling shrieks by God and demons for their victory!'

'Surely, surely, my lord, what a magnificent vigor! Night will be prolonged for you, but dawn will be hampered, surely, surely, it is the promise by the divine patriarch and the infernal glory.'

'Chaos is infinite thus the quagmire of night, my dominion over the beloved darkness.'

The billowing mantle, his wispy curls swayed, obsequiously the shadow followed whom would be enlivened at the highest battlements, since the capacious Moon that was brimmed with the ultimate luster was reflecting the tenebrous blue yonder, the Son of the Devil, the Vampire roared in ecstasy, and the beasts faraway rejoined him by their howls as well as the bat would accompany him, stirring the air with the massive wings as an eagle, Tepes once encrusted himself under his cloak, fitfully spread it out thereafter being propelled until he was hung in constellations, slewed to the abysmal hemisphere.

Meanwhile the revenant of the Voivode as a nightmare was oft the prevalent testimony, it was witnessed in the Castle Bran, for the innocuous propriety at twilight regardless the monstrous guise, he would be no longer on the earth, barely apparent due to the somnolent enigma, yet the chilly draft awoke the boyars in the earlier morning, the flapping egress ajar, it was the reminiscence of the whirling mantle that was the recognized token of the Dracula.

‘The watch saw Tepes disappeared in the yard whereas he was as the dragon in Buda, swiftly over the firmament.’

‘Is it true that death is the end of nuptial union? The Hungarian maids previously for the deceased Beresea wept for unrequited tolerance between husband and wife, he would be left to search for her presence as she would be forsaken, may I be correct?’

The crows were gathered at the close of a day, the insignificant squeaks were rather coddled to lament, the blinded realm was the predominant iniquity, such as envy,

sorrow, the cries of the dead allover under soil as they had ever lived for the survived epoch.

‘Death is no end as there is no beginning.’

The acrid utterance swished as the mischievous turbulence, everything was hushed except the fallen leaves that were jiggled, accordingly the paranoiac echo of bray by the quadruple, if the plumed silhouette was flattered, the knight grasped the saber with his moldy flesh, there it is, there it is... ‘Here it is! Superior Glory, Superior Hell, all mine! Should you be dispatched to my gallows!’

The blade was crazed to Tepes whose inflamed eyes and aroused veins, at the extremity of his animosity, gushed to his prey, as it would be none to predict, the distorted veto on the somatic ideal, the heart of the Devil was as the chimerical fancy, after the jangly defeat, instantaneously the swarming escape, the plume on scrambling hooves, being frenzied with epileptic incoherence, ‘This is a nightmare, the wicked phantasmagoria, where is my intent? My honor is dismissed, woe to my misery, am I the dust? If so, what has been my agony?’

The Vampire stood, the Vampire bestrode, the Vampire confronted to wherever the knight freed himself, and the recurrent muddle of thought until the soaring Dracula was about to befall onto the evil ride, even so, the infernal munificence, when a fog strenuously immersed the somber heavens, it was to masquerade the inimical connivance that would deprive the holy providence, the Vampire skewed away the malign decoy, abstained from the rapacious greed as the prey was no longer in sight, and the brume was dispersed to

haste the dallying glow, sooner or later the horizon would be
shone if the earliest trills amidst the shrubberies envisioned
the Sun, the phantom was impelled to retreat,
correspondingly the winged acolyte ushered him to where he
would be laid.

There was no presage for the herald, but the lingering sweep of entourage along the Carpathians stirred the extended labor in the borough, though the chilly gust manifested the forthcoming winter moreover nightfall was progressively impatient for those days, the vigorous milieu aroused the beginning of warfare against the Saracens, the puffs of chimney flues, hammering for the manufacture, the radiant flare of cresset, boisterously the passersby with their children to encourage their men as if such night was the jovial fiesta after the yester-darkness, the war would be taught as honor, and equivalently the honor, faith among the abiding perpetuity, it was the invulnerable misanthrope under the ray of the Moon, the Turks kept themselves as the garrison, when the cluster of lanterns was cautiously approaching to them, they were the recognized miens of the local contingents whom had made the regular provision to the Asians, but seldom after sunset, the preserved reach was gratified within the undeniable severity and their tensed pronouncement nevertheless at last, Mahlam's unperturbed adroitness was imparted to the harbingers whom had told them, 'The messenger from our capital province was to inform the abrupt siege of Noaya, the Hungarian sentinels had been imposed to withdraw by the Ottoman, approximately ten thousand Janissaries under Shllahad, tons of galleys and canons. The Prince had declared, "For the predestined nature of this campaign, what is wrong to respond before the ordained will?" It was supposed that he would instigate the hostilities in ahead of the Sultan's decree hence Mazlis, the duke of Hungary is calling for the immediate participation, the Wallachia-Transylvanian force led by Tepes the Dracula III

shall attend him along the border with Moldavia at the shore of the Black Sea, the equal scale of men to the adversary has been with the duke whom has already departed.'

The subservient shadow for the Voivode was in liaison with the external fidelity, notwithstanding the habitual diffidence for cowardice as well as his clandestine inherence, tucking up his tunic, scuttled to the worthy whom sufficed his epicurean craze, gobbled the final chunk over the blood smeared serviette, a negligent hush awhile until the maniacal exuberance, 'Maximum fortune! War has the end.'

'Yes, my lord, as the innumerable ends have ever been witnessed by the Order, the Order of the Dragon, it has no end at all.'

The shadow stooped over the engraved insignia on the hilt of sword, embraced the symbol under his shriveled palms, how luminous it was! The effusive dazzle was bespattered that attested a void by the light, and it was envisaged, 'Along the border with Moldavia... You shall descend the coast of the Black Sea, the mild breeze... The current is in equilibrium, but the immense scale of fleet, the Crescent Moons are swayed in full sail... That is the Hungarian crow! The banner is at once introduced...

My lord, it is the installed milestone.

The gateway is the womb of this facade, the purgatorial path for whom is destined to the Truth is yawning to invite you, it is the shortest way, you won't be abused by the Sun even though the inherited eponym as the ossuary for the mortal thrones.'

The faltering candle, the dreary spell was retrieved, but there was neither Tepes nor the sword, the shadow was as the

shade of darkness, when he quenched the wick, was it the troubled outside, puzzled for the disappeared men with the Turks, 'The legend is true, the veritable truth!'

The procession of torches gasped to reveal the impenetrable trail, it was convinced for the spectacular exposition of subterranean dominion, the oeuvre of Genesis, the corporeal logic for the existing substance on the earth, water would be the principal hegemony, the solidified sediments were the remarkable art of travertines that delineated the arcane trajectories of organic currents, slithery dripstones, specifically distinctive stalactites as the gigantic serpents, the drapery columns soaring up on high, which consisted the inhibited pantheon on the limy bedrock where the crystalline constituents erratically sparkled, it would proselytize the aesthetic nature to worship the substantiated Omniscience, it would be obsessed by everyone, but none could surpass His perfect dictate.

The Turks and contingents, Tepes was in the mid of his aides, the hobnailed boots reflected their trudge, it was the pellucid air, the static essence within the trammeled expanse, whether fear or awe, they were obliged for the marvelous revelation even if it was on the route to Hades, the transcendent assurance nowhere to be endowed but this cavern, and the reminiscence of the orbital act was begotten whenever the dwarfish bats were scattered over why the homologous usher was oddly the stout alien, sweeping across the impenetrable labyrinth at the fore of retinue.

It was the abrupt liberation from the cramped constraint, the spectacular panorama when the adytum was unfurled to the men, the sanctum of underground, the glistening cataract was in sapphire as though the particles of a gem, the stream was enraptured over the uneven surface, promptly the winged

guide flitted onto a jut of the enormous impediment that the bouldery wall seized the access, would there be nothing anymore, heedlessly the unceasing vein perpetuated.

The calcific formation of karst was arrant implicit, fissured, gnarled and entwined each other as the convoluted limbs, yet the usher was sufficed in pleasure, as it were, the morbid transmutation for those elements to be the human skeletons, the myriad of osseous apparitions encircled Tepes and his aides whom were galvanized into exertion, no matter the wheezing arousal for the monstrous predisposition of their superior, roared to expose the gruesome maw, the whirling mantle of the Vampire Dracula III, but all at once, the dead subjugated themselves to him, deeply bent their skulls and the petrified pinions on their ribs, the hissing chortle of the usher was ensued well-nigh an idiosyncratic nightmare, then it spoke, 'Albeit those condemned were the native of the cursed village, they decided to live in mortal, since Ignis Aqua was as a result of sacrifice of the pious monk whom had ever attempted to save them.

Inevitably they were compelled to hide themselves throughout their lives by taking refugee to the caves over Eurasia and they could escape from the encroaching fog that would abduct them for their renegade absolution, "God bestowed life is fulfilled for the benefit of elapsing hours, be grateful for your joy towards the end, struggle to accomplish your finite life rather than to strive for the distorted immortality!"

After all, fate is unfulfilled for the agnostic torment, in fact there has yet been no place for them to return except the village as they have once witnessed the truth.

My lord, they are begging for your blood, for their

resurrection, they would be restored in your nation...'

The orator, gliding up to the boundary above, rapidly plunged to straddle before Tepes, and there was the man as the obedient shadow, but his tunic right away, being frayed and shredded that the scintilla of disintegration, crumbling into the fragments of bones, the Vampire wept and wept, the outpouring rills from the grisly eyes, he was about to offer himself by the sword whilst the blessed waterfall was intensifying the radiant flow, ultimately swaddled all specters in glare.

'My lord, I lived in the village, I led my herd to escape, I was revealed the truth. Certainly your lamentation will be consumed for your power under divine mercy that you will be forgiven, so are we, hence being summoned to Heaven, and you, to the destined path, you shall be under the Sun!'

The rumbling globe, the tremble of substratum if it was the advent of succeeding progression or the eventual apocalypse, the colossal barricade was heaved by itself, the superfluous effulgence was interspersed, what a magnificent, bounteous glory it was!



The Final Battle

If the end was granted to immortality, the perpetual composure of nature, the absence of Helios, no drift of the wafts over the subdued welkin, the ocean was in undulation, relentless ebb and flow, utterly desolate from the entire continuity that had been so far succeeded in peace thus never be inquisitorial no more, none to be responded, but how glorious the predestined yoke was for tempting fate! The holy apotheosis would be championed by either in the league of the Omnipotence, and it was the bitter stream in the onset of wintry spell, swished through the shore of the Black Sea, the token of crow was enlivened on the banner, the rigorous soul, the supernal vigor of his inbred spirit was manifest under the iron visor, Mazlis Corvas of Hungary whose verdict be in still, aimed at the obscure verge of horizon with thousands of his men from the whole of the Balkans, at the behest of God that would marshal the absolute power but any artillery, equally no timely coordination for the allied central European force to arrive the field, Tepes the Dracula III by the side of the duke was exhilarated as his red mantle was twitched as the Crescent Moons, advancing towards them, the extensive convoys, the viable trims and plexus were fully applied to the masts whilst the capacious decks, these

were advocated by the grazing hulls along the depth of seabed, tons of galleys, the mouths of canons were inhumane menace to engulf the coast, above all the remarkable finesse, exquisite dispositions of the vessels that drew the impeccable perimeter against the Hungarian force, unyielding tranquility followed.

A bout of roar, a gasp of air, the paroxysmal explosion of cliff rampart, it was the inauguration by the cannonade, sheer odds with the codified ritual for the battle, the shards of rocks were pelting down due to the cataclysmic annihilation, it was swiftly evaded by the bifurcated squadrons, and no sooner than the second burst, the restored formation under the two banner bearers, their cavalries were as though the ceaseless gush of river or the abiding orbital configuration, would they swath the fringe by shoots and caracoles, the right and the left wings went toward each direction, besieged till the margin of proximity, the ignited barbs reached the Ottomans and destroyed the armaments, as they were imposed to debark on shore, the files of outraged men as the deranged bulls stormed through the dangled bridges, engaged the infantry combat, the spewing gore, the wriggles of swords.²²

The mellifluous bugle resounded then, it was the tactical providence, blessed be the expertise, the emergence of the archers under Mahlam, at a glance, none would be their enemy, swiftly surrounded the muddle of strife, hit the Asians of a foe, they were entangled with the European troops, indeed unforeseen awareness was momentarily bestowed to the Ottomans, for a fatal instant, for just a moment of discomfiture, spasm and indignation, they were teased by the equal origin, exposed intolerable animosity besides their satanic transformation to be the ogres as well as the scads of

remains were aroused, it was the damned resurrections, creeping up from the manger.

For the recognized mojo, the experienced curse during the garrison in the dark, Mahlam fastidiously dispersed his aides, scurried for the random allocation to hurtle the shafts, he was merged into the tide of wind, he would be the centaur in the air, his mind as the air thus how ephemeral he was! Whereas his soul was inflamed in volition, completely to utilize the lineup for the exact intent against his targets, it was so when he heightened his ride as a vertical pillar with the string of bow that was robustly drawn to prick the impish Saracen whom was straddling before him, but the dreadful shriek of quadruped, having never been such a lamentable weep, peculiarly deviant, the bulging eyes for its pain, the lurid whites were shown and the swarming foams out of its mouth, the abrupt sensation to be thrown to the ground, if Mahlam acknowledged death as he had been the man for war and peace for both to survive, the blade was slanted in the dour sky severed his shoulder to gut, the ichor was flown even after the cessation of his final motion.

Howls and groans, the infernal infinity, grime and dust would conceal the morbid sequel, the lumps of fiends, the fangs were penetrating the putrefying layers as though death was no longer the terminus, and whenever the plagues attempted to pounce on the centers, these were razed in the air, bespattering flesh by the Vampire, Tepes whose claws and sword posthaste to slash the adversaries in turmoil, it was the irresolute paradox for the Hungarian whom was fortified by the supernal power, the monstrous glory, as it were, he precisely spiked the cores of encroaching brutes in no more

than a cinch.

When the Dracula surged up to the sky, the subsequent volleys were about to be set on the distant galleys for the obliteration that would shatter the primary corps, but the swathe of the red mantle was distinguished above to be realized by the bombardment while Mazlis held his shield against the increasing enemies as it was subordinate to him by glaring the assailants, concomitantly the mighty serendipity, the transient light was tossed to cast the shadow of the winged Vampire, the extended shade acquired the form of dragon, it was transpired in real.

The blizzard of reverberation, the aggression of the Saracens was the onset of apocalypse, unhinged salvo, the imminent ruination would be in a trice whether the final propagation was executed amidst the celestial sphere, the behemoth conflagration that was disgorged by the dragon entirely swallowed the fusillade right away the amalgamated whole was blown back to the sea, utter grandeur for God's sake! The beauteous catastrophe smashed up the rows of vessels, and after the phenomenal wonder, the hushed spell awhile, but the firmament yonder invited the two whom confronted in abstract symmetry.

By whom would be believed that death was not the forfeiture of corporeality for the everlasting soul, the one was sustained as the apparition or rather as the divine apostle whom had been vouchsafed the outrageous disguise just before, Vezam was clad in his modest tunic as he used to be for his concoction, however apparent the boundary was as he was tied in the air, there was no pertinacity of his serene demeanor, he pointed at the pinnacle of an atmosphere hence

a gush of burning orbs were teeming down, fallen onto the survived Ottomans, they were urged to evacuate to the land nevertheless the scourge was to be totally shut off by the one whose calls for the vehement hails and blitz of snow flakes, Rupias engaged with the scorching onslaught aloft, the secured galley was where there was obviously Prince Shllahad under the aggregated Crescent Moons as a roof, cautiously to abandon the sail.

Notwithstanding the axiomatic equilibrium of the two irreconcilable elements above, as a consequence of unsurpassed negation for the scrupulous approach inch by inch if they were on the brink of collision, it was the enigma of mischievous fate, each of them was hit by another before the demise, ultimately the omniscient nature erased the accosting magus, and there was the unerring relic that was divulged, unceasing flame within the megalithic ice over the hemisphere!

In truth the whimsical actuality wouldn't be substantiated for long, subsequently the immediate eruption of it, being persecuted by the rumbling guffaw that was gouged out of the horizon to summon the abysmal nothingness for all to be in chaos, the inertial cosmos, unmitigated darkness besieged the thorough existences then Hell spoke, 'I am the One before chaos that shall be the beginning and the ending, my chaos is the genesis of matter and void, before chaos, there was a destiny alone, the mortal destiny...' ²³

However, the outpouring ray of light was the inquest upon the nether proclamation, the Seal of Solomon on the Yataghan began to irradiate by itself as though the moonlit over the

customary evening, having ever been vouchsafed to the forlorn desert, the silent ocean in dark to be shone for tomorrow, the silver effulgence preserved the owner, Shllahad gripped the scabbard, would the blade be revealed, yet Hell uttered once more, 'Why will you desist from the immortal ascendancy?

Chaos is infinite as you have been certainly lived in chaos, leave the sword for my dominion, throw it away to the gulf of my bosom for your endless realm and supremacy over the mortal throne on where my grail will disperse Ignis Aqua!'

'Gracious Lord, the Mighty Crown beyond Heaven, I shall be the devotee, none to be more, none to be less, where are you? Where is your bosom?'

'Every where you are.'

'Therefore the sword has already belonged to you, my Lord.'

'Is this true?'

Even it was the stingy droplets once or twice soaked Shllahad prior to the ensued drizzle, he swaddled water that was viscidly congealed on his palms, slaked his throat, soaring vigor, fiery elation of his mind, the end would be offset, said he, 'Chaos is Hell where Death lives!'

The ancient saga was revealed, the sublime constellations were engraved on the blade, which would be eternally in the heavens, after all the supernal glow was the beginning of the night, the rhythmical tide of ocean, the recognized field in the mid of hostilities under the full moon, the charade of the world to conceal the remembrance of our Hell!

The Seal of Solomon was willed to Islam, the body of sword was vital glimmer from the globe above, Shllahad forthwith lunged at the opposite banner, it would be promised by the auspicious portend, unless there was beyond the inception by the Kings of the Scripture nevertheless the light testified the equivalent augury, Mazlis fended off an unanticipated thrust with his escutcheon, the immense reverberation over the firmament usurped demiurgic order, the quake of sphere, the shriek of heavens, the pulverized Moon was shards and fragments as a kaleidoscope or the paradisiacal cataclysm, the survived men crouched to shelter themselves from the bizarre scintillations that parched the vampires, after the paltry rasps, the demons were vanished, instead the wafts of fires as the form of imprecated souls, these engulfed Tepes and dispersed the diaphanous dome, it was the boundary over the preternatural havoc until it was revoked.

Queer serenity besieged the warfare under the resplendent asterism while the spiritual rampart was maintained as the stingy radiance that was wobbling in the fragile air, if it was conferred the ephemeral volition, systematically towards Tepes whom sniffed out the capricious servitude as the intensified fire was about to overwhelm him, the frenzied coruscate, rage of gleam, would it be the cremation of the damned imperishability, being captured by the light, dissolved into the blaze whether the end of legend, the legend of the Devil, the Vampire roared, the mantle was gaped, a bout of gale was arisen that hurtled through, guzzled the earth, when it trapped the inferno, the whirlwind was shone as the dragon, the sublime contour was as an immense viper. The fierce tornado was retired to the Above where darkness

attenuated moreover the impactful cumulonimbus was next to the cerulean horizon besides the scads of wreckages were swayed over the mild ocean except the principal galley, the hull was apparently the sterner disposition.

The emergence of the Sun proclaimed the denouement, Shllahad divested the helmet, his wrinkled mien and hoary hair, his men were stunned by the weird transformation that ailed the Prince whether they were mocked by the implausible delirium as though Mehmet stood in decrepitude, there had never ever been the defeat, never ever been the infirmity for the one, but the reality was implicitly befallen rather it was awed for predestined fate, on the signal to retreat, Shllahad turned his back to the field, the Hungarian settled the emblem for their return.

The tender wintry ambience, the rigorous inner-self was restored to Tepes after the prolonged nightmares, the anathema of Hell was felt as the incoherent spate of yore, it was forgiven, and certainly on this day, the ancestral chronicle of the Dracula was augmented, there was no longer the engraved insignia, the celestial visitant of the Order, yet the trace was remained, it was to insinuate the reemergence of the dweller, so to speak, just to hover across the existing heavens, it would be the paltry spell in continuation since the advent of this world.



The Monastery

When the subtle zephyr strew across the copious foliage, the mid-afternoon ray shimmered the stone cross, the delicate radiance would intrigue for instance, the passersby, the retinues to the Castle Bran, in truth the grave had the stone dagger on the shoulder for everyone's remembrance, the Turkish archer, Mahlam was rested underneath ceaselessly in peace and war henceforth and the ceaseless hours exactly meant to be infinite while the twelvemonths had already been elapsed for the mortals, some of the Turks continued the garrison by the side of the tomb, and the trills were in bushes.

‘If the birds can learn our words, they would be saved from the serpents, the quadruped as well.’

‘Mahlam was the clever guy more than his words. His horse was on the isolated pasture to be fed before we went to the battle, but none to speak.’

The Asians for the castle where the owner no longer resided, they would never tergiversate the Islam faith, they wouldn't return to the East until the destined time would come, yet they would deliberate over the demise every day on duty, the grave would be abandoned, even there would be when the tomb would be purely worshipped as the holy

emblem not to acknowledge the one beneath.

It had ever been installed besides the thriving festivity, the ceremony of inauguration in the distant province for the restored tower in Targoviste by Tepes the Dracula III, "It is the augury of the sparkling Sun to tell the saga of our era, for next dawn in everlasting close of a day."

Equivalently the golden scintillation, the rosy heavens in blue, the men in the vicinity of Bran retired to their lodge, but the adamant stone was the vindicated form of mortality, certainly God would arbitrate the calamity of this earth, what would be the faith, there had ever been the triumph of one's soul, the men would follow the Light as they would be for God.²⁴

What would be the uttermost aspiration by the Creator?

The impeccable arrays of columns, the walls as a façade, the affluence of the Byzantine Orthodoxy was attained for the princely court in the capital, the sustained prosperity was attested, the memento of a bygone, how insuperable it would be, how evanescent life would be!

Therefore as his credence to fulfill the commitment, it had been that night after the grave had been placed, the Dracula III had swathed himself in the robe, the cowl had masked him, by the contingent vehicle to be on the way along a stream of the Dambovita as the coda of his life towards the parochial cloister, Tepes would serve for the vows with Him, his life would be devoted to sanctities.

For the commemorative year, the apostolic throne was resuscitated under the auspices of the Holy Crown, the coronation of Mazlis as the independent King of Hungary, the benediction by Pope Pius would mediate the territorial due, consequently the honor was bestowed to the suzerain, in fact it was the prominent assertion between papal Rome and the German Nation, accordingly the unparalleled exuberance, spirited influence over the principalities, the favorable status quo for the ecclesiastic proceedings and the significance of vassalage that involved the entire populace, needless to say, Tepes by his misanthropic inclination within the priory for those days, he was hardly abnegated from joy in his evocative demeanor as the Voivode, it had ever belonged to the idyllic past, his hooked profile was conspicuous and somewhat inquisitive eyes as he was appealed for the matter, but to say, 'Glory for the mortal throne that I will entreat to Him, if I am ridiculed for my meagerness.' He retired to the altar.

The granted symbol to mankind, Heaven was aroused, God was begotten on the cross, at nightfall, the candles were the remembrance of the Son, these surrounded the blessed faith, the Light would live in each man's soul in darkness and the cross in darkness being shone by the sons of the world, it was the Dominion over the created.

The observance of Virgin Mary as though Mazlis with his crown was a mirage amidst the ruffled effulgence simultaneously the reflected vision, Beresea was in the matrimonial plumage, her juvenile twinkle, bloom of the banquet hall, our God for mercy and forgiveness over the struggled life that was to accomplish the finite days...

‘My lord, my lord! The ancient enigma has been revealed.’
Vezam ardently flapped the unwritten parchment,
‘Immortality is given to the Vampire by a death that still keeps
the soul away from the evil yoke, wholeheartedly longing for
the one to be immortal. How is it possible?
Ignis Aqua! The elixir is indeed the potion for the dead.’

The Sun was the light after the votive glow, the Dracula III
on the cradle of dawn while the vestige of the previous rain
was as the residue of his last figment, since neither had been
realistically out of phase, anyhow the cleansed ambience was
serene and lucid that enchanted his indulgence if it was by all
means to atone for irrevocable fate until the absolution then
the fate would be no longer penanced.

On the day, the old grave was ripe with the viridescent leaves,
the convivial life force over deaths, the incarnation of soul and
the corporeal relic were embodied as the knoll of downy soil
that had ever been the resting place for his beloved wife,
instead the two serpent rings abided by the eternal vows in
depth, as the twigs of berries were agglomerated, the puerile
whim tantalized Tepes to pluck the rod and it signified the
crest of mound. The wind blew to nullify grief.

‘The entire deed of the Omniscience as the mighty breath of
the air likewise the predestined mortal denouement as these
tombs, the days will be elapsed by the stream of current, and
the rubescent orbs that the succulent ichor flows will be
shriveled someday, then the one will say, where is the trace of
demise? Where is the trace that I...’

All of his veins and nerves were squeezed by inexorable pain,
a barb of the shaft was obdurate, never relinquished his thigh,

Tepes crawled, staggered to be collapsed, once more managed to retrieve himself, exertions for his life, he was wrestled for his sparse hope, ridiculously his adherent belief if he was survived on his return hence the plume on the head that was shadowed in the forest was sufficed for a gain, the crossbow was prestigiously held, 'Life is struggled much than resurrection!'

Where Tepes had achieved was by the side of the wood cross in the yard of his priory, death was assuredly pathetic for him whom hadn't been aware of his own demise, just to lie down that had alleviated discomfort even though in his smeared robe and bedaubed blood over the mutilated leg, as the humble symbol was the portal to the blessed rite, the gate to Heaven, sheer fortunate he was, under the holy emblem by the native yield, the land of the Dracula.

'The Son of the Devil has been fallen on the cross, the Voivode was sacrificed!'

Epilogue

It was barely the whisper of night regardless the antiquated chronicle was inspirited if the warriors crashed swords among the brays of quadrupeds on the exalted caracoles, when the lofty entablature was glistened by the moonlit after the transitory mass passed through, but the spectacular disposition of unruffled columns enclosed the city square where the peace of darkness was for the rest whilst there were the tints of wakefulness in the proximate venue, the broughams with the rich trims, the varnished embellishments, the stout wheels were fluently romped the way along the tamed pavement, the lanterns were swayed then thus the kerosene whiff, the stray cat mewed to be hidden behind the abandoned cartons and the night was totally hushed.

However, the ensemble over the hemisphere, the magnificent reverberation, the holy echo to tell the mid-hour, the spire of the cathedral was the neighbor of Heaven, the pinnacle was the virtue of uncontaminated nobility, in the confined scriptoria justly beneath the height, the face of clock was snapped, the pendulum gonged for the twelfth, consequently the final peals in unison negated the tap of quill that was placed on the holder, wheeze and guffaws...

The dilated nostrils of his hooked nose, his mouth agape with the brute incisors, the monk was exhilarated for the accomplished manuscript, what a cavernous decrepitude of his cheeks!

The candles flickered to expose the ghostly shadow when he turned to the dangled mantle on the wall, the floor squeaked, the sudden gale, the capacious window was yawned and the wicks were blown out, yet the full moon shone onto the flapped parchment.

“The monk whose acute insight ordered the novice to carry the stone cross from the castle to be raised in the yard and the wooden symbol shall be before the fortress for neither to have been killed.

Hark! The hour is at midnight, the Sun is the deepest bottom of bottomless darkness for the Vampire to prey on the plume, I am the Vampire, the Crown for all!”

And it was settled with equanimity, “Citadel”.

<Footnotes>

1. The Holy Bible, John 17:5.
2. The Book of Torah, Exodus 3:3.
3. Ref: Vlad II Dracul (1436-1442/1444,1447)
4. Genesis 49:16-17.
5. The Quran, Al-Fatiha 25.
6. Matthew 6:20-21.
7. Ref: The coronation of the Holy Roman Emperor (the 14th century) was arranged.
8. Ref: The Quran, AnNoor 35.
9. The Code of Hammurabi, the Rules and Judiciary.
10. Hebrew 12:29.
11. Ibid.
12. Matthew 14:24-31.
13. Ibid 26:2.
14. Ibid:25.
15. Ibid:49.
16. Luke 22:48.
17. Psalm 20:1-9.
18. Genesis 1:1-4.
19. Matthew 14:24-31.
20. Revelation 16:30.
21. The Quran, Al-Maida 21.
22. The formation referred to the battle near Neisse in 1697 by Prince Eugene of Savoy.
23. Revelation 1:8 (as the perversion by Hell.)
24. Psalm 20:1-9.

(Profile / Sachiko Tamaki)

May 1975 - Born in Japan.

September 2011 - Stay in Canterbury, Kent, England.

September 2012 - Stay in Ramsgate, Kent, England.

February 2013 - March: During the online course for the short stories, the first drafts of 'Heaven's Breath' and 'Riddle of the Lake' completed.

November 2013: After the first draft of 'Daisy', the research for 'Canopy Of Azure' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

'Academic Essays'/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

December 2013 - Stay in Bedfordshire, England.

The research for '!?' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

February 2014 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Geneva and Zürich, visit Jona.

‘The Short Stories’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

May 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Washington D.C and Maryland.

The reference & material note, the production note for ‘Canopy Of Azure’ completed.

July 2014 - Stay in San Jose, California.

The plot outline for ‘Canopy Of Azure’ completed, the first draft began.

Stay for one week in San Francisco.

August 2014 - Travel to Argentina, stay in Buenos Aires.

The reference & bibliography note for ‘!?’ completed.

September 2014: ‘Canopy Of Azure’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

October 2014: The production & material note for ‘!?’ completed.

November 2014: The plot outline for ‘!?’ completed.

The research for ‘The Short Stories 2’ began.

November 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Los Angeles, California.

December 2014: The first draft of ‘!?’ completed.

‘!?’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

January 2015 - Travel to Texas, stay in Huston.

February 2015 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Zürich.

March 2015: The production & material note, the bibliography, the plot outline for ‘The Short Stories 2’ completed.

April 2015: The first draft of ‘The Short Stories 2’ completed.

‘The Short Stories 2’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

The research for ‘Precipice’ began, the idea of story gradually formed.

May 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA.

June 2015 - After staying for a few days in Los Angeles, California, temporal return to Japan.

August 2015 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

September 2015 - Travel to Russia, stay in Moscow.

September 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Bridgeport,
West Virginia.

The production & material note for 'Precipice' completed in
October, the plot outline for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in New York.

The second research for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in Los Angeles, California.

The idea of 'Citadel' gradually formed during the flight to
Los Angeles while the travel to Romania was planned.

The basic research for 'Citadel' began.

December 2015: The plot outline for 'Precipice' completed.

December 2015 - Travel to Germany, stay in Frankfurt.

The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016: The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' completed.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016 - Stay in München, Germany.

The main research for 'Citadel' began.

February 2016 - Travel to Austria, stay in Vienna.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' finished.

March 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest,
visit Snagovului.

The first draft of 'Precipice (I)' began.

The first draft and completion for 'Precipice (I)' completed.

'Precipice' processed for publishing.

April 2016 - Stay in Alba Iulia in Romania, visit Sighișoara.

'Precipice'/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

April 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Bran.

The production note for 'Citadel' began.

April 2016 - Travel to USA, stay in Compton, California.

May 2016 - Temporal return to Japan.

July 2016 - Travel to Russia, stay in St.Petersburg.

August 2016 - Travel to France, stay in Paris.

August 2016 - Travel to Hungary, stay in Budapest, visit Eger, Margaret Island, Miskolk, Ràckeve, Visegrád.

October 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Sibiu, visit Făgăraș, Hunedoara, Sibot.

November 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Arges, Miercurea Ciuc, Râșnov, Târgoviște.

January 2017 - Travel to Turkey, stay in Istanbul.

February 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Sandston, Virginia.

The production note for “Citadel” completed.

The second research for “Citadel” and the plot outline for “Citadel” began.

The first draft of plot outline for “Citadel” completed in April.

April 2017 - Travel to Germany, stay in Nuremberg.

The second draft of plot outline for “Citadel” began.

May 2017 - Stay in Berlin.

The second draft of plot outline for “Citadel” completed in June.

July 2017 - Travel to Croatia, stay in Zagreb, visit Split, Dubrovnik.

The first draft of “Citadel” began.

September 2017 - Travel to Ecuador, stay in Quito.

November 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Jackson, Mississippi.

January 2018 - Stay in Chicago, Illinois.

February 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Lisbon.

February 2018 - Temporal return to Japan.

March 2018 - Travel to Spain, stay in Madrid.

March 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Sintra and Lisbon.

April 2018 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest, visit Târgoviște.

May 2018 - Travel to Chile, stay in Santiago.

July 2018 - Travel to Columbia, stay in Bogotá.

September 2018 - Travel to USA, stay in Lexington and Georgetown, Kentucky.

November 2018 - Stay in Atlanta, Georgia, USA.

November 2018 - Travel to Italy, stay in Rome, visit Lazzo, Vatican City.

December 2018 - Stay in Pompeii, visit Ercolano, Naples, Torre de Greco.

January 2019 - Travel to Germany, stay in München, Babenhausen and Berlin.

January 2019 - Travel to Moldova, stay in Chişinău, visit Soroca.

March 2019 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

May 2019 - Travel to Panama, stay in Panama City.

The first draft of “Citadel” completed on 1st June, the completion for “Citadel” began.

July 2019 - Travel to USA, stay in Birmingham, Alabama.

August 2019 - Travel to Italy, stay in Venice and Florence.

September 2019 - Travel to Romania, stay in Iași,
visit Suceava, Putna.

“Citadel”/Sachiko Tamaki, published on 24th October in Iași.

(Published Books)

*‘Academic Essays’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2013)

*‘The Short Stories’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014) ‘Heaven’s Breath’
‘Riddle of the Lake’ ‘Daisy’

*‘Canopy Of Azure’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

*‘!?’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

*‘The Short Stories 2’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2015) ‘The Village’
‘The Fossil’ ‘∞’

*‘Precipice’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2016)

*‘Citadel’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2019)

